

American Diplomacy in Turkey

*Memoirs
of an
Ambassador
Extraordinary &
Plenipotentiary*

James W.
Spain

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In February 1980, James W. Spain, at the height of a diplomatic career that has spanned service in South Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, assumed the position of Ambassador of the United States to the Republic of Turkey. From his unique vantage point, Ambassador Spain was an eyewitness to the political events that culminated in a 1980 military takeover of the Turkish government, ending a reign of terrorism and a period of rampant inflation. In **American Diplomacy in Turkey**, former Ambassador Spain presents an enlightening account of the events leading up to and following the bloodless coup and a fascinating portrait of the role of the diplomat in policy and decision making.

More than just an insider's look at current politics, **American Diplomacy in Turkey** provides a rare firsthand account of what it means to be a career diplomat representing the United States. The day-to-day responsibilities of a diplomat and the degree of autonomy an ambassador has in the operations and policies of a mission are revealed. This book is also a testament to both the changes in and the consistencies of the diplomat's role in the last decade. While the pomp and ceremonies and consultations with colleagues in the diplomatic c

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To a foreign service family: Pat, Steve, and Bill, who go bravely on. Most of all to the two who have gone from us: Sikandra (1954–83), who, like her namesake, had so much impact on the world before she left it; and Edith (1922–84), without whom nothing would have mattered.

Preface

John Kenneth Galbraith's *Ambassador's Journal* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1969) is not, I suspect, the best-selling of his books. Neither, perhaps, is it his most profound. However, for the past 15 years I have carried a copy around the world with me and derived both pleasure and profit from this worthy chronicle of what ambassadors do.

During almost four years in East Africa, as ambassador to Tanzania (1975–79), I found myself involved in exciting and interesting experiences similar to those of Galbraith in India. I ran a substantial development program and watched a doctrinaire but humane experiment in radical socialism. I was involved in the negotiations leading to the independence of Zimbabwe and I had a ringside seat for the war with Uganda that overthrew the infamous Idi Amin. I spent a couple of hundred hours in tête-à-tête conversations with President Julius Nyerere, one of the liveliest minds in the world.

Through it all I wrote down hardly a note for my own use. Whatever wit or wisdom came from the experience remains buried in official files. Finally, on the way to Turkey early in 1980, the Galbraithian example had an effect. For 18 months thereafter (the duration of my short mission in Turkey) I dumped facts and thoughts into a notebook at weekly intervals. This book is the result of two distillations of that 700 pages.

At first I expected it to be a modest bit of contemporary Turkish history. After all I was in Ankara before, during, and after the September 12, 1980, military intervention and was on close personal terms with almost all of its main characters. However, I soon found that the pull of my profession was as strong as the attraction of historic events in Turkey, and the result is more a diplomatic memoir than an account of Turkish history. For readers who wish to distinguish, the first six chapters are mainly about Turkey; the last half dozen about diplomacy.

The glasses through which I saw it all are very personal, and there are no judgments or conclusions of anyone beyond the Spain family circle. However, I am indebted to many sympathetic associates who helped me through my service in Turkey—most particularly, to Cyrus Vance, who as secretary of state selected me for the embassy in Ankara and went through more than most men would have to see that I got there.

Among fellow foreign service professionals, I owe much to a long series of predecessors in Ankara dating back to George C. McGhee, includ-

ing Raymond A. Hare, Parker T. Hart, Robert W. Komer, the late William Handley, William Macomber, and Ronald Spiers. Each in a different way added to my knowledge both of Turkey and of diplomacy.

The presence in the Department of State, while I was in Turkey, of Assistant Secretary for European Affairs George Vest, Southeast Europe Office Director Edward Dillery, his deputy, Geoffrey Ogden, and an indefatigable Turkish desk officer, James Williams, made all we did in the embassy in Ankara easier and more effective. The same must be said of Robert McCloskey, U.S. ambassador in Athens and a most skilled, objective, and cooperative colleague.

Within the U.S. mission to Turkey, Istanbul Consuls General Robert Houghton and Dan Newberry, Izmir Consul General Elaine Smith, and Adana Consul Brady Barr ran their parishes superbly and left me free and well supported to try to put it all together. The State Department counselors in the embassy, the agency heads who made up the country team, the U.S. members of their sections, and the Turkish staff both in the chancery and in the residence were all essential citizens of our special little Anatolian Camelot. Just listing their names would take up pages; perhaps, gracious and tolerant as always, they will accept a collective note of gratitude for their cooperation and friendship.

A few, however, must be mentioned individually: Bob Dillon, deputy chief of mission (DCM) in Ankara until the summer of 1980, gave of his unparalleled knowledge of Turkey then as he had done as my deputy in Istanbul during 1970 and 1971; Dick Boehm, Dillon's successor as DCM (and political-military counselor when I was DCM in Ankara from 1972 to 1974) shared with me perhaps the greatest mutual trust and confidence of my professional life; Carolyn Smith, devoted, faithful, supremely efficient secretary, who moved with me from Dar es Salaam to New York to Ankara and who deciphered, made comprehensible, and typed the journal on which this book is based.

Finally, there are the most special of the Turkish associates whose lives were closest to our own during those 18 months in Turkey: in Ankara, Ali Bey, Alagaeyik Hanim, Yilmaz Bey, Gurbuz Bey, Aysin Hanim, Ramis Bey, Elif Hanim, Yusuf Bey, Hacı Nuri; and in Istanbul, Yaşar Bey, Fevzi Bey, Naci Kaptan, Sevki Bey, and Haluk Bey.

In the United States, after it was over and this book was all that I had left of Turkey (for the time being at least), Heather Banks of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (CEIP) and Rosalie Fonoroff of The Rand Corporation in Washington patiently and lovingly typed the manuscript and provided editing of rare skill and understanding. The CEIP and

Rand gave me extra time as resident associate in 1982 and 1983 to work on this anything but scholarly product. Foreign Service colleagues, Elaine Smith, Michael Cotter, and Charles Naas read the manuscript with wisdom and discrimination.

Before, during, and after my short stay in Turkey, my greatest debt of all is to my wife, Edith. During more than 30 years together in the diplomatic business, she was all things to me and to all the people with whom we worked. She shared with me admiration and appreciation for our children, who grew up in the business and with the finest tolerance and maturity allowed their parents to pursue uninhibited the life they loved.

James W. Spain
Washington 1984

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1

Déjà Vu

At dusk on February 21, 1980, a Pan American flight put me down at Esenboğa Airport, an hour's drive north of Ankara. My purpose was to begin service, at the "pleasure" of President Jimmy Carter, as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary (AEP) of the United States to the Republic of Turkey. The assignment to an important embassy was something of a triumph for a career foreign service officer whose diplomatic experience had begun as a vice-consul in Karachi almost 30 years earlier.

Turkey is both a member of NATO and the most powerful nation in the Middle East. The United States has major military facilities on its territory. U.S. military and economic aid to Turkey has long ranked among the highest figures in Congress's annual Foreign Assistance Bill. A period of strain in U.S.-Turkish relations, growing out of a U.S. embargo on arms shipments because of Turkey's 1974 invasion of Cyprus, was just ending as I arrived. Our embassy in Ankara is large and includes the full range of representation from the State Department, the United States Information Agency, the Departments of Defense, Commerce, and Agriculture, and the Drug Enforcement Agency. In bureaucratic jargon, Ankara is a "Class I" embassy, in the same group with London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo.

That winter afternoon was not the first time I had seen Esenboğa Airport. In 1954, having quit the foreign service after one assignment, I had stopped off at Esenboğa to interview the U.S. ambassador in Ankara for whom I had earlier worked in Pakistan. A penurious graduate student heading for South Asia on a Ford Foundation grant, I had been promised \$15 for the interview by an equally penurious feature news service.

After giving up academia and returning to the foreign service, I passed through Esenboğa a few more times in the 1960s when traveling out of Washington on various State Department jobs concerned with the Middle East. In 1970 we came to live in Istanbul, and as consul general my familiarity with the bleak Anatolian airdrome grew as I used it for an occasional duty call at the embassy in Ankara. In 1972 I moved to the embassy as deputy chief of mission, and my wife, Edith, and I came to know Esenboğa very well indeed. We sent children off to school from it and received them back for holidays. We waved "hello" and "goodbye" to countless embassy colleagues and visiting VIPs. We spent long waiting hours sipping tea in the terminal restaurant, the least grim part of the airport.

When we returned to Turkey in 1980, nothing at Esenboğa seemed to have changed, except that this time I was the dignitary being awaited by a small knot of Turkish protocol and embassy country team officials. Much was familiar also on the route into town. Long-time embassy chauffeur Nurettin Aydincilar was behind the wheel for his fourth U.S. ambassador. Deputy Chief of Mission Robert Dillon, who had been my deputy consul general in Istanbul from 1970 to 1971, was explaining what had to be done in the next few days (just as I had done as DCM for the arriving ambassador, William Macomber, in 1973). The snowy drizzle against the car windows belonged to any February in Anatolia since Alexander passed by in the fourth century B.C..

There were, however, a few indications that the world had changed. When I had last been in Ankara, the U.S. ambassador rode in a Cadillac limousine with all the fittings. We were now cramped into the back of a relatively inconspicuous Chrysler in which comfort and elegance had been sacrificed for armor plating and emergency communications equipment. As we rode into Ankara, the U.S. flag on our car was flown (Bob's flag, not mine, since he was still chargé d'affaires until my credentials had been presented to the president of the republic). But, as Bob explained, the flag was displayed only because he had thought I would like it on my first trip back to town. Ordinarily it was the practice to avoid giving ever-more active and heavily armed terrorists of the Turkish right and left an obvious and inevitable target. Quite apart from security problems, Dillon added, Chryslers rather than Cadillacs had, under the cost- and image-conscious Carter administration, become standard issue for chiefs of even the largest U.S. diplomatic missions abroad.

As we got a little farther from the airport, another change was apparent. In 1974 the *gecekondus*, the squatter residential areas around Ankara, covered only the first few hillsides outside the central part of the city. Now

they blanketed the hills halfway to the airport. Often inaccurately called slums, the *gecekondus* might lack utilities and services, but they consisted mostly of substantial four- to eight-room single-family houses, self-built of brick or stone. The trick is to find a piece of undeveloped government-owned land, build four walls on it as quickly as you and your friends can, and if you are able to get the roof on overnight (*gece*), under Turkish law you have your household free and legal. Additional rooms and floors can then be added at will. The settlements are a testimony both to growing urban migration in Turkey and to the energy and skill retained by many of the peasants who have come to the city.

In Ankara itself the road southward from the airport becomes Atatürk Bulvari, the central artery of Ankara's population of one and a half million. At the corner of John F. Kennedy Caddesi, the road passes the U.S. chancery. It ends on the far side of the city at the top of Çankaya Hill, where stand the presidential palace, the U.S. ambassador's residence, and a score of other official and diplomatic establishments. All the way along Atatürk Bulvari, it was obvious that Ankara and its people were in the middle of a hard winter, the worst the Anatolian Plateau had experienced in decades.

Water and fuel shortages were coupled with inflation of more than 10 percent a month. Countrywide political terrorism between the right and the left was causing a dozen deaths a day. The sidewalk crowds were pinched and gray, the shop windows virtually empty, and the streets and buildings dreary and shabby. Nervous policemen waved on our flag-bearing car through intersections. Sullen soldiers, walking the sidewalks with automatic rifles, glanced obliquely at us as we passed. The iron fence around our chancery had been doubled in height since I last saw it. The windows showed only faint orange cracks, the result of steel shutters to guard against bombs and a generator required to supplement city power. The fuel shortage had had one beneficial effect. The classic Ankara smog that normally hung closely over even the top of Çankaya Hill in mid-February was relatively light, and the familiar residence was visible from the gate at the bottom of the drive. When we pulled up to the door, we were greeted by most of the residential staff, who were gathered there to welcome their fourth new ambassador in ten years, albeit this time one they knew.

There was a feeling of homecoming about the arrival, which is particularly gratifying to foreign service people whose usual lot it is to come always to strange places. We had lived in the residence for several weeks in 1972 when Ambassador William Handley was on home leave and I was a newly arrived chargé d'affaires. The faces of Ramis, the calm butler, and Elif, the loving upstairs maid, smiled under the porch lights. Even the

bodyguards, whom I had barely had time to shake hands with at the airport and who had instantly deployed around the door when the car stopped, relaxed when we were all inside the house.

Relief from the strains imposed by terrorism was brief. After a solitary dinner and a few minutes of getting settled in the master bedroom upstairs (we had limited ourselves to a guest room in 1972), the U.S. chief security officer arrived to show me the bedside alarm systems and emergency communications, the "retreat" security area, and the escape route through the house and out over an obscure part of the snow-covered grounds. When he left I went to bed, determined to overcome ten hours of jet lag in one night. The attempt was successful, as I awoke the next morning with only vague memories of one of the alarm systems having gone off in the night and my having rolled over to shut it down without giving the matter any conscious thought. (It subsequently developed that only one false alarm a night was something of a record.)

There was a good deal of *déjà vu* that morning at the chancery. With its usual lack of foresight, the U.S. government in the 1920s had not been among the first of the embassies to move from Istanbul to Ankara. Consequently, we acquired one of the smaller plots at the beginning (or end, depending on which way one approaches Atatürk Bulvarı) of Ankara's Embassy Row. The opposite extreme, another small lot, still unbuilt, belongs to the Greeks. In between lie the palatial establishments of the West Germans, Italians, Egyptians, and Yugoslavs.

Much about the squat two-story chancery, built after World War II in the style of a consolidated county school in Kansas, was familiar, but much had also changed. The front driveway was closed for security reasons. The building's only gracious note, the central rotunda off the main entrance where all the staff could gather on festive occasions, was rigidly compartmentalized by steel and bulletproof-glass partitions separating the stairway from the entrances and exits and the exits from each other. The marine guard, formerly a warm and handsome presence at an open reception desk, was a disembodied voice from within one of the glass and steel cages. At his hip, where previously a flashlight had hung, there was now a .45 automatic. The central staircase that in the old days had provided free and easy movement among the U.S. staff on the second floor and the Turkish staff on the ground floor was blocked by a steel door controlled by an electronic latch. The unlocking code was available only to U.S. personnel.

I soon had a chance to see the security process at work. A Turkish businessman who was a friend from our days in Istanbul was in Ankara for the day. He had heard that I had arrived and stopped by to say *Hoş geldiniz*

(welcome!). He was led upstairs under escort. We had a cup of coffee before the fire in the ambassadorial office (the one room in the chancery that had not changed). Recalling my Turkish manners, I insisted, over his protests, in seeing him to his car. We made our way downstairs, were passed through the first barrier by a saluting marine, but had to stop at the second barrier while my visiting friend somewhat sheepishly reclaimed the gun he had checked upon entering.

Thus I discovered that many adult male Turks had taken to carrying guns for self-protection. In the classic Turkish way, the experience was both grim and amusing. My friend had been given back the wrong gun. After a quick verbal exchange with a Turkish security officer, this was taken back and another gun returned to him. We went outside to be surrounded by a half-dozen bodyguards (his and mine) who kept a protective screen around us until his car drove away.

On coming back inside, I stopped again at the security desk. The embarrassed official in charge quickly apologized for having erred in giving my friend back a "cheap .32" when he had deposited a "fine .357 magnum." Pulling open the drawer of his desk, the official showed several guns. "It is hard to keep them all straight, sir," he explained. "The other businessmen are visiting the commercial section, except for two who are getting visas in the consular section and a painting contractor who is seeing the general services officer about bidding on a job."

Clearly, attitudes toward personal security had changed in Turkey during the six years I had been away—and not just in the embassy. In earlier days there had been terrorism too; our first bodyguards had been hired in the early 1970s while I was in Istanbul. But in those days no U.S. personnel had died, and there had been something of a happy-go-lucky flavor about the whole thing. In Istanbul our children had played tricks on the night guards on Halloween. The guards retaliated on Easter morning by finding and eating some of the colored eggs and candy which had been hidden for the children the night before. By February of 1980, however, seven U.S. citizens had been killed in the previous year—and one more, an old friend, was to die before that awful winter was over. Now, things were being taken seriously.

Indeed, so oppressive was the security situation that I began to wonder how any Turkish or U.S. citizens found time to be concerned with anything else. It soon became apparent, however, that state affairs proceeded very much as usual. For me, the first order of business was presentation of credentials to President Fahrî Korutürk, who was in the last month of his seven-year term of office. Until this formality had been completed, I could do no official business as representative of the United States.

A certain amount of byplay developed around this. A Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement (DECA) had long been scheduled for signature between the United States and Turkey on February 22, 1980. On the assumption that, with my February 21 arrival date, the credentials ceremony would be unlikely to be completed by the following day, I had arrived with authorization to sign the DECA as chief of a special one-man delegation.

The Turkish Foreign Office responded to this by suggesting that it would be "undignified" to proceed in such a manner and then proposed setting the signing back to March 29. This was a wise decision. It turned out that three or four major issues and a dozen minor ones were still being negotiated. The Turkish language text had not been completed, let alone "conformed" with the English one. In fact, we used 10 or 12 hours of every day of the five-week extension and then finished negotiations only six hours before the final signing.

While the U.S. negotiating team, headed by ~~Don Gelber~~, the embassy's counselor for mutual security affairs, immersed itself in last-minute DECA matters, I went ahead with ambassadorial formalities. The first was a half-hour call on Turkey's chief of protocol, who gave me a wonderfully graphic and "precise" (the latter, one of his favorite words) briefing and demonstration of the credentials presentation ceremony. This was followed by an hour with Foreign Minister ~~Hayrettin Erkmen~~, who gave me a concise and objective outline of U.S.-Turkish relations since World War II. The visit of the battleship *Missouri*, the Truman Doctrine, and brotherhood in arms in Korea were good. The 1964 Johnson letter on Cyprus and the 1975-78 U.S. arms embargo were bad. The conversation was notable not so much for its substance as for the lack of recrimination and self-righteousness that might have been there.

The next day I and five embassy colleagues donned frock coats, top hats, and gloves to go to the presidential palace for the formal presentation of credentials. As we gathered at the house, there was much joking about a similar scene several years earlier. One of my predecessors, Bill Macomber, had had to postpone his presentation at the last moment when his credentials did not arrive from Washington. There was a real sense of déjà vu when five minutes before we were due to be picked up by the Turkish protocol officers to go the palace, DCM Dillon, dashingy attired and waving his topper, arrived—having left my letters of credence at home when he dressed. He made a breakneck trip down Çankaya Hill to his house to recover the papers and managed to get back to the residence exactly 30 seconds ahead of protocol's official departure time for the palace.

The ceremony was precise and dignified. I stood for “The Star Spangled Banner,” reviewed the band and honor guard, shouted *Merhaba Asker!* (“Hello, soldiers!”) to the troops at the right time, and went on into the presidential palace. The letters were handed over to the president. I presented my colleagues. A picture was taken. The president and I had a half-hour’s private chat. The entourage joined us and we enjoyed a three-minute glass of champagne and more pictures. We collected hats and gloves. I stood for the Turkish national anthem, reviewed the band and honor guard once more, and left the palace in brilliant sunshine. Upon returning to the residence, we offered a glass of champagne to our Turkish escorts, and the whole thing was over.

The tone of President Korutürk’s conversation was much the same as the foreign minister’s the previous day: warm and lacking demands or accusations. He recalled his first encounter with U.S. citizens: as a boy in Istanbul just after World War I when he had snowball fights with U.S. sailors stationed there as part of the occupation forces. President Korutürk emphasized Turkey’s democratic system, its geographic location, and the costs both brought to his country. He urged me to continue to study Turkish and to concentrate on learning to understand the country.

At four o’clock in the afternoon, there was a footnote to the ceremonies when I went to lay a wreath at Atatürk’s mausoleum. My predecessor, I was warned, had followed the soldiers carrying the wreath to the tomb a bit too closely. When they about-faced to give it to him, he caught it full in the head. Throughout the long walk across the courtyard, I kept a respectful six paces behind and managed to lay the wreath with both dignity and face intact.

Having seen the foreign minister and presented my credentials to the president, my next target was a meeting with Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel. I first met Süleyman Bey some 15 years earlier when he was emerging as leader of the newly founded Justice Party (JP). The occasion was a lunch at Bob Dillon’s house in Ankara. In those days Dillon was a political officer in the embassy, and I was director of the Office of Research and Analysis for Near and Middle East in the State Department, passing through Turkey on a visit. Demirel’s articulate pragmatism was impressive, and he and I talked the afternoon away in Dillon’s living room long after the other guests had departed. Demirel had since risen to be prime minister—to be removed by military intervention on March 12, 1971. He returned again as prime minister in 1974, and since that time he and Bülent Ecevit, the leader of the Republican People’s Party (RPP), had alternated as prime minister, with Demirel most recently returning to the office a few months before I had arrived in Turkey.

Prime Minister Demirel saw me this time in the foreign ministry guest house, a few hundred yards from the U.S. embassy residence. Gambling that he would receive me alone, I did not bring a note taker. My instincts turned out to be correct, and we spent 70 minutes tête-à-tête. Demirel deliberately avoided specific issues, focusing on two points. Turkey's destiny, he emphasized, lay with the West. If Turkey's Western friends wanted to help his country, the time was now. The prime minister expressed satisfaction with the draft DECA, noting that as far as he was concerned it was ready for signature. On the unstable parliamentary situation, he was cautious, saying he would get things straightened out in a couple of months. He denounced the increase in terrorism. (The killings were now up to about 15 a day.) He referred with pride to the economic reform and recovery program he had initiated some two months earlier and urged me to learn about it in detail from Turgut Özal, head of the State Planning Organization, who had designed it. While free in his criticism of the opposition, he carefully avoided mentioning RPP leader Bülent Ecevit by name. He exuded calmness, confidence, and control. He ended by giving me the private telephone number of his aide and saying that he would be happy to see me anytime on a few hours' notice.

Some two weeks later, I called on the principal opposition leader, Bülent Ecevit, at RPP headquarters. I had first known Bülent Bey in the early 1970s when he was wresting control of the RPP from former Prime Minister Ismet İnönü. He was then more famous as a poet and writer than as a politician and tended to be identified with the intellectuals of Robert College, the venerable U.S. educational institution in Istanbul. Having won control of the party, Ecevit went on in the election of October 1973 to become prime minister, and we saw each other occasionally while I was DCM in Ankara. Indeed, I was present with the then U.S. ambassador, William Macomber, on a hectic night in July 1974 when Ecevit responded politely but negatively to our strong urgings that Turkey not invade Cyprus in the wake of the coup that overthrew Archbishop Makarios.

Our meeting in March 1980 dealt with less spectacular matters. Ecevit gave me his account of events since my departure from Turkey. He spoke at length about his desire to develop and implement "people's socialism" in Turkey. He sought the United States' reaction to the political instability and increasing terrorism in the country. About Turkey's alliance with the West, Ecevit was cautiously supportive. His intellectual curiosity about world events remained remarkable. As far as Turkish politics was concerned, he was clearly lying low for the moment.

Having finished with the leaders of the two principal political parties, I called a meeting at the embassy to consult on what I should do about con-

tact with the leaders of the other two parties, Colonel Alpaslan Türkeş of the National Movement Party (NMP) and Necmettin Erbakan, chairman of the National Salvation Party (NSP). Both men were gaining in popularity, and their parties were increasingly active on the Turkish political scene. But they were still considered by many Turks to be less than fully respectable in the Atatürkist tradition. Erbakan's party was unabashedly religious in nature. Türkeş had been exiled in the wake of the 1960 military intervention because of his pan-Turanist and fascist tendencies. Both parties had, however, served in earlier coalition governments.

As far as Erbakan was concerned, the advice of our embassy counselors was unanimous. They recalled in graphic terms a call that one of my predecessors had made on Erbakan. The latter had set a date, and when the U.S. ambassador arrived he was ushered into a large office filled with television cameras and newspaper reporters. He was placed in a single chair across the desk from Erbakan. The NSP leader then made a long, set speech denouncing Western atheism, European deceitfulness, and U.S. parsimoniousness. Having finished, he jumped up, shook hands, and disappeared. This, my advisers urged, was not the way to carry on communication. It was a good way to get embarrassing publicity. I agreed to stay away from Erbakan for the time being at least.

On Colonel Türkeş, I received mixed advice. None of our people knew him personally, and none had any sympathy for his extreme rightist tendencies. However, some did point out that he had a reputation as a reasonably honest and straightforward human being. Unlike Erbakan, Türkeş had shown up at our last Fourth of July party and indeed was generally known, somewhat to our embarrassment, as "pro-American." In a classic diplomatic approach, the group ended up by recommending that I not ask to call on Colonel Türkeş, but rather wait until I met him at some social event and then indicate a desire to talk further.

A few weeks later, at tea with a former Turkish senator, I did meet Colonel Türkeş, and had ample opportunity to talk with him. Surprisingly, this aspirant to the "man on horseback" role in Turkish politics seemed to me to be very much like a number of professors-turned-politicians whom I knew in Turkey. His views on the parliamentary impasse were moderate. He avoided making any kind of pitch for specific support for himself or his party and stressed the importance he placed on Turkey's close ties with the United States. Unlike most Turks, he stated flatly that it was in Turkey's interest to cooperate with the West in the security field not only in NATO but in the Middle East as well. Türkeş' militant anticommunism was expounded with plausible logic. He said, for instance, that the United States

could and should tolerate communists in its free society. If Turkey were located in the Western Hemisphere, it could do so too. However, being next door to the Soviet Union, it had no choice but to suppress its communists as thoroughly and vigorously as it could.

I continued throughout March, April, and May of 1980 to try to get a feel for what was going on politically in Turkey and what was going to happen next. I went to see another old friend, Senate speaker Ihsan Sabri Çağlayangil. Former foreign minister and confidant to Prime Minister Demirel, Çağlayangil became acting president in April when Fahrî Korumtürk's term expired without the parliament being able to elect a successor. I spent an hour with Cahit Karakaş, speaker of the National Assembly and a powerful and independent member of the RPP. I managed to meet and talk with almost all the members of Demirel's cabinet and most of the ministers in Ecevit's previous government. Many of the Turkish military commanders, including the chief and deputy chief of the Turkish general staff, and all of the force commanders, I had known from earlier days. They were warm and friendly and eager to discuss the U.S. Security Assistance Program. They shied away from any comment on Turkey's political situation except to refer pointedly to the letter of warning that Chief of Staff General Kenan Evren and his colleagues had published in January of 1980 calling for urgent action by all constitutional institutions and political parties against terrorism and secessionism.

As the first of June approached, we began a series of meetings in the embassy to try to put the wisdom that I had garnered from the official upper echelon together with the information and ideas that other members of the staff of the U.S. mission had acquired from a variety of less exalted but equally important sources. We sent telegraphic queries to the consulate generals in Istanbul and Izmir and the consulate in Adana for their views. Representatives of the U.S. Information Agency (USIA), the Defense Attaché Office, the Joint U.S. Military Assistance and Training Mission, and even the Drug Enforcement Agency came together to give their ideas on what was going on politically in Turkey.

We had ample reason to try to reach some kind of a judgment. For one thing, the United States was providing more than a half-billion dollars a year to Turkey in economic and security assistance. This policy was based on the assumptions that the country was not only loyal to the Western alliance, but stable and viable. The latter judgment was coming into question. Additionally, the new secretary of state, Edmund Muskie, was due to pay a four-day visit to Ankara in mid-June for a NATO foreign ministers' meeting. We wanted to be able to tell him what was happening in Turkey and what it meant for the United States. Even more, we did not want anything unexpected to occur while he was there.

Almost all participants in these discussions in the embassy had their own rumor of an impending military coup—which most discounted as soon as they had put it forward. There was unanimous agreement that law and order were deteriorating and that governmental action was almost at a standstill. There was no hope of movement on legislation in which we were particularly interested, for example, ratification of the Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement and of the “Prisoner Exchange Treaty,” under which long-term U.S. prisoners in Turkish jails could be returned to the United States. No one could see a way out of the parliamentary impasse that had prevented the election of a president for almost five months. Inflation was still rising in quantum jumps.

After much discussion, we phrased three questions: Could the present situation continue indefinitely? Would the military take over and, if so, when and how? What were the implications for the United States of both possibilities?

A few of the staff suggested that the present deteriorating situation could last indefinitely. Their main argument was the obvious toughness and tolerance of the Turkish people. The growing violence, they pointed out, was not the result of a popular uprising directed against the government but rather of a turning from the ballot box to bullets, bombs, and public agitation by many political factions. When the confrontation in the streets came to a stalemate, it would taper off in the same inexplicable manner in which it had swelled up. Erratic and inefficient government would continue until the next election—which might or might not bring something better.

Others were convinced that the situation could not continue indefinitely, but that there was still a fair chance that Prime Minister Demirel would be able to check the drift toward anarchy and reestablish a viable government. The most serious problem, it was urged, was the inability of the National Assembly to elect a president. Under a system that gave declared candidates only a limited time to win or to be forced out of the race, one contender after another was being eliminated; the RPP nominee, former Air Force Commander Muhsin Batur, had just had to relinquish his bid for the presidency.

When the shrewd and confident Demirel was ready, this thesis ran, he would finally present Acting President Çağlayangil as the JP candidate and use political rewards to win over enough non-JP members of the National Assembly to elect Çağlayangil. Then, with a JP president in office and an at least temporary working majority in the National Assembly, Demirel could force through the legislative and bureaucratic changes necessary to restore

the government's power. If that did not work, he could at least call for new elections—which might this time return a majority government, whether headed by Demirel or by Ecevit.

Most of us believed, however, that the situation had deteriorated too far either to continue indefinitely or to be reversed by conventional political maneuvering. In almost every way the country was in worse shape than it had been in the beginning of 1971, when Demirel had first been ousted from office. The real question was what was going to happen and when.

The obvious answer was military intervention, as had taken place twice previously in 1960 and 1971. The U.S. military staff that worked most closely with the Turkish military were virtually unanimous in saying that this was going to happen. When queried as to why, they cited the intense distaste they observed at all levels of the Turkish military for the selfishness and inefficiency of the politicians and for the breakdown of public order. "They're just not going to put up with it much longer," was their conclusion.

Yet all of our uniformed advisers admitted that they had received no direct indication of an intention to act from their Turkish colleagues. Several rumors of impending military coups that they had picked up—and believed—in April and May had proven unfounded. Military movements, such as the marshaling of tanks on İnönü Bulvarı, had been interpreted as preparations for a coup when they first occurred. As such activity in support of the hard-pressed police became fairly regular, it lost its value as an indicator. Besides, as the members of the political section pointed out, if the military had intended to intervene, it had passed up numerous occasions to do so in recent weeks.

So, we finally concluded, a major political upheaval was virtually inevitable—but it was not likely to happen in the next few months. Perhaps the clinching argument was a traditional one. Nothing important ever happens in Turkey in June, July, and August. All the shakers and movers go to Istanbul to spend the summer on the Bosphorus and the beaches.

Things did seem to relax a bit in June. The period of Secretary Muskie's visit was uneventful, and the National Assembly virtually ceased even trying to elect a president. Although the daily killings went on, political vituperation by the party leaders diminished, and agitation in the universities dropped off with the coming of summer vacation.

Any idea that the summer doldrums were upon us, however, was dissipated in mid-July when large-scale disturbances broke out in two Anatolian towns, Çorum and Fatsa. Radical leftist groups actually took control of municipal government for a few days. Next, two nationally known figures, former Prime Minister Nihat Erim, generally associated with the

moderate right, and leftist trade union leader, Kemal Türkler, were assassinated. Almost simultaneously the daily toll of political killings rose to more than 20.

Washington's concern with this intensification of unrest was enhanced toward the end of the month when U.S. analysts issued two new intelligence reports strongly suggesting that a military coup was imminent. As it turned out, there was no reason to believe that these particular coup predictions were any more—or less—reliable than dozens of others issued earlier in the year. However, this pair got into President Carter's evening reading. Knowing that the president had been alerted, every agency in Washington was immediately on the phone to its representatives in Ankara. Between 9:00 P.M. and 2:00 A.M. (Ankara time), the State Department called for the embassy staff's comment and context. USIA pleaded for press guidance, while other agencies demanded a follow-up. The Defense Intelligence Agency wanted confirmation that the coup had been bloodless. Army and Air Force Commands in Europe wanted to know if their personnel had survived safely. We in Ankara were at somewhat of a disadvantage in responding to this barrage. We had not seen the reports. By the time they were urgently transmitted to us, the whole staff was out of bed and able to report that nothing was happening and that as far as we were concerned nothing was likely to happen in the immediate future.

Despite our firmness with Washington, the strain was beginning to tell. Some 48 hours later, while chatting with my British and German colleagues at the Belgian national day, it suddenly dawned on me that there were no Turkish generals present at the party. This was odd for an official celebration by a NATO country. The others noticed the same thing almost simultaneously, and we checked with our host to see if he had invited the "pashas." Obviously disappointed, the Belgian ambassador said that he always did so and that a dozen or so had attended last year. We all looked at each other and agreed that "This may be it!" and slipped away to our embassies.

The staff members whom I called in were all too willing to agree with a stubborn ambassador who seemed on the verge of changing his mind. One of them had been stopped for the first time by a military patrol on his way in. The wife of another had seen "a lot of tanks" in the street while taking her maid home. While refusing to send an alarmist telegram, I wavered to the point of telephoning the State Department office director for Southeast Europe and telling him what I had observed at the Belgian embassy. After reading the next morning's newspapers, I had to call him again. The social pages revealed that the wedding of a leading general's daughter had taken place the night before and had been graced by the presence of all of her father's colleagues!

July ended without any further alarms and excursions. Early in August I twice had a chance to ask Prime Minister Demirel privately if he expected a military takeover. He assured me that he did not. He had put forth a proposal to break the parliamentary deadlock by turning to popular election of a president. If that was not accepted, said Süleyman Bey, he was going to call for new elections to settle everything. "Not to worry," he told me. In mid-August, virtually all government and political activity ceased for a week while Turkey celebrated the end of Ramazan, the Muslim month of fasting.

Taking advantage of the holiday, I visited Cappadocia in Central Anatolia and Sinop on the Black Sea. Everywhere one looked in the countryside, Turkey was getting compensation for a ferocious winter in a bountiful harvest. Food was plentiful. The people were as calm and friendly as ever. If anarchy lurked in the streets of the cities, there was little sign of it in the countryside. One could not help feeling that there might still be hope for "the real Turkey."

Yet, by the middle of August the signs were more ominous than ever, and our conviction that things could not go on as they were was reinforced. On August 29 "Victory Day" was celebrated, the popular Turkish holiday celebrating Atatürk's triumph over the Greeks at Izmir (formerly Smyrna). As the diplomatic corps, clad for the occasion in the traditional white tie and tails, was waiting to leave the Tribunal of Honor in the Hippodrome in Ankara, we heard a sharp voice from the president's box. General Kenan Evren, chief of the Turkish general staff, was pointing angrily at the empty chair reserved for Necmettin Erbakan, the conservative National Salvation Party leader, who had not shown up.

Somewhat earlier, at a NSP rally in Konya, the most religious of Turkish cities, many in the crowd had refused to stand for the Turkish national anthem, shouting "Prayers, not music!" Within a few days, Erbakan's National Salvation Party was to join with Ecevit's RPP ("Atatürk's own party, for God's sake!", a Turkish general exclaimed to me) to defeat Demirel's proposal for early elections.

After the embassy's Labor Day holiday, the country team and the principal officers from the consulates in Istanbul, Izmir, and Adana assembled in the embassy to review the situation. We all agreed that the stage was set, although no one was yet certain just when the new act would begin. We indicated this in a cable to Washington and agreed on general guidance for our own people during a governmental change. In both cases we were cautious because the last thing we wanted to do was to precipitate something by our own words or actions. Indeed, as I was later to be reminded by

some of my colleagues, as late as September 11, 1980, I had assured a nervous luncheon of the American Officers Wives Club that there was no reason for them to be concerned; everything was going along quite normally.

2

The Military Regime

When I returned to the office after the American Officers Wives Club luncheon, I found a young military officer from my staff waiting for me. Amicable and intelligent, he spoke fluent Turkish, and I had a high regard for his knowledge and judgment. It turned out that he wanted to send a telegram to his Washington headquarters predicting that a military takeover in Turkey would occur that night. His chief, a colonel, was prepared to go along. Aware, however, of the ambassador's recent diatribes against irresponsible coup reporting, the colonel had sent the major to check with me first.

The young officer had two reasons for believing that action was imminent. Coming back from lunch at Balgat, the small U.S. Air Force (USAF) station on the outskirts of Ankara, he had passed large numbers of Turkish army tanks lining up on the road in the direction of the center of the city. I pointed out that this had happened a half-dozen times before and added that while returning from lunch I had heard bombs going off in the Kizilay area of the city. Further, the car radio had reported that the demoralized police had been threatening all day to go on strike. Might not the tanks simply be preparations to deal with whatever the situation was in Kizilay?

The major agreed that this could be the case but offered a second reason for his feeling that the night of September 11–12 was going to be “the night.” A couple of weeks earlier, a friend of his in the Turkish military had left for the United States for a routine, long-scheduled visit. The trip had been planned to run until September 14. However, just before departing, the Turkish officer had insisted on rescheduling to bring him back to Ankara by September 10. His excuse was that his wife had to have an operation on that date.

I then asked him how his wife was. That was the point, said our major. He had met his returned friend the previous evening; there was nothing wrong with his wife and no talk of an operation. "I think he came back early to be on hand for a military takeover," concluded our bright young observer.

I admitted that this might be the case. Calling in our political officers, I asked what they felt about the events of the day. The principal items of interest, they said, were the threatened police strike and the disturbances in Kizilay. They thought that the Turkish armed forces might have to move directly to deal with disturbances in the center of the city. "Any indications of a military takeover of the government?" I asked. "No more than before," was the reply.

Turning back to the major, I pointed out that we had already told Washington that something could happen at any time. If he predicted a coup tonight and it did not take place, his credibility would be damaged. He could go ahead if he wanted to, but my advice was to report what he knew, the marshaling of the tanks, the disturbances in Kizilay, and the threatened police strike, without drawing any conclusions. If a coup were as imminent as he said, I thought we would have had some kind of a direct hint from the military leadership.

The major took this counsel of caution, and we all went home. About three o'clock in the morning of September 12, I was awakened by a telephone call from Dick Boehm, the newly arrived deputy chief of mission. He had just received word from the U.S. major general who headed our Military Assistance and Training Mission. Our general had been called a few minutes earlier by a member of the Turkish general staff, who told him that a military takeover of the government was in process and that this would be announced at 5:00 A.M., when a 24-hour nationwide curfew would go into effect.

Dick and I agreed that he, our communicators, and some of our staff should go immediately to the chancery, set up shop there, and notify Washington. Others would come up to the residence and join me to provide two separate command posts. My first thought as I climbed out of bed was that I had talked our young military officer out of what could have been the greatest analytical coup of his career (so much, I reflected, for the comparative values of mature experience and youthful instinct). As the sound of tanks coming up Çankaya Hill came through the bedroom windows, Edith's first response was more mundane: "I always thought tanks rumbled. They don't. They clank and grind!"

By ten o'clock in the morning, Prime Minister Demirel, his predecessor Bülent Ecevit, Necmettin Erbakan, and dozens of other political leaders

had been taken into protective custody. They were given the opportunity of having their wives accompany them if they wished. Colonel Türkeş managed to evade capture for 48 hours, the only slipup in the whole proceedings. The National Assembly and all municipal governments were shut down. Trade union activities were banned. The military had control nationwide. Not a drop of blood had been spilled. Because people could not go out to the bakeries, army trucks distributed bread. Word came that despite the curfew diplomats were free to go back and forth from their embassies, and I drove myself (for the first time since my arrival in Ankara without chauffeur and bodyguards) down to the chancery. On the way I passed tanks at each intersection and noticed that the striking hotel workers, who for weeks had been in front of the Büyük Ankara Hotel with their banners and tents, had disappeared.

At the chancery Dick Boehm had a skeleton staff functioning smoothly. He had arrived shortly before 4:00 A.M., had communications open by 4:45, informed Washington of the news in a classified cable, and 20 minutes later repeated the Turkish radio's unclassified 5:00 A.M. announcement of the takeover and the new regime's first proclamation. At 10:30 A.M., the country team was to assemble in my office to discuss our next steps. As it later developed, this prompt and efficient action was to have an unanticipated side effect. In Ankara five o'clock in the morning is 2 o'clock in the morning in Western Europe. All the radio and television stations there were shut down. Even many of the morning newspapers had gone to press. No significant news coverage of the takeover appeared in Europe until late on September 12. In the United States, on the other hand, 5:00 A.M., September 12, in Ankara was 9:00 P.M., September 11, in Washington and New York and 6:00 P.M. on the West Coast. In the United States, the pashas' coup was big news the night of September 11 and the morning of September 12. Indeed, the Voice of America (VOA) reported the event on its late evening news, and many Turks got their first word on the 7:00 A.M. (Turkish time) VOA broadcast.

Some Turks interpreted the prompt coverage in the United States to mean that the U.S. government had known of and sponsored the coup. By the evening of September 12, Radio Moscow and the two clandestine communist radio stations broadcasting in Turkish from East Germany were pounding on this theme. I and the public affairs officer were kept busy denying this and trying to get the time sequence straight with the many U.S. journalists telephoning the embassy.

The next morning, when I met an old friend, now a high official in the new regime, he began our conversation by remarking that it was sad that so



many uninformed Turks were saying that the CIA had run the coup. As I started to agree, he slapped me on the back and, with a grin on his face, added, "Of course, the CIA didn't do it. The takeover worked. So it must have been the Pentagon." Government had changed, but the Turkish sense of humor had not.

To return to the morning of September 12, in the 10:30 country team meeting, we went over the first half-dozen communiqués from the new regime, which had been read on the Turkish radio, and began deciding how to interpret events to Washington. I drafted and sent to the State Department a short telegram saying that two important U.S. interests should receive preeminent consideration: preservation of our security relationship and a prompt and effective return to representative government. Judging from previous military interventions and from our knowledge of the pashas, neither interest was in immediate danger. There was nothing we could do to affect either interest positively. Our goal should be not to do anything that might affect them negatively.

DCM Dick Boehm worked on operational matters. He got out a list of recommended actions on pending questions; for example, stop this visit, let that one go ahead, continue participation in current NATO exercise "Anvil Express" but stay clear of Sixth Fleet port calls for the time being, keep aid coming but publicly regret ending of the parliamentary system, and so on. Dan Newberry, the political counselor, kept translations of the new Turkish National Security Council (NSC) communiqués and broadcasts streaming to Washington, together with situation roundups on curfews, troop movements, and airport closures. Both Boehm and Newberry relied heavily on information developed by our Turkish and U.S. staff members.

Having completed and sent my "first thoughts" cable, I set out to seek some kind of reliable contact with the new regime. An effort to get a phone call through to General Haydar Saltik, deputy chief of the Turkish general staff, was unsuccessful. But in response to the effort, I soon received a call back from Ministry of Foreign Affairs Secretary General Ilter Türkmen, who was one of Turkey's most sophisticated and experienced diplomats. Türkmen had recently become the top bureaucrat in the foreign ministry. He told me that he had just been asked to take complete charge of the ministry, and indeed a few days later he was appointed foreign minister by the military regime. Ilter Bey told me that he had just decided on a briefing that afternoon at three o'clock for all NATO ambassadors. If I needed to see him urgently in the interim, he would try to arrange something.

I replied that the only thought I had at the moment could be offered over the telephone. I had been reading carefully the first series of commu-

niqués by the new government and found little mention of a firm intention to return to democracy at the earliest opportunity. If this was indeed the intention, as I assumed, I thought it important that it be made clear from the very beginning. The question would certainly be given considerable importance in Washington. Whether my suggestion was responsible or not, I was delighted to note the heavy emphasis given to a return to democracy when the Turkish National Security Council and General Evren went on television at one o'clock for a broadcast to the nation. In Türkmen's three o'clock briefing of the NATO ambassadors, the theme was again stressed heavily.

Probably not?

The National Security Council's television appearance, incidentally, was an impressive performance. General Kenan Evren, chief of the Turkish general staff (TGS), looked very much like a firm but kindly grandfather as he explained and justified the NSC's action. Nodding agreement were members of the general staff, arranged precisely in order of military precedence: Army Commander General Nurettin Ersin, Navy Commander Admiral Necat Tumer, Air Force Commander General Tahin Şahinkaya, Jandarma Commander General Sedat Celasun, and Deputy Chief of the TGS General Haydar Saltik. That evening Edith remarked to me, "I never knew even one member of a military junta before, and all six of these have been in our house in the past couple of weeks." Fortunately, this perfectly innocent comment never came to the attention of Radio Moscow.

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Throughout the day and night of September 12, the international press had been converging on Ankara. The pashas, the prime actors in the drama, were, of course, too busy to see them. The politicians were no longer available to do so. On the following morning, the grinning soldiers in the tanks stationed at the downtown intersections were repeatedly photographed by the television cameras. Having exhausted the local possibilities within an hour after their arrival, the U.S. reporters converged on the embassy. In the middle of the day, I provided them with a background to the coup. Looking back over the cables I had sent the previous day, I could not find a single "secret" in them and said virtually the same thing that I had reported to Washington. The wire service stories went out, and on Sunday morning we heard for the first time from the Department of State. The message was short and gratifying. It said that the embassy had done so well in covering everything that Washington had not felt it necessary to provide any guidance. It had simply fallen back on our reporting to answer queries at home. I was reminded that the venerable advice "get there firstest with the mostest" is good diplomatic as well as military tactics.

Sunday, September 14, was peaceful all over Turkey. The curfew was limited to the hours of darkness, and for the first time in months normal life

got under way again. There was a holiday spirit about the crowds promenading on Atatürk Bulvarı on Sunday afternoon. That evening the British ambassador, Sir Peter Laurence, and I found time to compare notes. We were in agreement on what had happened and the problems that were to come. On arriving at the office early Monday morning, I was told that the Egyptian, Japanese, and Israeli ambassadors were urgently asking to see me in order to "consult" on what had happened. The Japanese official, who showed up within minutes of my having said I would be happy to see him, had no misgivings about his unspoken assumption that I somehow had had an active role in the events of the previous few days. The ambassadors of Egypt and Israel were principally interested in what I thought the change of government might mean for Turkish attitudes on the Palestinian problem. In mid-morning, one of our second secretaries came in to report that he had just come from a meeting with a British second secretary who had forthrightly congratulated the United States on having run the coup. With tongue in cheek, our political counselor, who had accompanied his associate in to see me, suggested that he call up his opposite number at Her Majesty's embassy and protest this canard—especially as having come from our closest friends. I agreed. The British counselor, no dullard, responded with expressions of horror and determination to tell "H.E." (His Excellency)—who would undoubtedly be in touch with me on so serious a charge. Sir Peter called shortly thereafter and, chuckling, we both agreed to let the boys have their fun.

Behind the diplomats came more newspaper reporters, pouring in from Europe and the United States to cover the military coup. They could find no evidence of strife, but by now there were two more sights for the television crews to focus on. One was the daily flag-raising and -lowering ceremony, which had been moved from the president's house on Çankaya Hill down to the Turkish general staff building in Kizilay, where General Evren had his office. The other photo opportunity centered on the crews of citizens and soldiers busily scrubbing off the political graffiti, which had for months adorned most buildings and walls in the city. I held two more press conferences on Monday, but there was little to say. We all knew that when journalists had to turn to diplomats for news the story was over.

The National Security Council had a busy week consolidating its power. Fifty more parliamentarians were arrested—for alleged legal violations prior to the coup. Several hundred more terrorists were rounded up, including some from the Marxist-Leninist armed propaganda unit, which had had a role in the murder a few months earlier of Sam Novello, a U.S. Navy chief petty officer, the last U.S. citizen to die in Turkey's terrorism. Colonel Türkeş, the Nationalist Movement Party leader, who had escaped

the initial roundup of political leaders, was also captured. In the only deaths of the week, Sam Novello's actual killer was shot while resisting arrest, and a police chief in Istanbul and an army captain in Adana died in encounters with terrorists.

At the end of the week, the appointment of just-retired Turkish Naval Commander Bülend Ulusu as prime minister was announced. We had known the admiral ten years earlier in Istanbul where I was consul general and he was commander of the naval forces there. Turgut Özal, potent economic adviser to former Prime Minister Demirel, emerged as deputy prime minister with a commission to continue previous economic policy. İlter Türkmen became minister of foreign affairs, and another professional diplomat, Haluk Bayülken, became minister of defense. Vecdi Özgül, just retired from the Turkish air force, became youth and sports minister. The new cabinet consisted almost entirely of technocrats, professors, and retired civil servants and pashas. Most were personal friends. Almost all spoke one or more foreign languages.

Our task now was to define as precisely as we could Washington's relationship with the new regime. Early in the week of September 21, I received a rare first-person cable from Secretary of State Muskie responding to my message on the day of the coup. It set forth Washington's understanding and sympathy for what had been done but also emphasized the importance of movement back toward democracy if the United States were to maintain strong support for Turkey. Specifically, the secretary mentioned the desirability of a timetable for the restoration of representative government and the release or trial under law of the detained political leaders. Characteristically, Ed Muskie left it to me to choose the person or persons to whom his ideas should be delivered.

I settled on Prime Minister Ulusu. When I saw him on September 26, he set a warm note by referring to our old friendship in Istanbul and asking, "How is my brother (*kardeşim*) now?" When we sat down, I read to him practically verbatim Muskie's cable. In response the prime minister went into considerable detail to explain just why the military had taken over the government. He blamed three sets of "enemies of the state": the extreme left, religious reactionaries, and would-be fascists, with his strongest criticism being of the left. The prime minister reaffirmed his desire to restore democratic processes as soon as possible. However, by detailing the things that would have to be done first, for example, reeducating the youth, reorganizing the universities, in addition to making a new constitution and changing the party and electoral laws, Ulusu implied that the process would take some time. He pledged that it would be accomplished and indicated



that the regime's intentions were being made public but refused to set a timetable. He agreed on the need for clear-cut actions to demonstrate the military regime's intention to return to democracy.

Meanwhile, Foreign Minister Türkmen had gone to New York for the General Assembly session at the United Nations. Secretary Muskie repeated the message to him there. The next day, in a call on Defense Minister Haluk Bayülken, I played the theme once more. It was especially relevant in this last context, since I also went over with the new defense minister the very substantial pending U.S. Security Assistance Program.

On Saturday, October 4, I was warned by telephone from Washington that I would receive on Sunday a letter from President Carter to General Evren. The president wanted it delivered before General Evren received NATO Commander General Bernard Rogers at three o'clock Monday afternoon. The tight schedule presented a certain dilemma. If I waited until Monday morning, after I had the letter, to ask for an appointment with General Evren, I might not be able to get one before three o'clock. On the other hand, if I asked for an appointment on Saturday, I might get one so early Monday morning that there would be no opportunity for me to recommend and get approval for any changes in President Carter's letter that I might believe essential. I decided that, in this matter of dealing with presidents, discretion was the better part of valor and asked for and was given an appointment with General Evren for Monday morning. The letter came on Sunday afternoon. No changes were necessary and I relaxed.

As I was met outside General Evren's office in the Turkish general staff headquarters by a young diplomat from the foreign office who had been chosen as the new *chef de cabinet*, it dawned on me that I did not know quite how to address the new first citizen of Turkey. Somehow, *Paşam* ("My General"), which I had always used in the past, did not seem appropriate under the circumstances. In response to my query, I was told that *Devlet Baskani* (Head of State) would be appropriate. It was carefully pointed out that General Evren did not want to be called *Cumhuriyet Baskani* (Head of the Republic). Upon sitting down with the general, I handed over President Carter's letter. Evren put on his glasses and read it carefully, occasionally checking with his young aide on a word or phrase of the English. He said that he would reply directly very soon but meanwhile wanted me to tell President Carter that he appreciated Washington's understanding that the Turkish generals had had no choice but to do what they did. They would return the country to democratic government as soon as they could. Meanwhile they deserved a little time free of criticism to do what they had to do. With regard to Greek reintegration into NATO, Evren informed me that Turkey wanted it too. The general had originally hoped to be able to

use Greek reentry to define Greek and Turkish areas of influence in the Aegean. He had given that up and asked only that the Greeks come back into the alliance. Then the Aegean command and control issue could be settled. ✓

I replied that when U.S. officials talked to Turks about the events of September 12, they were not criticizing what had happened but rather stressing the importance they placed on the promptest possible return to democracy. Turkey's internal form of government might be of no direct concern to us, but NATO was an alliance of democratic nations. We believed that Greek return to the military arm of NATO as soon as possible was important, and we very much hoped that reintegration could be achieved under General Rogers's plan. If General Rogers was not able to accomplish this, then the United States and President Carter himself might have to become involved.

General Evren agreed that we understood each other's points. He ordered tea, and we spent half an hour discussing "the old days" in Turkey. As I was leaving, he said that he intended to do all he could to reunite the alliance and asked that we be patient for two more weeks. Exactly 15 days later, Greek reintegration into NATO under the Rogers plan was announced. ✓

General Evren's decisiveness and reliability on this issue were characteristic of the military regime. Clearly this approach appealed to most of the Turkish people, who had suffered for a long time from multiplying uncertainties: Would they ever have a president? Would they get home alive that day? Would there be heat, water, or electricity if they did? Could they find a replacement if a tube blew out in their television? If they could, would the rapidly inflating price be beyond their means?

It was equally obvious that the pashas' way of doing things had appeal in Washington. Long-standing debts on military purchases were cleared up. Weapons requirements lists under the security assistance program began to appear promptly and accurately. The U.S.-Turkish Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement and the "Prisoner Exchange Treaty," which had sat before the National Assembly for months, were promptly ratified by the National Security Council and the Council of Ministers acting as parliament. Top Turkish officials began a regular series of meetings with their Greek counterparts on Cyprus and the Aegean. ✓

I was scheduled to return to Washington for routine consultation in early December 1980, some nine months after my arrival and three months after the military takeover. I decided that the best thing I could bring home with me would be a balanced assessment of the military regime. We undertook daily discussions in the embassy on what the regime was doing and where it was going. As it turned out, nobody in Washington cared very

much about our conclusions. After the November 4 elections in the United States, the policy-level people most closely involved, Ed Muskie, Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, Counselor of the Department Matthew Nimetz, Assistant Secretary for Europe George Vest, and Under Secretary of Defense Robert Komer, were cleaning out their desks. Their equivalents in the incoming Reagan administration had not yet appeared.

Still, some of the judgments reached in the embassy in Ankara in the fall of 1980 are worth repeating here since they seem to have withstood the test of time pretty well. Some three months before the coup, we had already answered one question in the affirmative: Was a military takeover inevitable? In retrospect, this judgment seems even more obvious for two basic reasons.

✓ First, the processes of government had broken down, and law and order had deteriorated to a point beyond which a modern state could hardly remain viable. The chances of institutional recovery from the situation were virtually nil because the 1961 constitution made it impossible either to dissolve parliament or to get a single party majority in elections. Complicating the problem was the deep personal hostility between RPP leader Ecevit and JP leader Demirel. Neither was a weak man. Both were competent politicians and able administrators. In fact, in personal abilities they compared well with their contemporaries in other democratic countries: Rallis and Papandreou in Greece, Giscard and Mitterand in France, Callaghan and Thatcher in the United Kingdom, and Ford and Carter in the United States. However, they hated and distrusted each other as few other competing political leaders have. Not only was compromise not possible between them, but neither was the acceptance of defeat and the role of a loyal opposition.

✓ Second, the Turkish military was both committed to and popularly accepted in a role as guardians of the state. The military had played this role in Ottoman days and twice during the post-World War II republic. It had received its charge from Atatürk in language that the U.S. military, for example, had never heard from George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, or any other president.

X It is difficult for non-Turks to understand the role accorded to the military by the Turkish public. The embassy had spent a great deal of time trying to find the source of the citation of organic law in the military regime's first communiqué by which it justified its actions. The reference turned out to be an obscure section of army regulations. This bothered U.S. officials. To most Turks, it was perfectly natural: "Of course, Atatürk told the soldiers to take care of things when necessary."

67
The next question we tried to answer was whether or not the takeover was really necessary. Our initial analysis focused on possible parliamentary options, including alternative coalitions, the possibilities of a minority government other than Demirel's, and devices by which early elections might have been called. Again, to Turks the answer was much simpler. The pashas had given a warning (General Evren's January 2, 1980, letter and his May 13, 1982, call for immediate election of a president). They had then waited (through three extensions of martial law, the assassinations of Nihat Erim and Kemal Türkler, and through clear-cut threats to Atatürk's secular state). So, finally, they had acted. Measuring this strong logic against the tenuous possibilities we had been able to envisage for constructive change within the system, we had to conclude that the takeover was probably necessary.

Would the military takeover work? We sensed from the beginning that the 1980 military intervention was going to last longer than the one in 1960 (17 months) and result in much deeper and more comprehensive changes than the 1971 "coup by memorandum" (which had kept an appointed civilian government in power for 30 months before returning to free elections). We suspected also that this time the military, and specifically General Evren and the NSC, would insist on a clear-cut and powerful role for themselves in any succeeding representative system.

The day after the military regime took over, it was able to stop the endemic political killings. In ten days it had reaffirmed an economic policy that dropped the rate of inflation from 130 percent to 40 percent in the ensuing three months. By not executing any political leaders it avoided the mistakes of the 1960 coup leaders, whose hanging of Prime Minister Menderes, Foreign Minister Zorlu, and Finance Minister Polatkan had left deep scars. By excluding all formerly active party leaders from a role in public life, it prevented both their determining the nature of the new constitution, as had been the case in 1961, and their using the period after the takeover to enhance their partisan strength, as had happened in 1971-73. On foreign policy issues, the National Security Council continued Demirel's moderate and conciliatory policy on Cyprus and the Aegean. In the Middle East, Turkey's position was enhanced and its support would soon be sought by both sides of the Iran-Iraq war. While uncompromisingly rejecting West European criticism, it won tolerance and greater aid than ever from the United States.

Overall, there was little doubt that for a few years at least the military regime was likely to "work" very well. A question remained, however, and perhaps still remains, about the longer term. It would not be hard for the

basic feelings of the Turkish people to come into conflict with the intentions of the pashas'. Turkey is not, like many a post-World War II newly independent nation, unfamiliar with representative government. The republic is 60 years old. Asian and Islamic traditions still have deep roots in the countryside, but so does Republican Atatürkism. Participation in government has long been known and cherished. Menderes, Demirel, and Ecevit in their times worked hard and successfully to establish the tradition of civilian supremacy. For example, even in the midst of the chaos following the expiration of President Korutürk's term, many Turks had been proud that all segments of the population—including the military—had accepted that the next incumbent did not have to be drawn from the military.

Finally, of course, the pashas' had a great deal of power, and there was the inevitable danger of power corrupting. Bülent Ecevit almost from the beginning drew the political consequences from this. His unyielding opposition and persistent courting of arrest (in contrast to Demirel's "sitting tight" attitude) probably reflected a judgment that the military regime would falter and at some point be repudiated. Then Ecevit, as the only constant and uncompromising opponent of the regime, would reap political benefits, just as Khomeini had done in Iran. Something like this could still happen. However, four years after the takeover, the odds do not seem to favor it.

One could from the beginning point at faults in the system employed by the military, for example, its large-scale arrests and detentions, occasional police brutality, the slow pace of its efforts at reform, and the tight "disciplined democracy" it envisioned for the future. However, the economy continues to recover; the pashas' have not quarreled among themselves. (There does not seem to be a Nasser or a Qaddafi among them.) They have not personally abused their power. The new constitution they drafted, despite its restraints on the press, the universities, and personal rights, leaves room for considerable domestic freedom and fits within the parameters of what most Western nations call democracy.

Both the constitution and General Evren's role as president of the republic for the next seven years were approved by more than 90 percent of the voters of Turkey in a November 7, 1982, referendum. In a November 6, 1983, election, many former political leaders were excluded and some parties banned. However, two of the three parties that participated ran in opposition to the regime. One of them, headed by Turgut Özal, won a majority. The pashas' warned the public against Özal before the election—yet cooperated with him as prime minister after it. This is not the worst way to run a democracy, and I remain comfortable with our embassy's judgment of September 1980 that the Turks should be given a chance to work out their own political problems in their own way.

3

The Alliance

The Turks came out of Central Asia a thousand years ago. Since then they have been intimately involved with foreigners: Byzantines, Persians, Russians, British, French, Germans, and, since World War II, Americans. More than most peoples the Turks are keenly aware of both their friends and their enemies. Occasionally these have switched roles. The British fought with the Turks in the Crimea and against them at Gallipoli. However, for two centuries at least, there has been no question about who was the constant enemy. Turkish fears and hatreds have been concentrated against the powerful and unpredictable Russian neighbor to the north.

Immediately after World War II, the Soviet form of the ancient threat appeared in Stalin's demands for cession of Turkey's two northeastern provinces and the right to garrison the Turkish Straits. The Turks asked for help, and the United States, unable to do anything about the Soviet takeover of Eastern Europe, responded this time by sending the battleship *Missouri*, fresh from its triumph of receiving Japan's surrender in Tokyo Bay, to Istanbul as a demonstration of its intent to protect Turkey. This was followed by the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan. Turkey reciprocated by joining the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the Central Treaty Organization (CENTO) and by sending troops to fight with the United Nations in Korea. Thus the alliance of the Turkish Republic with the West was firmly set at the beginning of the post-World War II period.

Turks are capable of distinguishing among their friends. While deputy chief of mission in Ankara from 1972 to 1974, I saw a graphic example of this. Former Presidents Harry S. Truman and Lyndon B. Johnson died within a few weeks of each other. As is customary, the embassy set out a condolence book, which local officials, Turkish citizens, and diplomats

were invited to sign. For Harry Truman, of the "Truman Doctrine," who had come to Turkey's aid in its time of need, the line waiting to sign the book stretched around the block. Every high government official came, many of them paying a particular mark of respect by walking to the embassy. Military officers wore U.S. shoulder patches from their service in Korea. Aging former soldiers arrived with their medals pinned to shabby suits. One old gentleman insisted on introducing his 30-year-old son to me. "He was a baby in my arms when we stood in Cihangir in Istanbul and looked down at your battleship *Missouri* come to save us from the Russians," he said. "We will never forget!"

The reaction to the death of Lyndon Johnson was very different. Johnson was remembered as the author of the "Johnson letter" in 1964. This letter to the Turkish prime minister suggested that, despite NATO's commitments to support Turkey in the event of a Soviet attack, the United States might not come to Turkey's aid should the Soviet Union retaliate by direct military action against a Turkish invasion of Cyprus. The Turks did not invade Cyprus, but neither did they come to sign the book for Lyndon Johnson ten years later. There were only a few Turkish signatures, the highest ranking being that of the chief of protocol.

When, in the summer of 1974, the Turks finally did invade Cyprus, another bitter episode in U.S.-Turkish relations began. The Congress of the United States was outraged not only by the act itself but also by what it considered Secretary of State Kissinger's refusal to take seriously its complaint that by using U.S.-supplied weapons the Turks had violated U.S. law. The outcome was an embargo on U.S. arms supplies to Turkey. This was designed to encourage the Turks to withdraw from Cyprus. Instead, they simply closed most U.S. military facilities in Turkey and sat back to wait for the outcome.

By the time I returned to Turkey as ambassador early in 1980, the arms embargo had been repealed, and the U.S. military installations were functioning again. However, the situation was a curious one. The institutional base of the alliance had been thoroughly shattered. Some U.S.-Turkish agreements on the purpose and use of military facilities had originally literally been written on the backs of envelopes, signed by long-departed Turkish and U.S. colonels to take care of now-forgotten needs. Efforts had begun again the previous year to negotiate a full-fledged Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement (DECA). Ambassador Ronald Spiers, my predecessor in Ankara, aided by Matt Nimetz, counselor of the Department of State, had completed much of the work on this document before I returned to Ankara. Indeed, originally, all I was supposed to do was to sign

the formal agreement the day after my arrival on February 21, 1980. As indicated earlier, things did not work out so simply, and I was to be engulfed in hectic last-minute discussions before the DECA was finally signed on March 29, 1980. *

The draft DECA covered three main areas of U.S.-Turkish military cooperation: U.S. security assistance to Turkey, Turkish provision of electronic and other facilities to the United States, and coproduction of defense hardware and supplies. Only the third area was free of problems. On security assistance, the Turks wanted a specific financial commitment from Washington to cover several years, that is, a designated sum of money each year. The United States could not make such a promise because the Security Assistance Program is dependent on year-to-year appropriations by Congress. The Turkish negotiators tried to get around this by proposing an "equipment list" specifying certain items that the United States would supply during a given period. Again, Washington balked, since promising equipment over several years is equivalent to promising money that Congress has not yet appropriated. A mutually acceptable formula was finally found: the United States would try to make a "best effort" to supply sufficient security assistance to meet Turkey's NATO needs.

The "best effort" phrase appeared several times in the DECA draft, and we thought it had completely superseded the equipment list as an earnest of our intentions. However, the equipment list resurfaced almost immediately after my arrival. It turned out that in the small hours of the morning when Matt Nimetz had visited Ankara in January 1980 to initial the main parts of the DECA, the Turks thought that they had been promised that the equipment list would be "signed" simultaneously with the DECA. We could not imagine where they had gotten this idea until they produced a letter saying just that from a deputy assistant secretary in the Department of Defense who had accompanied Nimetz.

We went back to the negotiating table and eventually produced another compromise solution. The United States could not consider the equipment list as part of the formal DECA. However, a Turkish military mission would go to the United States before the agreement was signed to participate in the drawing up of a new list of equipment that Washington believed might be available to the government of Turkey over the next five years as resources (either ours or the Turks') became available to pay for it.

No sooner was this problem out of the way than the Turkish officials produced another one. They pointed out that the DECA would actually be signed by Foreign Minister Erkmen and me. Although we both represented our governments as plenipotentiaries, the Turks felt that the highest levels

of both governments had to be specifically committed to the "best effort" concept. They insisted on a simultaneous side letter reaffirming the "best effort" phrase from President Carter to Prime Minister Demirel.

There was no substantive problem with this. President Carter was well aware of our pending DECA with Turkey and of the "best effort" commitment that it contained. However, as anyone who has ever participated in the process knows, the drafting, revising, and approving of a presidential letter is a painstaking, time-consuming, and unpredictable affair. This is especially true when, as would be the case in this instance, a copy of the letter would have to go to the U.S. Senate for information, together with a copy of the DECA itself. Eventually, we got the letter drafted and signed, and I carefully tucked it away to be handed over on the day of the signing of the DECA. Not the least interesting aspect of this business was the premium that the Turks obviously put on the word of our president. Even after four years of a U.S. arms embargo that had hurt them badly, they were willing to trust Washington.

In the negotiations on the facilities, the Turkish and U.S. teams had been confronted by innumerable problems, many of them growing out of the Turks' determination to maintain strict legal command and control and the U.S. Department of Defense's desire to get the broadest possible flexibility on equipment changes, usage, and access. Again, much had been compromised or traded off before I arrived on the scene. However, a few particularly difficult and sensitive issues remained for the last weeks of negotiation.

Principal among these was the matter of how many and what kind of United States aircraft were to be stationed in Turkey. Under arrangements previous to the DECA, the U.S. rotational squadron in Turkey had always been of a specified number and kind. From the standpoint of U.S. Air Force Headquarters in Europe (USAFE) in Ramstein, Germany, the main practical value of sending its aircraft on the long and expensive rotation to Turkey was that while there the planes could use the Konya Range, an air-to-ground target area especially beloved by fighter pilots. There was little point in having the same aircraft use the range over and over again. USAFE wanted to bring in others on a more flexible schedule.

From a Turkish viewpoint it was essential politically to keep U.S. use of Turkish bases, some of which were deep in the Middle East, strictly within agreed NATO purposes. It was also desirable to reduce usage by U.S. aircraft of the Konya Range, which was much in demand by the Turkish air force. The resolution of these contradictory needs was one of the greater achievements of the U.S.-Turkish negotiating teams. Their efforts

at compromise were ingenious. At one point the construction of a second air-to-ground range was contemplated. However, USAF problems of financing and Turkish problems of land acquisition turned out to be formidable, and finally it was agreed that the numbers and kinds of USAF aircraft could vary considerably.

The “flag issue” was another problem. The several thousand U.S. uniformed personnel in Turkey wanted to serve under their own flag, with each military day beginning and ending just as at home with the raising and lowering of the Stars and Stripes. The Turks had no objection to our flying the U.S. flag together with theirs over most installations where Turkish and U.S. citizens worked together. However, their flag protocol, dating to Atatürk, was very different from ours. They considered flying the flag a special symbol to be used only on national holidays and at times of rest and recreation when the Turkish people were particularly united as a family. They did not raise or lower the flag each day but displayed it over most installations only on holidays and weekends. Then they kept it up at night as well as during the daylight hours.

Thus, if each nation stuck to its own procedure, there would be substantial periods when the troops of each would be exclusively under the flag of the other. If, on the other hand, both agreed to adopt the practice of either one, the habits and traditions of the other would be sacrificed. As we came down to the wire in negotiations, we finally agreed, not without heartburn on both sides, to specify in the DECA simply that the U.S. flag “would be flown” at joint installations where U.S. troops were stationed. As so often happens in diplomacy, we found that the only thing to do with issues insoluble to lawyers and negotiators was to leave them to people of common sense (in this case, to subsequent discussion between local Turkish and U.S. military authorities). We did this and all turned out satisfactorily.

Another last-minute deadlock concerned not the spiritual but the physical needs of the people involved. This was the question of who was going to pay for the lunches eaten by Turkish military personnel working operationally with U.S. personnel at United States’ sites where there was no Turkish military messing facility. The U.S. Department of Defense was prepared to pay food and lodging expenses for substantial numbers of Turkish soldiers who “performed services” for U.S. units, for example, security and maintenance. However, the Pentagon lawyers insisted that the United States could not legally bear the cost of food alone for the few dozen Turkish technicians who worked with—but not for—their U.S. counterparts. The Turks could be given access to U.S. mess halls, but they would have to pay for their meals at the modest set fees provided in U.S. Air Force regulations.

The Turkish military had regulations and lawyers dedicated to their enforcement also. Their position was that they could pay per diem for personnel who were away from Turkish facilities for 24 hours or more. However, they could not compensate Turkish military personnel who slept in their barracks each night and ate breakfast and dinner there for a lunch eaten somewhere else. The sum involved was only about \$30,000 a year, but the issue was still unresolved 24 hours before the scheduled signing of the DECA. Embassy officials tried everything to budge the Turkish side, including suggesting that the U.S. air force bill for the meals but the Turkish air force simply not pay the bills. The Turks responded that this would be "dishonorable." I made a last effort by immediate telegram to sway the Pentagon, but without success. Finally at eleven o'clock at night (Ankara time) on March 28, I telephoned Counselor of the State Department Matt Nimetz to tell him that I was going to exercise my ambassadorial prerogative and sign the agreement at eleven o'clock the next morning committing us to pay for the meals, whether I received authorization or not. The distinguished counselor called back at 9:00 P.M. (Washington time), which was 5:00 A.M. on March 29 in Ankara, to say that we would go to jail together. He had not been able to find a legal basis for our doing so, but he had sent a memorandum to the Department of Defense saying that we were going ahead anyhow.

Meanwhile, both the Turkish and U.S. press had somehow gotten wind of "a last-minute snag on the DECA." The press information officer at the Turkish Foreign Ministry and I agreed that the only thing we could do was to "stonewall" all queries on the matter. If we told the journalists the nature of the real deadlock, they would never believe it. In any event, the drama ended the next morning (March 29) at eleven o'clock when Foreign Minister Erkmen and I signed the DECA in a pleasant, liberally photographed ceremony at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. U.S.-Turkish security relations were back on a firm footing.

✓ In the 1950s and 1960s, U.S. military facilities were scattered all over Turkey, with the total number of U.S. troops and their dependents at times rising over 20,000. Some of the installations were much like military bases in the United States, with dependent housing, schools, commissaries, PXs, chapels, pubs, theaters, and bowling alleys. Others were tiny and isolated, often consisting of only a dozen or so soldiers manning a communications relay station or performing a training function with Turkish units. Between 1965 and 1979, the massive U.S. presence was reduced and consolidated. ✗ Electronic installations at Samsun and Trabzon on the Black Sea and a large facility at Karamursel on the Sea of Marmara were evacuated.

During my earlier stay in Turkey, I had at one time or another visited most of the U.S. facilities then existing. Having completed the DECA regularizing the status of those remaining in 1980, I set out on another round of visits to see how our agreement was working and how the U.S. military family in Turkey (now down to about 5,000) was faring.

My first stop was at Incirlik, the large airfield near Adana, where some 2,500 Department of Defense personnel lived and worked. Planning was underway to handle future USAF rotation squadrons on a more flexible basis than in the past. A local flag protocol was being worked out. The Turkish and U.S. colonels commanding seemed on the best of terms with each other, one of the ornaments of the Turkish colonel's office being the desk given him by his U.S. counterpart.

If U.S.-Turkish relations were excellent, there were internal problems on the U.S. side. The installations at Incirlik still had the shabby flavor of a World War II frontline airfield about to be moved forward. Quonset huts were battered and unpainted. On-base housing was completely inadequate. A majority of the approximately 2,500 U.S. service people lived in the city of Adana and commuted to Incirlik twice daily by bus, a dangerous practice in an area of high terrorism.

There were morale problems. Many airmen were opting for an uneconomical and inefficient one-year tour of duty without bringing their families because of the lack of housing facilities. Growing drug and black-market activities worried the commanders. Cooperation between the USAF Office of Special Investigation and the Turkish police bothered the troops, who felt that their civil rights under U.S. law were sometimes disregarded. And there was always the question of the relationship between the embassy's outpost in Adana, a tiny three-person consulate, and the large U.S. military complex with its numerous senior officers.

All the U.S. officials in Adana agreed that the best answer to a variety of their problems was the construction of more housing for dependents on the base. This would reduce the terrorist danger in Adana itself and during commuting. It would make it possible for more officers and men to bring their families, thus reducing the temptation of black market and drug abuse. Two-year rather than one-year tours of duty would enhance efficiency. With the signing of the DECA and confirmation of the likelihood that the U.S. facilities at Incirlik would be around for some more years, old plans for expanded housing and support projects were being dusted off.

Upon my return to Ankara, I called together the embassy country team (which included representatives of all U.S. military and civilian agencies in Turkey) to focus on the Incirlik housing question. We began almost daily

contact with the USAF headquarters in Europe concerning design and financing issues, but there were legal as well as logistical problems. The USAF wanted to go ahead immediately, importing its own already-budgeted material and relying for construction mainly on U.S. military units stationed in Western Europe. Yet the DECA specified that "where feasible" (another diplomatic term of art) such construction should employ Turkish labor and material. The money that would be required for this had not yet been budgeted or appropriated; the prospect was of years passing between approval and completion. Additionally, Incirlik was not the only place in Turkey where new construction for the U.S. military was needed, and common sense dictated that standard procedures agreed on between Turkey and the United States should be developed for the country as a whole.

This process dragged on throughout my stay in Turkey. Finally in 1981 we did get U.S.-Turkish agreement on a total military construction package of more than \$90 million, with almost all of it going to Turkish contractors. The new housing at Incirlik should be ready at about the same time as this book. As one commentator put it, "One of the reasons our alliance has such continuity is that things move so slowly in it."

My next visit was to Erzurum in northeastern Turkey, where a small U.S. Army unit was stationed with Turkish artillery. Although it was already May, Erzurum was still winterbound. Flying up from Ankara in a small U.S. military C-12 aircraft, we were in snowy muck all the way at 25,000 feet. We continued flying blind as we lost altitude for landing, coming into the clear less than 1,000 feet above the ground in the middle of the five-range "Armenian Knot" of mountains where the airfield lies. We stepped out into a 40-mile-an-hour ground wind, which propelled a mixture of sleet and snow like a heavy curtain up and down the high valley.

Met by an enthusiastic young U.S. Army major and two Turkish colonels commanding the artillery battalions at Erzurum, we went directly to observe a field exercise in which the major's 60-odd U.S. specialists and several hundred Turkish artillery men were working together. At Incirlik, the U.S. operational presence had been almost a separate entity, with little more cooperation than Turkish privates guarding the entrance to the base. At Erzurum, Turkish and U.S. soldiers of equal rank stood together in the snow, alternatively reading checklists off to each other as the artillery pieces were serviced, loaded, aimed, and dry-fired time after time. When we finally got out of the weather into the shack that was the command center of one of the battalions, we found Turkish and U.S. officers similarly working side by side in alternating positions rehearsing the procedure for authorization and coordination of fire.

The U.S. troops did have their own mess and barracks, local in construction and very like those of the Turks, except for the amount and variety of food and the less dense array of bunks. Recreational opportunities consisted of weekend tours of local sights and an occasional three-day pass to Ankara or Istanbul. The only recreational physical plant was a small basketball court. I inadvertently embarrassed the major and his top sergeant by complimenting them on their especially fine rapport with the Turks and remarking that I supposed they occasionally competed in basketball. On this, they had to admit failure, saying that this used to be done, but the games had to be suspended a few months earlier. "We won all the time, and after a while we figured out that wasn't too good for their morale."

The U.S. soldiers who served in Erzurum were young and necessarily unaccompanied by dependents for their one-year tours. They were professional artillery men and enjoyed working with their Turkish counterparts, willingly conceding that they were learning valuable lessons in "making do" from them. They endured their hardships cheerfully, got their satisfaction from the good records they were establishing for their service in difficult circumstances, and were very aware that they were living less than 100 miles from the Soviet border. Both Turkish and U.S. units had their own messes, and there was no question about who paid for whose lunches. The flag issue was of little concern. "We have one in our barracks and there is one in the major's office. That's good enough," a sergeant remarked. The U.S. soldiers were glad that we had signed a new piece of paper in Ankara and pleased that "someone important" from the capital had come to visit them. However, they were not very much interested in their rights and privileges under the DECA, and they seemed perfectly satisfied to rely on local Turkish arrangements.

In June I took the relatively short drive from Ankara to the Turkish air force base at Murted, 25 miles outside of the capital. Here a small USAF unit was working with the Turkish air force in much the same way as the U.S. Army unit in Erzurum worked with the Turkish artillery. A remarkable degree of harmony seemed to prevail. Although U.S. personnel at Murted had the advantage of easy access to the excellent facilities of Ankara, their life at Murted was spartan. Their few aged buildings were being rebuilt. Meanwhile the officers were living in tents on the airfield. I complimented the USAF commander on his effectiveness and dedication. He responded happily, until I ruined the effect by remarking that this was the first time since World War II that I had seen U.S. Air Force officers living in tents. The comment was inadvertent and no criticism was intended, but perhaps the blue-clad colonel recognized an element of cynicism on the part of a one-time ground forces sergeant.

Having looked at our combat services' connections with Turkey at Incirlik, Erzurum, and Murted, I turned to the electronic side of U.S.-Turkish security relations. When I had been in Turkey in the early 1970s, the prime example of a communications-monitoring facility had been the USAF establishment at Karamursel on the south side of the Sea of Marmara, less than 100 miles from Istanbul. The Karamursel site was located on the water meadow where Peter the Hermit and his followers had camped for the first winter of the First Crusade. Across the Gulf of Izmit, in sight of the base, was the hill on which Hannibal of Carthage had lived out the last years of his life, having fled east from the Romans after his defeat in the Punic Wars.

The USAF base had made its own contribution to history. At its height it was a thriving community of almost 5,000 soldiers with its own school, chapel, housing, and a huge circular antenna, one of the largest in the world. In the early days of Soviet missile and space development, Karamursel's contribution to intelligence had been enormous. Technological change had already reduced its importance by 1975, when its operations were suspended by the Turks in retaliation for the U.S. arms embargo. By the time the U.S.-Turkish security relationship was repaired, Washington no longer found Karamursel worth the cost of operation. By 1980 it was more spic and span than ever, the Turkish navy's main training center. The huge antenna was still there but as lifeless as Hannibal's hill and Peter's campground.

In August we went to Sinop on the Black Sea, perhaps currently the most important of the U.S. electronic facilities in Turkey. Perched on a high knob jutting out into the Black Sea directly across from the Crimean Peninsula, Sinop was still a nonfamily station, as it had been when I last visited in 1974. Its uniformed population of several hundred was a mixture of U.S. Army, Navy, and Air Force personnel. All were single persons in barracks, albeit one interesting change had taken place: there was now a liberal sprinkling of women in uniform.

Sinop still had a mild and pleasant "frontier" feeling about it. One is keenly aware that this is a remote part of the world and that the Soviet Union lies just beyond the watery horizon. Here too history presses in closely. The little port below the U.S. facility has a jail built by the Romans that is still in use. This town was the home of Diogenes, he of the barrel and lantern in search of an honest man. Earlier, Jason had sought and found the golden fleece in streams nearby.

Relations between town and gown—and the studious, slightly eccentric U.S. technicians could be considered a good representation of the lat-

ter—were close and cordial. The governor of the province and the mayor of the town, despite the fact that they belonged to opposing political parties, seemed equally at home on the U.S. facility—just as their predecessors had been ten years earlier when I used to come up from Istanbul to go hunting with them. The Turkish and U.S. colonels commanding the facility were on the best of terms. A U.S.-built water system and small airfield served all Turkish and U.S. personnel in the area alike, including the citizens of the town.

Pursuing the implications of the DECA, I asked both Turkish and U.S. colonels what was the one thing they each most wanted to see go forward under the new agreement. The U.S. colonel replied instantly that he would like to get flag rules (which had not yet been settled at Sinop) resolved. After some urging, the Turkish colonel allowed that his chief desire was to get joint operations underway, that is, to have some Turkish technicians working side by side with their U.S. counterparts at the electronic gadgetry. After a moment they looked at each other and burst into laughter, both agreeing that “We should have it all ‘traded off’ in a month or two.” Indeed, they did, proving again that the DECA negotiators’ trust in common sense was not misplaced.

In August 1980 we went to Izmir on the Aegean Sea, where Atatürk had on August 29, 1922, achieved his final victory over the Greek occupation forces. The great port city, familiar to Paul and John the Apostles and known for centuries afterward as Smyrna, was now headquarters for two NATO commands: Allied Land Forces Southeastern Europe and the Sixth Allied Tactical Air Force (ATAF). Headed in the early days of NATO by U.S. generals, these were now under Turkish commanders, both old friends from my previous days in the country.

There were still, however, 500 or more U.S. soldiers stationed in the NATO headquarters and perhaps an equal number with USAF supply and support units responsible for communications, a PX, a commissary, and a school. While the U.S. embassy in Ankara has direct responsibility for most U.S. uniformed personnel in Turkey under bilateral agreements such as the DECA, U.S. troops at the NATO commands in Izmir (as well as their Italian, British, and Canadian associates) are under the authority of the NATO commander in Brussels, General Bernard Rogers (who had succeeded General Alexander Haig not long before my arrival in Turkey). Nevertheless, they were U.S. troops with the same set of problems as the others: for example, residence permits for dependents, passport renewals, and currency exchange snags. The consulate general in Izmir, on behalf of the embassy, has a variety of responsibilities for them in addition to its dealings with the Turkish community.

I visited the PX, commissary, and club and talked to the commanders of the various subunits in the area. We spent a long and pleasant evening with a large section of the community at Bayrakli, a parklike area on the outskirts of the city set aside for U.S. recreational use. With no direct involvement in either electronic or training activities with the Turkish services, the U.S. troops in Izmir were little concerned with most aspects of the DECA. Two items did loom large in their minds, however. One was the "flag issue." Although the U.S. flag flew, together with those of the other allies, over the NATO headquarters, its use on individual U.S.-occupied buildings and sites had been suspended pending completion of the agreement. This was a source of resentment to many of our troops. Noting that the flag was flying high over Bayrakli, I remarked that I assumed agreement on procedure had been reached with the local Turkish garrison commander. One of the U.S. colonels responded: "What procedure?" As he saw it, the DECA specified that "the flag would be flown" over U.S. military sites. Bayrakli was such a site; so he had simply run up the flag and that was that. Surely, he implied, the U.S. ambassador did not object to picnicking under the U.S. flag!

One thing the U.S. ambassador certainly did *not* propose was ordering "Old Glory" to be hauled down in front of several hundred exuberant U.S. servicemen. I responded that we could look into the flag issue later. Meanwhile, the fried chicken was great. The next day I discreetly raised the question of the flag at Bayrakli with one of the top Turkish military officers in the Izmir area. Did we need to talk about local procedure, I asked. He grinned and suggested that perhaps it would be better if we did not. "Your people seem to enjoy Bayrakli so much," he said. "I always look at the other side of the road when I drive by there." So, it appeared, local arrangements on the flag question had in fact been resolved.

Another issue bothering the U.S. troops in Izmir concerned the residence permits that their dependents, like all resident foreigners, were required to get from Turkish authorities. For years the fee for the permits had been a token one, and the U.S. military authorities had paid it automatically when processing arriving personnel. Recently, to counter the effects of acute inflation and perhaps to raise a little additional revenue, the Turkish government had increased the charge to the equivalent of about \$40. The embassy in Ankara had asked the Foreign Ministry to waive the fee, and the government of Turkey had promptly done so—but only for the dependents of U.S. military personnel stationed in Turkey under bilateral agreement, that is, the DECA. The troops at NATO headquarters were not included, and parsimonious U.S. government accountants had decided that \$40 per

person was too much to blend into transfer costs. Individuals were being required to pay the fee personally with no guarantee of reimbursement. This was in fact a burden on, say, a sergeant with a wife and three or four children. What was the U.S. ambassador going to do about it?

I agreed to try when I got back to Ankara to get the NATO dependents included in the exemption. In response to pressing questions about what was to be done in the meanwhile, I suggested that no one pay the fee unless they had to until we could get the matter straightened out. The next day, when I called on the Turkish NATO commanding general, an old and close friend, I sensed early in our conversation that he was angry. The reason emerged when he asked what I meant by telling "his" people that they should not pay a Turkish government fee. I explained and equivocated, and it was soon agreed that *he* would arrange the fee exemption for all NATO dependents. These, as he pointed out again, were "his" people and included British, Italians, and Canadians as well. He did so promptly, and full harmony was restored in the alliance.

I left Izmir after this visit with considerable doubt about the necessity for the large U.S. military presence there. Actual combat units under both the air and ground forces NATO commands are entirely Turkish. If agreement on command and control in the Aegean is ever reached with Greece, Greek units might be added, but such agreement did not seem likely. Even with planned United States' and other outside reinforcements in the case of war, the Land Southeast and Sixth ATAF forces will be almost entirely local. The language of command will be Turkish. Still, the United States provides more than 60 percent of the command staffs (including two major generals) and a large and expensive support system. Unlike their counterparts at the electronic facilities and those stationed with Turkish combat units, the U.S. troops in Izmir have little to do and appeared to get only marginal satisfaction from their work.

Like a series of other ambassadors before me, I wondered if some way could not be found to eliminate or greatly reduce the U.S. presence in Izmir. Later, after probing the question in Ankara, Brussels, and Washington, I came to the same conclusion that several of my predecessors had: that in fact very little could be done. The Turks valued the large U.S. presence at the commands for logistical support provided and for its symbolic commitment of NATO to Turkey's defense. The Pentagon found the Izmir billets useful for officers for whom other assignments might not be readily available. The NATO headquarters in Brussels was, understandably, not sympathetic to anything that could be interpreted as the disman-

ting of a NATO command. So the U.S. presence in Izmir in its own way contributes to the alliance and to the U.S.-Turkish security relationship. It is likely to continue to do so pretty much in the same way in the future.

During the next several months, I managed to get to almost all of the other sites in Turkey where U.S. military personnel were stationed, except for Diyarbakir, which I had seen in 1974. In all of them, Turkish and U.S. soldiers were working well together. Indeed, the cooperative atmosphere and the sense of common purpose transcended anything I had seen at these same sites in the early 1970s before the Turkish invasion of Cyprus and the U.S. arms embargo had shattered the status quo. Looked at from the field, the U.S.-Turkish security relationship seemed to be as solidly reestablished as it did when viewed from my desk in Ankara.

There was another facilities question, barely mentioned in the DECA, that demanded a lot of time and attention in Turkey from 1980 to 1981—as it had for two decades earlier. This was the matter of U.S. Navy port calls by ships of the Sixth Fleet, which was permanently on station in the Mediterranean. The large and cosmopolitan city of Istanbul, with its covered bazaar, nightspots, and museums, was a favorite for shore leave. Izmir shared many of Istanbul's attractive characteristics. Small Mediterranean ports like Marmaris, Antalya, and Iskenderun had a quiet resort flavor. Turkey's little northern ports on the Black Sea also had their appeal. To reach them required a full transit of the Turkish Straits under the conditions provided for in the Montreux Convention and provided an opportunity for the U.S. Navy to sail around in the Soviet backyard.

In the early days of the alliance, the visit of the battleship *Missouri* to Istanbul during Turkey's darkest hour in 1946 ensured a welcome to any U.S. Navy ship along Turkey's 2,000 miles of shoreline. This friendly Turkish atmosphere persisted into the mid-1960s as the Sixth Fleet lost access in many other parts of the Mediterranean. By the late 1960s, however, radical leftist political sentiment emerged in Turkey, and violence grew between left and right. U.S. sailors on shore leave were beaten up; anti-U.S. and anti-NATO demonstrations were organized; Turkish lives were lost in clashes over Sixth Fleet visits. The development of widespread terrorism in Turkey in the early 1970s and its intensification at the end of the decade made the situation even more difficult. In the months of 1980 before the September 12 military takeover, almost every country team meeting in the embassy included a debate on the pros and cons of a particular proposed ship visit. A good proportion of the cables between the consulates general in Istanbul and Izmir and the embassy in Ankara was devoted to the same subject.

The pattern of our discussion was almost always the same. The U.S. Navy wanted to schedule port calls in Turkey, often on short notice, when and where they best suited its operational needs. It expected Turkey as a NATO ally to cooperate. The Turkish navy shared this view and proffered assistance and support for almost all visit proposals. The U.S. consulate concerned, the State Department contingent in the embassy, and usually the Turkish Foreign Ministry worried about the possibilities of sabotage, attacks on personnel, and widespread rioting connected with the visits. They too agreed in principle on the desirability of port calls but wanted to tailor them to minimize the political threat. For example, port calls would be restricted to one or two days rather than three or four; personnel on shore leave would be required to wear civilian clothes; port calls to Istanbul could be made only when the universities were on vacation; and to Izmir only at three-month intervals.

The individual decisions were seldom completely satisfactory to anyone, but we did manage to preserve the practice of port calls throughout the troubled times before September 12, 1980, and we did so without loss of a single U.S. life. Although the military regime did not want to do anything that might unduly dramatize or exaggerate the U.S. presence in Turkey, the port call problem became less complex after September 12 and the ending of public violence in Turkey. It is likely to remain so for some time to come, and one hopes that the U.S. Navy is making the most of its opportunity. In any event, the Byzantine practices for deciding on port calls that we developed in the 1960s and 1970s are still there if they are ever needed again.

One final area of U.S. interest in facilities in Turkey merits note. NATO plans call for reinforcement of the Turkish ground and air forces by allied units in the event of war. Within NATO individual understandings on the support requirements for such forces have been reached between various allies. In USAF terminology such an understanding is called a Co-located Operating Base (COB) agreement. The U.S. Army uses the title *Host Nation Support* for similar arrangements. Thus a COB agreement for Incirlik might specify so much ammunition, so much jet fuel, so much aircraft parking area to be available for the reinforcing unit. A Host Nation Support agreement would do the same for an incoming ground forces unit; so many tents, tank removers, gasoline, and foot powder to be ready at a given Turkish corps or divisional headquarters.

The problem, inevitably, is where the money to finance these reserve logistics requirements is to come from. In NATO's theory the host nation should provide it. However, the Turkish armed forces themselves have ur-

gent need for every penny in their defense budget and in the U.S. Security Assistance Program. Co-located Operating Base and Host Nation Support requirements are understandably low on their priority list. From time to time there is talk about the use of "NATO Infrastructure" funds for these purposes, but somehow these are always small and elusive. Newspaper stories talk about U.S. payment for modernization and in some cases actual construction of Turkish airfields in the eastern part of the country. Just as in the past, where this money is coming from is likely to remain uncertain for a long time.

My review of the part of the DECA concerning facilities made clear that Washington was getting what it wanted out of the U.S.-Turkish relationship. For this to continue, it was clearly necessary to ensure that Turkish expectations on the security assistance side were also being met. Here the key phrase from the DECA was "best effort." The simplest way to monitor whether or not our effort could indeed be judged a "best" one was to look, together with the Turks, at the size and effectiveness of our military assistance program.

At the time the DECA was signed in March 1980, we were implementing the fiscal year (FY) 1980 Security Assistance and Economic Support Programs, which provided for a total of \$250 million in grants and loans. This was larger, in dollar terms at least, than any of the pre-embargo security assistance programs, and the Turks had accepted it as a "best effort" at a new beginning. The FY 1981 assistance programs had already gone through Congress, and disbursement was due to begin after October 1, 1980. They totaled \$450 million, an 80 percent increase over the previous year. As it turned out, we were able to make the money stretch a little further by reducing the cost of certain equipment that the Turks wished to purchase during FY 1981. Most notable was a squadron of F-4 aircraft that was offered at a concessional price. Again, the Turkish judgment was that FY 1981 represented, for the time being at least, another legitimate "best effort."

In the spring and summer of 1980, we put together the FY 1982 Security Assistance Program. The Turks were uncertain of the exact cost of the equipment they wanted and proposed to set the overall program at a relatively high dollar figure. I insisted that we should get a completely defensible figure and stick to it. Finally, the embassy's recommendation for \$400 million went to Washington, where it was almost immediately cut by the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) to \$250 million. After considerable maneuvering, including my presenting memos to Secretary Muskie and President Carter when I was back in Washington in December 1980 for

consultation, the executive sent a recommendation to Congress of \$400 million. The missing dollars, \$150 million, had been salvaged from a special Southwest Asia Reinforcement Proposal engineered by Under Secretary of Defense Robert Komer, himself a former ambassador to Turkey. (Indeed, this \$150 million was *all* that was saved out of the original \$3 billion Southwest Asia Reinforcement Proposal.) In June 1981 Congress in fact approved a program of \$400 million.

I took this figure to the Turkish government fairly confident that it would qualify as a "best effort," especially once the Turks knew about all the work that had gone into it. Some of the officials I saw conceded that \$400 million security assistance was "good" but harped on the fact that under the FY 1982 program Turkey would get \$200 million less in economic assistance than had been planned (\$300 million instead of \$500 million). Concluding that the "best effort" judgment might not be as certain as I had thought, I launched a campaign to help the Turkish leadership make up its mind, asking for appointments with a number of senior ministers. Most of these received the figure calmly, but others were disturbed, focusing more on the \$200 million "lost" economic aid than on the \$400 million security assistance confirmed.

I decided that I had better cover this aspect of the situation with the financial experts and went on to meetings with the director of the Central Bank and Deputy Prime Minister Turgut Özal, Turkey's economic czar. After much discussion, it was agreed that the \$200 million reduction in economic aid need not be catastrophic to Turkey's economic recovery plan. New ways of filling the foreign exchange gap could be found. Perhaps the gap itself could be recalculated. I let the matter simmer within the Turkish government for a few days and then took advantage of a presidential reception to present the figures and my summary explanation of how they came to be to General Evren. The president, his eyes twinkling, knew exactly what I was up to. While my diplomatic colleagues waited impatiently in the receiving line behind me, he indicated that the Turkish leadership had talked the matter over and was satisfied. I stopped at the embassy on the way home from the reception and reported to Washington that implementation of the DECA was proceeding and that the U.S.-Turkish security relationship remained in good shape. ✓

In the spring and summer of 1981, during my last months in Turkey, we put together recommendations for the FY 1983 Security Assistance Program. The Turkish request was for \$600 million, not unreasonable in view of inflation and the assumption that any initial figure would be subject to whittling down in Washington. Complications arose when our military

assistance and training chief recalculated the cost of the equipment that the Turks had included in their program and found that they had grossly underestimated prices. In fact, the total tag was not \$600 million but more than \$700 million.

Recalling the narrow squeak that we had had in Washington the previous year and feeling it unlikely that I could influence the new Reagan administration (despite its known partiality for Turkey) as strongly and directly as I had been able to influence the Carter administration, I reluctantly agreed to make the \$700 million figure the embassy recommendation. Two additional factors contributed to this decision. One was the desire to have a little money left over in the security assistance program to devote to defense coproduction, an important part of the DECA on which little tangible progress had been made. The other was a determination to curtail a variety of legal but circuitous routes that had been devised by Turkish and U.S. officers to stretch regular security assistance. Our recommendations for \$700 million passed through the executive and legislative procedures after my departure from Turkey and finally resulted in approval of a total program of \$685 million to commence on October 1, 1982. This, too, apparently passed the Turkish test of a "best effort"—albeit by a narrower margin than the previous year. The total FY 1984 program came to \$856 million and \$934 million was requested for FY 1985.

The annual security assistance program figures alone do not tell the complete tale of U.S. military support to Turkey. During my time as ambassador, at least two other factors had substantial impact, one for the better and one for the worse. The former was a long-standing U.S. legislative provision for the transfer to allies without capital cost of U.S. Navy ships deemed surplus to our own needs. Every airplane, tank, or gun supplied to the Turks had to be charged to security assistance funds at a set price. Ships, however, once the provisions of the enabling legislation had been complied with (principally notification to Congress), could be turned over free at a U.S. port. The Turks paid the cost of sailing them home and then remodeling and resupplying them. Thus, for some years we have been able to keep Turkey's modest submarine and destroyer fleets in reasonably good operational condition without major charges against security assistance funds, and in 1981 several "new" vessels were turned over to replace worn-out ones.

The "bad" impact on security assistance came in 1980 when the Pentagon suddenly focused on the fact that the Turks owed the United States some \$50 million for a variety of military equipment and supplies that they had obtained with Defense Department concurrence under provisions out-

side the regular security assistance program. These provisions enabled allies of the United States to contract for military equipment to be paid for over several years, on the understanding that the cost would be covered out of their own funds if sufficient money to do so was not available in future U.S. security assistance programs.

Naturally, there never was any money left over in the regular programs. Accounting for the supplementary shipments was erratic and not centralized (at least on the Turkish side). The result, when the Pentagon presented its bill, was what amounted to a cut in the FY 1981 Security Assistance Program from \$250 million to \$200 million. (We simply took the \$50 million off the top.) The Turkish government gulped and complained but, fortunately, did not reconsider its "best effort" judgment. I did the best I could to ward off future problems of the same kind by ordering our military assistance people to keep the security assistance program strictly in regular and open channels, avoiding "dependable undertakings" and "trust fund floating."

Dollar appropriations in any form do not, of course, automatically translate into operational military capability. The Turkish armed forces were acutely aware of this and, looked at in terms of readiness and modernization, the U.S. Security Assistance Program was considerably less than they might reasonably have wanted. For several years, some 50 percent of the annual dollar funds went entirely for operation and maintenance of an increasingly obsolete weapons inventory, leaving relatively little for modernization or even for capital replacement. One of Turkey's main deficiencies, up-to-date fighter aircraft, had been taken care of relatively well with provision of four squadrons of F-4s. There were no resources at all, however, for planning future acquisition of the next generation of aircraft, F-15s, F-16s, or F-18s, types that were already going into the inventories of other NATO air forces. Likewise, Turkey's main battle tank was still the Korean war model M-48, with its gasoline engine and 90 mm gun. Plans had been underway before the arms embargo to modernize the M-48 with a diesel engine and a 105 mm gun. Nothing had been done between 1975 and 1979, and we started all over again in 1980. Even so, the first "new" M-48s have not yet come off the rebuild line. As with aircraft, the rest of NATO is a generation further along than Turkey with its armored equipment.

Nevertheless, the U.S.-Turkish alliance in 1984 remains in good shape. After the embargo was lifted, the relationship demonstrated its ability once again to develop a remarkable continuity. For instance, my predecessor developed a security assistance program with Prime Minister Ecevit in 1979, and I implemented this with Prime Minister Demirel. The

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one I developed with Demirel was implemented with General Evren. The one I put together with General Evren was implemented by my successor, and the one my successor developed with General Evren will be implemented by the new, popularly elected prime minister of Turkey.

While many of their weapons are obsolete, the Turkish armed forces are and will remain formidable, not least in numbers and morale. They are improving, however gradually, by relying heavily on U.S. security assistance (along with substantial West German support and minor assistance from the other allies). The government of Turkey has not had to push its own defense budget to a point beyond what its shaky but viable economy can bear. And, through Turkey's NATO membership, the country has as good a commitment as there can be in today's world that if it ever comes under military attack from the Warsaw Pact powers, it will not have to defend itself alone. Turkey benefits also, of course, from the large-scale sophisticated intelligence collection activities carried out on its territory.

Overall, the alliance remains a good bargain for the United States and Turkey. Both countries seem to recognize this fact and to be content with it. In many ways, the U.S.-Turkish security relationship is less troubled today than it was ten years ago, when George Harris described it in detail in what remains the definitive work on the subject, *The Troubled Alliance* (Washington, D.C.: American Enterprise Institute, 1972).

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Diplomacy Beyond Borders

One of the basic distinctions within diplomacy is that between bilateral and multilateral. The former is concerned principally with that part of the profession involving relations between two nations; the latter is usually focused on international organizations and structured associations among groups of nations. As United States ambassador in Turkey, my job was primarily bilateral, including everything the two countries were doing with each other. My U.S. colleagues in New York at the U.S. Mission to the United Nations (USUN) and in Brussels at the U.S. Mission to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (USNATO) were concerned chiefly with multilateral diplomacy.

What I have already written deals almost entirely with bilateral matters concerning only Turkey and the United States. Yet the multilateral and the bilateral inevitably intermix in relations between nations—often the more so the closer that relations are between the two countries involved. Much of the work in a U.S. embassy in a given capital thus has a multilateral aspect to it. This was certainly true of Ankara from 1980 to 1981. Of the many “third country” issues in which we were involved, five, concerning Greece, Iran, Afghanistan, Israel, and the Soviet Union, serve to illustrate that multilateral questions can be among the most interesting facets of bilateral diplomacy.

The principal “third country factor” in U.S. relations with Turkey has long been Greece. This is inevitable, given the fact of our alliance with both Greece and Turkey, the historical hostility the two countries have for each other, and the existence of their two bitter quarrels, which had major international implications. After all, it was Turkey’s invasion of Cyprus in 1974

that caused Greek withdrawal from the military arm of NATO and the U.S. arms embargo on Turkey—which in turn resulted in the Turks shutting down their U.S. military facilities. Additionally, it was Greek and Turkish inability to agree on their respective rights in the Aegean Sea that prevented restoration of NATO defense command and control measures in the eastern Mediterranean.

During my predeparture consultations in Washington in December 1979 and January 1980, I found that, while the executive branch of the United States government was interested in many things regarding Turkey, the legislative branch, for all practical purposes, cared about only one: a settlement of the Cyprus problem. I was questioned and admonished about Cyprus by virtually every senator and representative to whom I spoke. A year or so earlier, Congress had reluctantly yielded to the Carter administration's urgings to lift the arms embargo so that our military facilities in Turkey could begin operating again. However, Congress still wanted a Cyprus settlement. Some members were concerned because they had Greek-American constituencies; others, because they believed that the Turkish invasion had been an act of aggression; many because they still felt that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had too lightly disregarded executive responsibilities to the law and had responded inadequately to congressional complaints about wrongful use of U.S. arms by the Turks in the invasion. If I had any kind of mandate from Capitol Hill, it was to "do something about Cyprus."

When I got to Ankara, I began to probe the Cyprus question with the Turkish leadership. Prime Minister Demirel and Foreign Minister Erkmén, so responsive on other subjects, clearly were not pleased with renewed U.S. interest in this issue; in fact, they felt little pressure for action from the situation on the island. The main Turkish concern there had always been the personal security of the ethnic Turks. Since 1974 the occupation of 40 percent of the island's territory by the Turkish army had ensured this. Besides, the issue was a politically sensitive one in Turkey, and the hard-pressed Demirel government did not want by any concession to open itself to political attack by Ecevit, who still benefited from the dynamic and successful role he had played during the invasion. Nevertheless, I came away from my initial talks feeling that the Demirel government intended to continue encouraging the Cypriot Turks to cooperate in the U.N.-sponsored Intercommunal Talks that they were carrying on with the Greek Cypriots in Nicosia. By repeating that Turkey had no intention of holding on forever to the 40 percent of the island it now occupied, Demirel and Erkmén hinted at a willingness to consider at least partial troop withdrawal in the future.

Encouraged by this, but at the same time wanting to discourage an eager Washington bureaucracy from jumping too quickly on it, I proposed by cable a meeting on Malta to discuss next steps on Cyprus among the U.S. ambassadors concerned with the problem: myself, Robert McCloskey from Athens, and Galen Stone from Nicosia. Perhaps we could agree on a new approach to recommend to Washington, I suggested. Washington was not to be fended off so easily. In return I got a counterproposal for a meeting in London to include me, McCloskey, Stone, *and* Matt Nimetz, counselor of the State Department, Ray Ewing, deputy assistant secretary for Europe, and Ed Dillery, director of the Office of Southern European Affairs.

In London the visitors from Washington turned out to be more knowledgeable and flexible than I had expected. Bob McCloskey went beyond the normal call of duty in undertaking to pick up explorations on Cyprus in Athens parallel to mine in Ankara. These would inevitably be more difficult, since he had a host of other problems to cope with, including the pending commencement of negotiations on a U.S.-Greek DECA, resentment over much smaller U.S. aid to Greece than to Turkey, and a Greek conviction that the United States, despite its arms embargo on Turkey, was overly sympathetic to Ankara on the Cyprus question. We all knew also that, while Cyprus was just as politically loaded a question in Greece as in Turkey, the Greek government had far less control over the Greek Cypriots than its counterpart in Turkey had over the Turkish Cypriots. Galen Stone, who lived daily with the intercommunal quarrel in Nicosia, informed us that he would welcome any help his colleagues in Athens and Ankara could engender.

On my return to Ankara, I began again to explore possible Turkish concessions with Prime Minister Demirel and Foreign Minister Erkmén. Judging both of them to be in a reasonably responsive mood, I recommended to the new secretary of state, Ed Muskie, that he try to take the process a step further during his scheduled visit to Ankara in June for the NATO ministerial meeting. He agreed to raise the matter with the Turks and also with the Greeks during his expected bilateral meeting with Greek Foreign Minister Constantine Mitsotakis, who would also be in Ankara for the NATO meeting.

Muskie, an experienced politician, found the occasion to nudge the Turks when both Prime Minister Demirel and Foreign Minister Erkmén pressed him for U.S. agreement to reschedule Turkey's previously rescheduled debts to the U.S. government. This matter was of particular importance to the Turkish economic recovery effort. If Washington rescheduled, other governments—and eventually the private banks—could be expected to follow suit. Official bankruptcy, currently staring Turkey in the face, would be warded off.

Having told the Turks that a second rescheduling of the same debt would be particularly difficult for the U.S. government because of long-standing congressional and fiscal policy, Muskie said that nevertheless he would see what he could do when he got back to Washington. Carefully avoiding explicit "linkage" (one more diplomatic term of art), Muskie went on to remark that he in turn would appreciate it if Demirel would see what he could do to get things moving on Cyprus again—especially in view of deep congressional interest in the subject. Muskie next met with Mitsotakis, who brought up Cyprus, asking for U.S. pressure on the Turks for a settlement. Muskie responded by stressing the need for the Greeks to be ready for reciprocal concessions on the island if the Turks began to move. He said that he hoped Foreign Minister Mitsotakis would follow up on the subject with Bob McCloskey in Athens. The stage was well set.

A week or so later, by cable from Washington, I got the secretary's go-ahead on debt rescheduling—and, equally gratifying, his virtual *carte blanche* as to how and with whom to use it to promote progress on Cyprus. I prepared a simple presentation: the secretary had taken the Turkish debt rescheduling issue to President Carter; the matter had been discussed thoroughly; all of our fiscal and legal people had been against it; the president had come down on the side of the Turks. The secretary had also asked the Turks to see what they could do about Cyprus. I had a feeling from earlier conversations that they might be prepared to offer territorial concessions. What would these be? What was the minimum they felt they needed in return in terms of protection of the Turkish Cypriots?

To avoid any problem of communication, I went first to an old friend, a professional Turkish diplomat and former ambassador with a perfect command of English, now serving as adviser to the foreign minister. I said I was going to see the foreign minister and then the prime minister and rehearsed for him what I was going to say. (The idea was that my friend would pass it all on in advance.) My meeting with Foreign Minister Erkmén took place on July 30, 1980. He responded appreciatively to my news on debt rescheduling, going straight from this to discussion of Cyprus (thus proving the effectiveness of Ed Muskie's "connecting without linking"). The foreign minister explained in detail Turkey's insistence on a constitutional "bizonal" system as the best way to guarantee the safety of the Cypriot Turks. I eased into the subject of territorial concessions by asking about the utility of "baits" or rewards to encourage the Greek side on such guarantees. Could the Turks be counted upon to be "generous" on territory if the other side accepted the principles of "bizonality," I asked.

The foreign minister, no diplomatic slouch himself, twice evaded responding. The third time we circled around the subject, he said, "Let me

tell you how important a Cyprus settlement is to us. It would ensure the status of our brothers on the island. It would relieve us of a financial burden we cannot afford. It would eliminate a major source of instability in our region. It would enable me to implement the pledge I made to Mitsotakis during our talks here to try to solve all problems between us. You draw your own conclusions from that, and I will draw mine from what you said." At the end, he added another hopeful note by saying that he had found our conversation "frank and comfortable."

On August 4 I saw Prime Minister Demirel for 70 minutes. Unlike the foreign minister, who had had his entourage of advisers, interpreters, and notetakers with him, Süleyman Bey and I talked alone. He did not wait for the beginning of my presentation but immediately expressed his appreciation for the debt rescheduling. In a classical political note, he added that he was particularly appreciative because, apart from its great fiscal benefit, the rescheduling proved what a friend like the United States could do for Turkey. It disproved the claim of irresponsible Turks who said that Turkish association with the West was not good for the country. On Cyprus Demirel came straight to the point. He could not give me a word like "generous," he said. It was too open-ended. However, he could offer a commitment that the Turkish position would be "reasonable, logical, and flexible." He understood what Secretary Muskie had in mind, and he hoped these words would be enough to satisfy us for the time being.

The military takeover on September 12, 1980, just five weeks later, ended our efforts on Cyprus with the Demirel government and left that most experienced politician with different things to worry about. Less than two weeks after the takeover, I received another message from Ed Muskie, requesting that I make a number of points to the new regime, specifically including the importance of a prompt return to democracy and movement toward a Cyprus settlement. Characteristically, the secretary again left me with a choice of when and to whom these ideas should be delivered.

On September 26 in the evening I saw the prime minister, Admiral Bülend Ulusu, to discuss these issues. Ulusu, a knowledgeable, imaginative, and sensitive man, talked at length about events in Turkey but was clearly not yet prepared to enter into a dialogue on Cyprus. I found that the same was true with other military leaders to whom I talked in the next several weeks. They were determined to deal with domestic problems first and wanted time to review the Cyprus issue carefully before making any commitment on it.

I reported this reaction to Secretary Muskie, suggesting that we give Turkey's new rulers a few months to complete their deliberations. He pre-

sumably agreed, since I heard nothing more from him on the subject during his last months in office. However, lesser lights in Washington, who six months earlier had been reluctant to do anything, were now full of energy and concern. They had somehow come to the conclusion that the intercommunal talks in Nicosia were going to break down at their next session unless the Turks made territorial concessions at that meeting.

My own judgment was that the talks were in no imminent danger of collapse and that the Turkish leadership was in fact preparing to move in a positive direction. If this was so, an overly active U.S. role could only be harmful. I could control the pace of the dialogue in Ankara by simply doing nothing, but, as it turned out, restraining Washington's enthusiasm was not so simple. As most of the rest of the town focused on the change in administrations, the activist bureaucrats grabbed the initiative and told some friendly ambassadors there that we were going to press the Turks strongly for territorial concessions. This news flashed around the diplomatic circuit quickly, and several of my ambassadorial colleagues in Ankara called on me to learn the outcome of my efforts to save the intercommunal talks. Getting a little revenge on Washington, I looked surprised and asked what efforts did they mean and what was the problem with the talks. This muddying of the waters kept things fluid for several weeks.

Relief came in late March when the secretary general of the foreign ministry called me in to report that Ankara had been talking with Athens about Cyprus and that both sides had agreed on the desirability of a major effort toward a settlement as soon as the local Cypriot elections, scheduled some four months hence, were over. Turkey's new leadership had now considered the question thoroughly, he added, and was prepared to approach it in a flexible and constructive manner. "Including the matter of territorial withdrawal?" I asked. He nodded affirmatively. Just as I was leaving Turkey in August 1981, the Turkish representative in the intercommunal talks put forward a proposal for withdrawal of Turkish troops to 30 percent of the island's territory. Implementation was made dependent on acceptable constitutional proposals from the Greek side to protect the Turkish community but the Turks, in their own way and in their own time, had finally made their offer.

Unfortunately, the New Democracy Government in Athens under Prime Minister Rallis was not prepared to pick up the Turkish offer. New elections were due in Greece in October; the political consequences of any move on Cyprus were uncertain; further movement was postponed until after the elections. The elections brought a new, more radical government to power under Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou, who had his own

strong views on Cyprus, including "internationalization" of the problem through new United Nations action. Since then, little has happened in the intercommunal talks, and the situation has been further complicated by the November 1983 unilateral declaration of independence by the Turkish Cypriots.

A number of other Greek-Turkish problems figured prominently in U.S. dealings with Turkey from 1980 to 1981. One involved the Aegean Sea, over which Greece and Turkey were in broad and bitter disagreement on a whole range of issues, for example, oil and other seabed rights, territorial waters, and air traffic control. These matters involved long-term national interests of both countries, and the United States tried to steer clear of them. However, on one issue, the division of command and control responsibilities for the Aegean within NATO, we could not remain indifferent. The stumbling block was Turkey's determination to redraw previous command and control lines to give it a greater share of authority. This, of course, would also be a useful precedent for Turkey in any subsequent negotiations on division of the resources of the Aegean. At the same time, the lack of agreement was preventing unified NATO exercises in the eastern Mediterranean and was holding up Greek reintegration into the military arm of NATO.

To try to contain the political and emotional aspects of the problem, it had been earlier agreed to let the NATO military commander (first General Alexander Haig and then General Bernard Rogers) try to find an understanding in direct secret discussions with top Greek and Turkish military officers. The U.S. generals took their responsibility seriously, and embassy Ankara got most of its information on the discussions from the Turks rather than the U.S. officials at NATO headquarters. General (by now President) Evren kept me informed—particularly toward the end of the negotiations. While credit for the agreement that was reached late in 1980 must go unqualifiedly to General Rogers, we in embassy Ankara felt that we had made at least a minor contribution by helping to convince the Turkish leadership that rejuvenation of the alliance was so important as to merit its passing up this particular opportunity to strengthen Turkey's overall bargaining position on the Aegean vis-à-vis Greece.

The United States was confronted with another Greek-Turkish issue in 1981 when it began negotiations with Athens on a U.S.-Greek DECA. Here the main action was in Athens. Our ambassador, Bob McCloskey, expected certain parallels to the problems earlier encountered in the U.S.-Turkish negotiations. However, the Greek government produced a whole new set of issues by insisting on provisions designed to protect Greece

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against Turkey. The Turks, who had seldom if ever even mentioned Greece in their DECA negotiations with us, could be expected to be outraged by this, and the burden of reaching an agreement with Athens without alienating Ankara was added to the U.S. negotiators' problems.

The Greek demands varied a little from time to time. However, throughout the course of the negotiations—which were completed only in the summer of 1983—Athens persisted in its need for a U.S. guarantee against aggression on its border with Turkey, a U.S. commitment to a 7 to 10 Greek-Turkish ratio in security assistance, and Washington's public reiteration of certain strong assurances of friendship and support given privately by the U.S. government in the volatile aftermath of the 1974 Turkish invasion of Cyprus.

In the spring and summer of 1981, I undertook on my own initiative what I thought was a highly discreet and cautious probe to try to determine just how far we might be able to get the Turks to let us go with the Greeks. Officials in Washington were very nervous about this. They pointed out that we had not talked to the Greeks when we were negotiating with the Turks, and they questioned the wisdom of talking, however delicately, with the Turks about the Greek negotiations. I pointed out that Washington was talking with the Greeks about the Turks now, and went ahead. Finally, in a conversation with a high Turkish foreign ministry official, I hit pay dirt of a kind that surprised both me and Washington. "You ought to know what the Greeks are telling us," the official volunteered. He then gave me an accurate summary of what Athens wanted from us.

I waited for an outpouring of rage. There was some bitterness as the official continued, but it was moderate and well contained. Turkey could not, he said, go along with these demands. But it had replied to them in what he hoped was a constructive way. The United States could not mortgage its relationship with Turkey to Greece, but Turkey had no aggressive intentions toward Greek territory and would guarantee Greece's eastern border against aggression from anyone. As to the 7 to 10 security assistance ratio, Turkey would be willing to specify to anyone interested that it had no wish to limit any amount of assistance to Greece on which Athens and Washington agreed, even if at a particular time it involved a 10 to 7 ratio in favor of Greece. However, Turkey could not accept a United States' agreement to tie the amount of aid it gave to Turkey to what it gave Greece.

I passed this position on to Washington and urged that we try to make use of it in the Greek DECA negotiations. Embassy Athens displayed some interest in the concept, but Washington ignored it and before long had in-

structed negotiators to try to meet Greek demands with increasingly responsive compromises, which I suspected were going too far to be acceptable to the Turks. The DECA negotiations were suspended in preparation for the Greek elections in October 1981. They recommenced late in 1982 with a tougher new Greek government under Prime Minister Papandreou and, after an intense year of negotiation, were successfully concluded in 1983 without a major new U.S.-Turkish quarrel.

The situation in Iran, Turkey's neighbor on the opposite side from Greece, also affected embassy Ankara from 1980 to 1981. When I arrived, the U.S. hostages (which included an old and close friend, Bruce Laingen) had already been held in Teheran for more than three months. In my initial discussions, almost every Turkish official I met expressed sympathy and support for the hostages. This was not surprising in view of the Turks' proper and punctilious approach to things diplomatic and their centuries' old inclination to look askance at many of their Shiite neighbors' pretensions. None of my hosts, however, suggested ways—other than patience—to deal with the hostage situation.

Early in April, like many of my colleagues elsewhere in the world, I received a cable from Washington recounting new measures against Iran just taken by President Carter and asking that our host governments consider similar steps. The moves by Washington included a break in diplomatic relations, economic sanctions, cancellation of outstanding visas issued to Iranians, and the compiling of an inventory of Iranian assets to make them susceptible to legal claims. Deciding that a little diplomatic formality was in order on this very undiplomatic affair, I cited these in an *aide memoire*, added a request for parallel Turkish action, and took the paper personally to the secretary general of the foreign ministry on April 8.

The secretary general had obviously been expecting such an approach. His reply was very like those of our other allies, as I saw the latter reflected in information copies of telegrams from other U.S. embassies to Washington. Turkey had the fullest sympathy for the hostages. However, it had to worry about oil imports from Iran now and in the future. It needed to continue some kind of relationship with its immediate neighbor. It understood Washington's position but urged further patience. Precipitate U.S. action would simply provoke closer ties between Teheran and Moscow—which would bring the Iron Curtain, already on Turkey's northern border, curling around its eastern border as well. ✓
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I said that I was sure the government of Turkey would want to consider the matter further and that I would like to be in touch again. I privately concluded that without some new inspiration we were unlikely to get any sig-

nificant actions out of the Turks. So I mentioned a thought that came into my head at the moment. If we could not get the hostages out by peaceful means, I suggested to the secretary general, we were going to have to take other measures. If the Turks could get them out for us, such measures could be avoided. Could they just suggest to the Iranians that "the infidels" be dumped across a friendly Muslim border and forgotten about?

On April 17 I returned to the secretary general with information on additional U.S. measures against the Teheran regime: a ban on imports from Iran and a ban on travel there by U.S. citizens other than journalists. I reiterated my request for similar Turkish moves. I received in return a plea for understanding of Turkey's "special position." Too much pressure could collapse the present regime in Iran in favor of an out-and-out pro-Soviet one, said the secretary general. "You'll just pull the house down on us!" He also insisted that it would be useful for at least one NATO country (Turkey) to keep an ambassador in Teheran. This would provide a source of information and contact. Also, Iranian Foreign Minister Ghobzadeh had already said he wanted to visit Turkey. His presence in Ankara might present a useful opportunity to discuss the hostage question.

I responded that I understood Turkey's "special position" well enough, but that, if he would not consider our request, we obviously still had a lot of talking to do. I repeated my "personal guess" that the United States was going to have to act soon. This clearly worried the secretary general. He referred to a NATO discussion paper (which I had not seen) and expressed concern that NATO was preparing to approve some kind of armed action against Iran. He hoped that the United States would not try to invoke the DECA to involve Turkey in this action. I did nothing to remove his concern, and we agreed we would continue our discussions later.

A few days later, *Hürriyet*, a national, mass-circulation newspaper, ran a headline story stating that the United States had a week or two earlier delivered a very strong note demanding that Turkey impose full sanctions on Iran, including cutting off the vital truck transit between Iran and Europe. Turkey had refused and another grave U.S.-Turkish confrontation was on, according to the newspaper. Where *Hürriyet* got this story, I never knew. It was hardly from the foreign ministry (which seldom if ever leaked anything although, as will be apparent shortly, it was pretty good at making things public that suited it). Anyhow, the next day, a Saturday, the foreign ministry, without consulting the embassy, issued a press statement debunking the *Hürriyet* story.

The statement said that it was true that the United States had requested sanctions, but the U.S. ambassador, who had seen the secretary general on

April 17 (our April 8 meeting was ignored), had not left a note and had, in response to the secretary general's explanation of Turkey's "special position" vis-à-vis Iran, reached an unspecified "understanding" with him. The clear implication was that the United States had exempted Turkey from its requests. The international press promptly picked up this statement, and it was broadcast on VOA. I had visions of a tired President Carter returning to Washington from Camp David on Sunday night, reading the news, and promptly firing his renegade ambassador in Ankara.

My frame of mind was not improved Monday when I received word from the British embassy that its representative had gone to the foreign ministry on Sunday to urge Turkish cooperation on sanctions and had been turned down adamantly. The British diplomat had also been given a copy of the press statement and left with the implication that the United States had agreed that Turkey would not have to impose sanctions. So why were the British being so forward? On Monday the Turkish newspapers had a new tidbit. The Soviet ambassador, when he called on the foreign ministry to inquire about sanctions against "friendly Iran," had been told not to worry. Turkey was not going to impose any.

I immediately sent Bob Dillon, the deputy chief of mission, over to the foreign ministry to find the highest official he could and to leave a second copy of my *aide memoire*, to repeat that we wanted Turkey to join us in sanctions, to stress that we were waiting for an answer to this request, and to suggest to the ministry that it should stop carrying on U.S.-Turkish relations in the press.

The answer Bob brought back was as neat as what had gone before. The press announcement merely meant to say that the secretary general had explained to me that Turkey had a special position and that I had said that I understood that its position was special. The April 7 meeting was ten days old and too outdated for mention in the press statement. The government of Turkey was aware that the United States was waiting for an answer to its demarche, and it would give one—privately, of course—as soon as possible. The newspaper accounts of the Soviet ambassador's meeting with the foreign minister were simply inaccurate. The ministry knew that the U.S. ambassador would take its word on that.

Less than pleased with all of this, and having started what I hoped would be a well-orchestrated campaign, it occurred to me that I really should get Washington's authorization for my efforts to scare my hosts into playing a more active role. In mid-April I did this in a cable, recounting recent Turkish moves, explaining my conviction that we were not going to get cooperation on sanctions by normal means, setting forth my idea for

cajoling our hosts to act on their own, requesting approval for this effort, and suggesting that the attempt could usefully be reinforced by having State Department officials talk to the Turkish embassy in Washington.

Washington usually reacted promptly on anything having to do with the Iranian hostage question, and I was surprised when I had received no reply by April 24. Nevertheless, I went ahead with a visit to Istanbul—long-scheduled for April 25–28. I resolved that if no answer came in during my absence I would send a follow-up when I got back to Ankara. Meanwhile my scare campaign would continue. Edith and I arrived in Istanbul on the morning of April 25 and were met at the train station by Consul General Robert Houghton and his wife, Lois. As we stood at the Haydar Pasha Station, word came from the consulate general that Bob and I should get over there as soon as possible. When we arrived, I found my answer concerning Iran—albeit in a somewhat different form than I had expected. There was an urgent telegram from Washington. Addressed to all embassies in Muslim countries, it cryptically recommended immediate closure of our posts to the public and requests for enhanced police protection because of “increased tension in the Middle East.” Almost simultaneously, the news service carried reports of the abortive hostage rescue attempt in Iran by a U.S. strike force. Washington, it now became clear, had had other things on its mind during the past few days than my little sideshow in Turkey.

I got in touch with DCM Bob Dillon in Ankara by phone, and we agreed to close all our posts in Turkey for the day. The Turkish authorities readily gave us the increased police protection we requested. Nothing happened—despite the presence in Istanbul of several thousand volatile Iranian students. Getting back to Ankara and the embassy as soon as I could, I found every Turk that I talked to sorry about our failure to rescue the hostages and sympathetic to the attempt. Some of them, however, were simply unwilling to believe that the reason for failure was as simple as that announced: the malfunction of one helicopter. “We know you Americans,” was the theme. “You wouldn’t have a logistics breakdown. The Russians must have told you that they would bomb New York or something like that if you hit Teheran, and then you called it off.”

As the dust of the abortive U.S. effort in Iran settled, the unfortunate effects of our failure became clear. Cyrus Vance, one of the few foreign affairs professionals in the Carter administration, resigned. The hostages were dispersed from Teheran, and any further U.S. military action became impractical. The Turkish government made it unequivocally clear in the newspapers that it would not cooperate in any further U.S. measures against Iran. It was even beginning to talk about “mediating” between the

United States and Iran. This unfortunate word led to a public blast at home by Senator Jacob Javits of New York.

So I went back to see the secretary general to reiterate our request for sanctions against Iran and to suggest that Turkey should be able to find something better to do when its U.S. friends were in trouble than merely to offer "mediation." This led to a long discussion of the Turkish word *arabuluculuk*, which, he pointed out, really meant "reconciliation" rather than "mediation." I said that this was no better. We might want reconciliation with Iran some day. Right now we wanted justice. In a forlorn last effort, I asked if the Turkish government would still consider trying to arrange to get possession of the hostages and then to turn them over to us. The secretary general responded that if that turned out to be possible, he was sure Turkey would be happy to do it. However, he clearly did not expect such a development, and he certainly was no longer worried about precipitating U.S. action.

We then settled down to more months of waiting for the hostages' release, during which, willy-nilly, we had to apply patience rather than force. In mid-January 1981, press reports became quite specific that something really might be happening concerning the hostages. Washington maintained complete silence, but the embassy started probing around on its own to see what it could learn. One of our staff picked up the information from Turkish aviation authorities that two Algerian aircraft had refueled in Ankara en route to Teheran. These were expected to pass through Ankara on the way back within 48 hours, he reported. My Algerian colleague, in response to a telephone call, said that "something good" might indeed be about to happen. January 20, Inauguration Day in Washington, dragged on without news until about 10:00 P.M., when the international radio began to carry word that the hostages were actually being released. My Algerian friend called to say that the planes would be landing in Ankara that night. Right behind him, the Turkish martial law authorities were on the phone suggesting that if I wanted to visit Esenboğa Airport that evening, arrangements had been made for my access through a particular gate.

Edith, DCM Dick Boehm, and I headed for Esenboğa. The airport was swarming but almost entirely with newspaper reporters. Edith and Dick remained in the car. I found my way to the control tower just in time to hear the Algerian plane reporting that it was over Ankara but would not be landing until a point further west. The journalists caught me on the way out, and my innocuous statements of satisfaction about the hostages' release were all over the Turkish press the next morning, since I was the *only* news at Esenboğa that night. Thus ended the hostage drama, an episode in U.S.

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foreign policy that only Algeria, which played the role that I had wished for Turkey, and Cyrus Vance, who had played to his own conscience, have any reason to look back on with pride.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979 had a sharp impact on Turkey. For one thing, Afghanistan was one of the Turkish Republic's oldest friends, with close ethnic and historical links. For another, the precedent was disturbing to the Turks: the Soviet Union had for the first time simply marched its troops into the territory of a southern neighbor in order to enforce its will. The only difference between Afghanistan and Turkey was that Turkey had a NATO commitment, and the value of membership in the alliance was once again highlighted for Ankara.

When I arrived in Turkey some three months after the Soviet invasion, the subject of Afghanistan came up frequently. Having had a long and close association with the Afghans, I found myself in complete agreement with Turkish outrage over the Soviet invasion. Condemning the Soviet action vigorously in words, the Turks were cautious in action. They clearly did not want to provoke the Soviet Union and were evasive on our request that they join in a boycott of the summer Olympics in Moscow. Each time I raised the subject, I was told that a decision was pending. The Turks also insisted on keeping their ambassador in Kabul as those of other Western nations were withdrawn.

In the meanwhile, the Afghan embassy in Ankara, formally under the control of the communist government in Kabul, was having its own troubles. I was told one day that the Afghan chargé d'affaires (whom I had not yet met) wanted to make a "farewell" call on me. With some hesitation, I said that he could come along. The chargé appeared, a handsome, smiling Afghan who was related to the Turkoman tribesmen on whom Joseph Kessel's hero was modeled in *The Horsemen*. He spoke perfect Turkish. The "farewell" was really to his own government. He was quitting his job and traveling to Western Europe and the United States before going home for "a last look at my own country." I asked where he was planning to settle after that. He grinned and replied, "In the earth. I expect to die fighting."

A few months later, the rest of the Afghan embassy in Ankara (two officers and their families) came in to ask for political asylum in the United States. We passed this request to Washington, advising the defecting diplomats to continue their normal lives and to do nothing to attract attention until we had a reply. After considerable thrashing around, Washington authorized us to help move the two families on to Rome to be taken over by the U.N. High Commission for Refugees and eventually to enter the United States by the normal route for asylum seekers. Their departure left the Af-

ghan embassy unmanned—which my Turkish friends in the foreign ministry pointed out made it even more important for them to retain their ambassador in Kabul.

From the beginning, I had sensed that, unlike the case with economic sanctions against Iran, Turkey was going to go along with us on the Olympic boycott. Thus I had not pressed especially hard on this matter, but in late May, as the time for the Olympics approached, I attempted to catalyze a decision by personally delivering to Prime Minister Demirel a letter from President Carter urging a boycott. A few days later I received a telephone call from one of the prime minister's aides telling me that the decision to boycott had been made and the prime minister was writing a letter to President Carter telling him of it.

I reported this happy news by cable with the result that another letter came flying in from President Carter before Demirel got off his reply to the first one. The second Carter letter was equally strong in praising Demirel's courage and in damning Soviet perfidy. It included a request for Demirel's agreement to make the contents public immediately. From our standpoint this was useful: something to influence other foreign leaders and something politically favorable in the United States. Demirel's reaction was different. His aide was on the phone conveying the prime minister's thanks for the letter but emphasizing that he "preferred" that it not be made public. I made as strong an argument as I could in favor of publication, and we left it at that. A few minutes later, the aide was back on the phone: it was not that the prime minister merely "preferred" no publication; he plainly did not want it. The aide wanted to make sure that I understood this. Turkey would shortly announce its own decision on the Olympics in its own way. I said that I was happy that it was such a fine decision, and I assumed that the prime minister would have no objection to our calling attention to it after the Turks had announced it. The aide chuckled and said he supposed that was all right. The next day, the State Department's press spokesman in Washington called attention to the Turkish decision—using almost verbatim the words from President Carter's letter. All parties were happy.

In its relations with most Middle Eastern countries, Turkey walks something of a tightrope—with none more so than with Israel. In the early days of Israeli independence, there was a considerable amount of sympathy for the new country in Turkey, based on admiration for its military toughness and for its status as the only other "modern" nation in the Middle East. Turkey, alone among Muslim nations, established diplomatic relations with Israel, holding off only on the exchange of ambassadors. ✓

Even this limitation was undercut, however, by a long-standing practice of having the chargé d'affaires in each country hold the personal rank

of ambassador. When I arrived in Ankara, I found an experienced senior Israeli ambassador who had long been resident and spoke excellent Turkish holding the chargé title. Turkish-Israeli relations had deteriorated since the 1973 Yom Kippur war—which dimmed Israeli military luster and brought home to the Turks their dependence on Muslim oil. However, the Israeli chargé continued to enjoy high prestige and excellent access in Ankara.

In the summer of 1980, new problems arose. The Israeli Knesset's decision to proclaim Jerusalem Israel's "eternal" capital annoyed the Turks, who pointed out that they had managed to run the Holy City for centuries without alienating any of the Christians, Muslims, and Jews who cherished it for religious reasons. There was talk of breaking relations in the Turkish press. The Arab states began to lean heavily on Turkey to join them in Muslim solidarity against Israel. Opposition parties took up the cause, and a censure motion against the foreign minister for failing to break relations was put forward in the Turkish parliament. Early in August things got so acute that I took the question up with Prime Minister Demirel, pointing out our strong opposition to a break with Israel. The prime minister responded that, like all other Turks, he thought the Knesset action on Jerusalem was insane and unjust. However, he made decisions not on emotion but on the basis of his country's interests. He saw no advantage in breaking relations, especially when Turkey's closest ally (the United States) was against it. He was going to hold out.

Demirel was still doing so when the military took control of the government on September 12. The public hullabaloo in Turkey about Israel ended—although pressure from Arab capitals did not. My initial discussions with the new regime indicated that the question of relations with Israel was not high on its priority list, but that its decision (whatever that turned out to be) was not going to be much affected by U.S. views. Having made our position clear, I thought it best, despite continued pressure from Washington to "get a commitment" that the generals would not break relations with Israel, to let the matter stand for a little while.

In November the Israelis, with consummate bad timing, changed their chargés. The new man was already gloomy when he made his arrival call on me, complaining that he was being given less access and consideration than his predecessor. (This was probably due in part to changing Turkish attitudes, but it was also explainable by his own relative lack of knowledge and contact.) A month later, in mid-December when I was in Washington for consultation, the Turkish government, while not formally breaking relations, ordered withdrawal within three months of all Israeli diplomats in Ankara except the second secretary. It announced that it was doing the same with its personnel in Tel Aviv.

The impact on official Washington was sharp. Dick Boehm, in my absence chargé d'affaires in Ankara, was instructed to take up the matter in the strongest terms. Secretary Muskie put it on the agenda for his meeting a few days later with the Turkish foreign minister at the NATO ministerial in Brussels. I was dispatched to "talk sense" to my counterpart, the Turkish ambassador in Washington, and then sent to Capitol Hill to placate members of Congress. Many of the latter, incidentally, were much less emotional on the subject than their counterparts in the executive branch. After a few days of scrambling around, we managed to get it clear that the reduction in personnel did not in fact mean a break in diplomatic relations and that Tel Aviv itself could usefully talk a little to the Turks rather than relying entirely on dubious U.S. "muscle" to preserve relations.

When I got back to Ankara shortly before Christmas, I set out to try to clarify the new Turkish government's long-range intentions toward Israel. The foreign minister was frank: Turkey did not plan a complete break in relations, but the reduction in personnel would go forward. He set out the thesis that this move was the minimum necessary to maintain friendly relations with the Arab countries and that having a strong Turkey accepted by the Arabs (including its NATO membership) was good for U.S. interests. Again I made a strong effort to persuade him to rescind or modify the personnel reductions, pointing out that a Turkey friendly to the Arabs *and* to the Israelis was even more in everyone's interests. My effort failed but I felt that at least I had done all that I could.

On Christmas Eve the Israeli chargé d'affaires came to see me. A lot of people in Ankara were saying, he reported, that the Turkish reduction in relations with Israel had been cleared with the United States. What was my embassy doing about this? While not pleased by this approach, I felt that I owed the chargé an account of what we had done, both in Washington and after I returned to Ankara. Having given him this explanation, I said that no one had even hinted to me that our efforts were inadequate. I suggested that Israel might do a little more itself. I do not know if he ever did anything about my suggestion, but a couple of weeks later in another conversation with the foreign minister I managed to nag him into one small concession: Turkey would permit two, rather than one, nonconsular officers to be attached to the Israeli consulate general in Istanbul—which meant Israel got to keep one additional diplomat in Turkey.

Having found at least a trace of "give" in the Turkish position on Israel, I probed once again late in January during a meeting with Prime Minister Bülend Ulusu. The prime minister was going to an Islamic meeting in Taif the following week, and the Turkish press was full of stories that the Arabs were going to demand a complete Turkish break in diplomatic re-

lations with Israel. Almost simultaneously, in Washington Senator Metzenbaum of Ohio produced a letter with 68 senatorial signatures strongly opposing Turkey's reduction of relations with Israel.

Since everyone seemed to be telling Turkey what to do or not to do about Israel, I suggested that an old friend and ally would also presumably be permitted to make its views known. I repeated my earlier arguments to the foreign minister. Admiral Ulusu responded that the views of Turkey's old friend and ally were already very much known and indeed had been taken into account. Matters were going to have to remain as Turkey had decided. Both the government and its citizenry were fed up with Israel's hard line on Jerusalem. Turkey was not going to break relations at the Taif conference or at any other time, but neither was it going to reverse its decision to reduce them. The usually kindly prime minister was stern on the subject, and for the rest of my time in Turkey (and as far as I know, until the present moment) all parties had to be satisfied with an Israeli embassy headed by a second secretary rather than by an ambassador or chargé d'affaires. (The difference of rank, incidentally, seemed to me to be minimal in terms of influence and effectiveness of the Israeli embassy.)

A perennial U.S.-Soviet-Turkish question involved defectors from the Soviet Union who took refuge in Turkey while asking for asylum in the United States. When I had been consul general in Istanbul in the early 1970s, one or another Soviet citizen jumped ship or plane in the city almost every week. While punctilious in enforcing Turkish law and in taking authority over the defectors, the Turks never turned one back, even when subjected to the heaviest pressure from Moscow.

By 1980-81 Soviet defections were greatly reduced in number, but in July 1981 another classic defector case developed. One of Turkey's most important cultural events each year is the summer Istanbul Festival, which draws performers from all over the world. In 1981 U.S. efforts for the festival were modest, a 20-piece string band provided by our military in Europe. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, went all out and sent the Bolshoi Ballet. Appropriately on the Fourth of July, the leading ballerina showed up at the consulate general asking for asylum in the United States. She refused to leave the building except to go to the airport on the way to the United States.

Within a few hours we had word from Washington authorizing us to issue a visa. Very shortly thereafter another message from Western Europe indicated that a private refugee organization would pay for the travel. The ballerina had a valid passport in her own right, and with visa and tickets arranged we were eager to complete her departure before Soviet officials in

Turkey figured out what had happened. At a farewell party that was being given for us that evening by the Canadian and Norwegian ambassadors, I told the Turkish foreign minister about the case, indicating that we hoped the ballerina could be on an airplane the next morning.

The foreign minister had not heard of the exciting happenings in Istanbul. He refused to join us in taking the easy way out, insisting on a 48-hour delay in the departure so that Turkish officials could interview her and make sure she was going of her own free will. I had no choice but to agree, pointing out that, as far as we knew, the ballerina had no objections to seeing Turkish officials but had already made very clear that she did not want to see any Soviet officials.

Turkish officials did conduct an interview in the consulate general the next day, and the woman repeated her desires to their satisfaction. However, by now the Soviet consul general in Istanbul had discovered that the ballerina was in our consulate general, and the Turkish press had also gotten onto the story. Next, I was informed that after a stormy session with the Soviet ambassador the Turkish foreign ministry had found it expedient to concede that Soviet officials could be at the airport to observe her voluntary departure. Washington, which had had much experience with last-minute intimidation of refugees under such circumstances, took strong exception to this, and I went to see the prime minister on the matter. Admiral Ulusu upheld the Soviets' right to witness the departure but assured me that Turkish authorities would allow no effort at intimidation.

Certain that the actual departure scene was going to be chaotic, I sent a message to Consul General Bob Houghton in Istanbul, filling him in on U.S.-Turkish discussions and authorizing him to use his own judgment in handling the departure. This he did superbly, personally escorting to the airport a phony ballerina (a look-alike U.S. secretary from the consulate general while the real one went separately). Switching women at the airport, he joined the ballerina and Turkish officials on the way to the aircraft, sweeping her rapidly through shouts and threats from Soviet officials. These included an alleged message from her mother that she did not want her to defect. At 7:00 P.M. on the third day, she left Turkey. As usual, on their own territory the Turks got what they wanted. In this case, so did the United States. Only the Soviets lost out, always a satisfactory denouement in U.S.-Turkish relations.

Apart from Greece, Iran, Afghanistan, Israel, and the Soviet Union, there were, of course, a large number of other "third country" issues that interested both Turkey and the United States in 1980 and 1981. The situation in Poland, for instance, came in for a good deal of U.S.-Turkish discus-

sion. Turks have always had a sentimental attachment for Poland; for centuries they have provided homes to Polish refugees fleeing Russian oppression. Turkish fear of the provocation of the Soviet Union was less on this matter than on others, and the government cooperated promptly in any and all NATO efforts to devise a common strategy for reacting to the smoldering situation in Poland. After the military takeover in Poland, the Soviet radio began regularly to compare military rule in Turkey unfavorably with that in Poland. Turkish sympathy for the Polish dissident organization Solidarity increased proportionately. The Soviet theme was also taken up by some social democratic elements in Western Europe—which infuriated Turks of almost all political persuasions.

5

The Economic Side

The economy of the Turkish Republic has since its beginning undergone wide fluctuations: sometimes boom and sometimes bust. It emerged from World War II in desperate condition. During the 1950s it established a sound agricultural base and developed a limited but effective energy and transportation infrastructure. In the early 1960s it became virtually bankrupt, thanks to huge foreign borrowing and efforts at precipitous industrial expansion.

By 1965 national trends were on an upswing again, and for the succeeding decade Turkey's average annual growth rate was 7 percent. Between 1975 and 1979 constant changes in national economic philosophy and a new round of massive foreign borrowing (occasioned in part by the oil price increase) brought the country back to the brink of bankruptcy, a 130 percent inflation rate, and minus 2 percent growth. Again the trend was reversed. By 1982 growth was back up to 4.5 percent and inflation down to 30 percent. Export earnings had doubled in the three-year period, at the end of which industrial products for the first time in Turkish history topped agricultural goods as a foreign exchange earner. ✓

Even today, however, reaction to the Turkish economy depends to a certain degree on which pair of eyeglasses are used to look at it. For instance, Turkish per capita income is the lowest in NATO: the equivalent of \$1,200 in 1980. Yet per capita caloric intake (about 3,000 daily, 83 percent protein) compares with that of Belgium, Luxembourg, and West Germany. Turkey shares high unemployment (over 20 percent) and low literacy (less than 60 percent) with the poorest of the Western allies. However, like only the strongest of them it is self-sufficient in food and produces a significant ✧

portion (15 to 20 percent) of its own petroleum needs. It must import all but the simplest of its electronic requirements. But in 1983 it held \$15 billion in contracts for engineering and construction work outside its own borders.

These fiscal ups and downs and contradictory economic indicators mean that the living conditions of most Turks of this generation have borne considerable resemblance to a roller coaster. For some the good times have been genuinely prosperous and the bad ones truly deprived. During our stay in Turkey, sharp fluctuations in the economy were felt even in the protected lives of foreigners and diplomats. For example, when we first lived in Turkey in 1970, a large share of our household and personal marketing was done in the U.S. military post exchanges and commissaries, the only places where any variety of processed food and manufactured consumer goods could be obtained. By the time we left in 1974, almost all our needs came from the local market. On our return in 1980, we found ourselves back in the marketing pattern of 1970. When we left, less than two years later, we were frequenting the local shops again for all but the essential Scotch whiskey and U.S. tobacco—and coffee, every Turk's most cherished import, which was being abjured as a symbol of self-control in foreign trade.

The basis for the latest surge in the Turkish economy was laid in January 1980, a month before my return as ambassador and eight months before the military takeover of the government in September. However ineffective the Demirel government may have been in dealing with political and constitutional chaos, it did lay out a solid and decisive program for economic recovery. Designed by the then head of the State Planning Organization, Turgut Özal, the program was continued and strengthened after the military takeover under supervision of its author, who became deputy prime minister after September 12, 1980.

The elements of the recovery program were stern and specific. Subsidies to most of the state economic enterprises (which were providing 60 percent of the country's consumer goods) were virtually eliminated. Ceilings on interest rates were removed, and a flexible exchange rate for the Turkish lira was introduced. In the ensuing three years the rate went from 47 lira for the U.S. dollar to over 200. (By the end of 1983, it was almost 300.) A plan for rescheduling (and eventually eliminating) Turkey's enormous foreign debt was laid out. Long-standing impediments to foreign investment were removed.

Perhaps more important than the individual operational measures was the thinking behind the new policy. Between 1973 and 1980, as the socialist-oriented Bülent Ecevit and the capitalist-minded Süleyman Demirel played musical chairs in the prime minister's office, Turkey's

economic philosophy likewise swung back and forth. The result, of course, was instability. The dichotomy in Turkish economic ideology had deep roots dating to long before the Ecevit-Demirel seesaw. From its beginning the Turkish Republic had had a strong etatist cast. Atatürk himself made clear his opposition to large-scale foreign investment, emphasizing how Turkey had suffered from the power of foreign capital under the Ottomans. He stressed also the inability of the impoverished young Turkish Republic to deal on equal terms with large international financial interests. Since there was little or no local Turkish capital available, Atatürk sought the answer to development in the creation of state enterprises. Eventually these took on an aura of sanctity from their founder.

A few thoughtful Turks pointed to the more subtle elements of Atatürk's economic philosophy, largely ignored in popular tradition. He had opposed foreign investment when Turkey could not deal with it on equal terms. At least implicitly he had indicated that once Turkey had reached some kind of stability and self-sustaining economic growth it could and should accept and benefit from foreign investment. An obvious corollary was that once private Turkish capital was available for productive purposes it should be free to compete with or displace the state enterprises.

One of these thinkers was Turgut Özal. With his January 1980 recovery program, he launched a major effort to cast Turkey's economic philosophy once and for all in the free-market mold. As long as the recovery program had only the fragile Demirel minority government behind it, its aspirations for permanent change were uncertain. A truly fundamental change occurred when in September 1980 the military regime took over and, to the surprise of most observers who assumed soldiers would inevitably be Atatürkist etatists, endorsed and enhanced Özal's program. Özal's "economic revolution" may not last forever, but five years after its inception it shows every sign of having had a long-lasting effect.

Turkey could control its internal economic policies itself, but management of external financial problems was more complicated. When I arrived in Ankara in February 1980, two of these were at a critical stage. One was a balance of payments gap of about \$1 billion, which could be closed only by heavy and continued foreign aid. The other was a massive foreign debt servicing burden, already more than another \$1 billion a year. This had to be readjusted if Turkey were to survive financially.

The pattern of foreign assistance to Turkey since World War II has been patchy. Since the days of the Truman Doctrine, the United States has supplied the major share of the foreign exchange budget for Turkey's military hardware. In recent years the Federal Republic of Germany has also

made a significant contribution. Lesser assistance has come from other NATO allies. However the allies carry their military assistance to Turkey, in their own budgets they view it primarily as part of their defense expenditure. In this they are correct, as in some cases, the Turkish armed forces can more economically perform tasks that the rest of the allies would otherwise have to take care of themselves. Turkey, in turn, makes its communal contribution to the alliance through offering its territory for facilities that serve the others (principally the United States) more directly than they do Turkey.

On the economic side of the foreign aid question, Turkey has also benefited from substantial assistance for more than three decades. Most of this was technical assistance aimed at development, and again most came from the United States, although a West European consortium made significant contributions. By the mid-1970s much had been accomplished. Turkey had a relatively good road system and was approaching self-sufficiency in food. It was clearly beyond the "takeoff point," and pressing needs for increasingly limited U.S. development assistance were growing in Africa and Asia. Western technical assistance programs for all practical purposes ended in 1975 with the closing down of the United States Agency for International Development (USAID) mission in Ankara. The 1975-78 U.S. arms embargo prohibited military aid but posed no legal barrier to economic assistance. Yet there was none until the economic crisis of the late 1970s brought a resumption of economic—that is, *not* technical—support aid in 1979.

Thus, when I left Ankara in 1974, there was a large and bustling USAID mission of some 60 U.S. officials and perhaps 100 Turks engaged full time in administering a technical assistance program that had dwindled to about \$20 million annually. When I returned in early 1980, there was no USAID mission at all, but some \$200 million in U.S. aid was flowing to Turkey in economic support funds. Administration of this required an annual investment of perhaps one hour: 30 minutes for me to sign the annual agreement and 30 minutes to hand over the check.

The key issue before the embassy in early 1980 was what to do about that economic aid program. If Turkey was going bankrupt financially as well as politically, there was little purpose in continuing it. If, on the other hand, Turgut Özal's new economic recovery program was going to get the country back on a sound footing, sharply increased outside support, sustained for a period of at least five years, would be necessary to overcome the \$1 billion-plus balance of payments gap.

After intense discussion, and with one or two dissenting votes, we in the embassy decided that the prize (a self-supporting Turkey within a rela-

tively short time) was worth the candle. We strongly supported a \$200 million economic assistance program for FY 1980. For FY 1981 we proposed a \$250 million program. Our projections foresaw possible termination of economic assistance in 1985 or 1986. Our principal gamble was that, whatever happened politically, Özal's economic recovery program would not be reversed before it had a major impact.

One important factor in our calculation was that Turkey came to standby arrangements with the International Monetary Fund (IMF) in July 1979 for Standing Drawing Units (SDR) 230 million with a more important three-year agreement for SDR 1.25 billion planned for June 1980. Another reason for optimism was indications of increasing dynamism in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) Consortium, which in 1980 produced pledges for economic aid from the European members of some \$600 million. With some further tightening of the belt by Turkey, this amount of foreign aid promised to take care of the foreign exchange gap. Even more important to the long term was the announced decision by the Federal Republic of Germany that Finance Minister Hans Matthoeffer would take the lead in organizing increased OECD aid to Turkey in succeeding years. Other nations beside the United States had come to have faith in Turkey's economic recovery and were prepared to finance a major share of it.

Rescheduling Turkey's debts turned out to be a more complicated matter than mobilizing government assistance. By 1979 Turkey's foreign debt was almost \$15 billion, and debt service was running close to half of the country's total export earnings. The existing repayment schedule was clearly going to run Turkey into bankruptcy very soon. The problem of rescheduling it was made much more difficult by the breadth and variety of the debts: from foreign governments, international institutions, and foreign private banks. One private lending consortium alone, for example, consisted of more than 200 separate banks.

After the IMF standby agreement and the commitment of almost \$1 billion a year in aid from the United States and Western European governments to meet the balance of payments crisis, Turkey was able to reschedule with OECD sources alone more than \$5 billion of its foreign debt. By 1981 the debt service burden was down to 37 percent of export earnings. The crucial turn came when Washington broke traditional rules and agreed to reschedule debts that had already been rescheduled once. Other governments and the private banks followed suit. New credits began to be offered, and the road back to national solvency was open.

All of this sounds fairly clear-cut and straightforward. It was not, of course, accomplished without a great deal of cliff-hanging negotiating and

haggling. Secretary of State Muskie's successful debut in June 1980 in the bazaar atmosphere in which all international financing takes place has been described in the previous chapter. My own toe dipping into the stormy economic seas came scarcely a week after my arrival in Ankara. On a Friday early in March, I got word by telephone from Washington that a decision had come out of that day's meeting between German Chancellor Schmidt and President Carter that U.S.-West German economic aid to Turkey would not exceed the preceding year's level—presumably because of growing strains on the economies of both countries (so much, it seemed, for our hopes for the economic recovery program).

As so often happens, by Sunday, 48 hours later, Washington was reporting (still informally by telephone) that the alleged Carter-Schmidt decision was not so final after all. The real decision in the U.S. government was to be made on Monday at 11:00 A.M. If the embassy wanted to influence this, it should get a short decisive telegram off immediately—but “Don't mention that anyone here suggested that!” So the relevant members of the country team worked from 7:00 to 12:00 Sunday night composing such a telegram.

Several days went by while we awaited the “real” decision. Meanwhile, I was summoned for the first time to a meeting with Turgut Özal (at this time still economic adviser in the prime minister's office) and the foreign ministry deputy secretary general for economic affairs. Assuming that their desire for discussions stemmed from an interest similar to my own in knowing about the long-awaited U.S. decision on aid for FY 1981, I prepared alternate ways of evading the question as I rode to the meeting. But no one said a word about aid. The issue was debt rescheduling. The government of Turkey was angry at having received word (accurately, as it turned out) that the United States was unwilling to undertake discussions on this subject in March, as the government of Turkey wanted, and proposed to delay at least until May, which, I was informed, would ruin the Turkish economic recovery program. I knew nothing about this but found that my preplanned evasion tactics had not been wasted. They were just as applicable to the debt-rescheduling subject as to that of aid.

The executive branch decision on U.S. economic assistance for FY 1981 finally came through a couple of months later: \$300 million (including a \$95 million Export-Import Bank loan). This was a substantial increase over the FY 1980 figure. The rescheduling was not agreed on until July, and it was only on October 24, 1981, that I actually signed the rescheduling agreement at the foreign ministry, which rolled over for the second time some \$300 million Turkish debts to the U.S. government. As

usual the contrast was remarkable between the short paragraph of concise history that covers these events in the official record and the prolonged hugger-mugger on the scene that produced them.

The U.S. role the following year in Turkey's economic recovery efforts was somewhat simpler. The rescheduling problem was over—at least on the government level. The aid package, however, promised to be subject even more to ups and downs in Washington in the process of changing administrations. The embassy proposal had been sent to Washington long before the previous year's activities were over. This had recommended \$400 million security and \$300 economic supporting assistance. By the time I got to Washington on consultation in December 1980, the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) had cut these figures to \$300 million and \$200 million, respectively. OMB's figures had already been agreed to by the State Department and other agencies as part of a worldwide package that was even then on the president's desk.

Convinced that our "best effort" pledge on security assistance and our minimum necessary contribution to the economic recovery program would be jeopardized by these figures, I hastily and not very coherently conferred with the embassy in Ankara over an insecure telephone line. The reaction of my associates there was even stronger than mine had been, and in the days before Christmas in the hectic final era of a "lame-duck" administration, I cast about an uncertain Washington officialdom to see what could be done.

Two slim hopes presented themselves. One was a rashly given indication some months earlier by the now-departed president of the Export-Import Bank that Turkey might expect another \$100 million loan from the bank on top of its economic support funds. The other was a somewhat ghostly "Southwest Asia Reinforcement" program designed by outgoing Under Secretary of Defense Robert Komer to strengthen U.S. strategic power east of NATO. This program was originally projected at roughly \$3 billion. It had won presidential approval in principle but had never been introduced into the formal budgetary process. By December 1980 its chances of being funded seemed virtually nil.

In a fortuitous meeting, Komer (himself once ambassador to Turkey) agreed to focus on trying to save at least a shred of his program and to divert it to Turkey. Discovering that Secretary Muskie was to meet with Defense Secretary Brown and President Carter the next day, I managed to see Muskie and urge that he support this effort and also try to get the president to direct authorization of the Export-Import Bank loan. The secretary returned from the White House with the proverbial "good news and bad news." The

latter was that the meeting had opened with stern presidential complaints that the Export-Import Bank had done far too much lending in recent months, leaving him out on a limb, which he was not at all happy about passing on to his successor. So, Ed Muskie explained, he had not brought up the matter of another loan for Turkey at all.

The "good news" was that President Carter was attracted (he apparently believed his successor would be also) to the Southwest Asia Reinforcement program. While conceding its current fiscal infeasibility, Carter had directed that interagency consultations be undertaken to see if at least a small part of it could be saved—and he had agreed that this, which might include economic support funds as well as security assistance, be directed to Turkey. This was done and the results with only minor changes were approved by the new Reagan administration and enacted into law by Congress. A final result was \$350 million in economic aid (including a \$50 million Export-Import Bank loan) and \$402 million in security assistance for Turkey, enough to sustain both Washington's "best effort" and the Turkish economic recovery program.

Not all of our economic interests and activities in embassy Ankara centered on such large-scale national issues as just described. There were also "bread-and-butter" commercial matters, handled primarily by the Department of Commerce staff in the embassy—which had recently been separated from the State Department staff. One of our most important tasks, of course, was to do what we could to help U.S. business in Turkey. I had begun learning about this before I left the United States in a two-day program in New York arranged by the Business Council for International Understanding (BCIU), an organization designed to encourage greater interest by U.S. business people in operations abroad and specifically to promote cooperation and contact between them and U.S. government officials.

I met with bank and oil company officials and with those of a variety of trading and manufacturing companies. Some of these were interested in Turkish markets for their products. Some saw Turkey as a useful source of supply for raw materials. Others were contemplating investment. In a few cases they were trying to get already committed funds out of Turkey. Most directly concerned, of course, were those actually doing business in Turkey. Since the direct non-oil U.S. investment in Turkey totaled only \$228 million, their numbers and their stake were not great. Still, there were about 20 U.S. firms involved, including such well-known names as American Express, Citibank, Coca Cola, Foster Wheeler, General Electric, Goodyear, International Harvester, Mobil, Pfizer, Singer, and Uniroyal.

The Department of Commerce maintains a structured program of support for U.S. firms, circulating notices of market and investment opportunities, answering individual queries, preparing annual reports on key economic indicators of the investment climate in each country, organizing trade missions, and hosting visiting foreign business people. It is not always easy, however, to tailor these activities to individual needs—and, as shrewd managers recognize, the ambassador usually has the ultimate clout in a particular country. I was assured that representatives in Turkey of the companies I called on in New York would be in to see me shortly after my arrival in Ankara.

They were. One of my first callers was manager of the Turkish plant of a U.S. pharmaceutical company. His complaint was about a new Turkish law requiring that *foreign* pharmaceutical companies must operate under certain packaging and export requirements not applicable to competing Turkish companies. He had a case and we, for once, had a real basis for helping him make it. Low profits, foreign exchange restrictions, and difficult labor laws are all basically the host country's business, but discrimination is a bad word in international law and practice. We had a reason for intervention, which ultimately turned out satisfactorily.

Almost immediately thereafter, U.S. civil aviation in Turkey suddenly developed problems. A 707 captain for a charter airline called late on a Saturday afternoon to report that his aircraft had been impounded by Turkish authorities at Esenboğa Airport because of an allegedly unpaid fuel bill contracted during a stop at Ankara several years earlier when the same plane was owned by a different company. (The story turned out to be not quite that simple, and the plane was still impounded 18 months later when I left Turkey.)

The local Pan American airline manager, a Turk, was waiting for me the following Monday morning to seek help in getting Pan Am to restore its three-times-weekly service to Ankara. This had been cut off when the hostages were taken in Teheran, and that flight, which used to stop over in Ankara, had been abandoned. The manager had the statistics to prove that there was a profitable market for an Ankara stop. He wanted me to argue political necessity as well with Pan Am headquarters.

The Pan Am saga persisted during our entire time in Turkey. A separate Frankfurt-Ankara service was subsequently reinaugurated, and we celebrated by having the captain and the crew (which overnights in Ankara) to dinner occasionally. As Pan Am came on harder and harder financial times, however, this flight too was suspended. I had the local manager and employees back in my office with their sales charts. I supported them

with letters to Pan American headquarters until one day I learned a lesson in the economics of the aviation industry when a touring Pan American executive gave me the hard truth. New York knew perfectly well that the Ankara-Frankfurt thrice-weekly route could be at least moderately profitable. However, Pan Am had had to sell the 727 aircraft that flew it in order to raise capital to keep the rest of the company going. That was that—and when we left Turkey in August of 1981, we flew to Frankfurt on Lufthansa.

During my first months in Turkey, I had less opportunity than I had hoped for contact with the largely Istanbul-based U.S. business community in Turkey. In January 1981 I eagerly accepted an invitation to speak at its venerable luncheon group, the Propeller Club. My task was to give an outline of the Turkish government's economic recovery program under the military regime. I duly laid out the measures described in the earlier part of this chapter, emphasizing the efficiency with which they were being carried out and the encouraging prospects for the future. Having listened politely, the business people gave me back example after example of how new government restrictions on their operations were being imposed as fast as old ones were being taken off, how foreign exchange transactions were taking as long as ever, and how the issuance of residence permits was becoming more complicated rather than less.

The contrast between the bureaucrat's theoretical optimism and the day-to-day problems of practical operators was obvious—even to the ambassadorial bureaucrat. Upon my return to Ankara I telephoned Deputy Prime Minister Turgut Özal to tell him of my experiences in Istanbul and to ask if he and some of his staff would join me at the residence for dinner and discussion with the business people. Turgut Bey said he would be happy to do so, and representatives of the U.S. firms came up from Istanbul for the occasion. Most of the problems I had heard about in Istanbul were raised and solved on the spot. The business people went away feeling, I suspect, a little less skeptical of my upbeat attitude on the Turkish economy. However, as one of them pointed out to me, the mere fact that 30 executives had to travel 500 miles to dinner with an ambassador and a deputy prime minister in order to get a foreign exchange authorization form cut from six pages to one suggested that the Turkish economic recovery program still was not without its deficiencies.

As time went on and I became more familiar with the U.S. business community in Turkey, I found that some of its members, particularly those whose interests lay outside Istanbul, often preferred to go their own way, having more confidence in their ability to deal with Turkish problems than they did in the embassy's. One of these, ironically, was the services divi-

sion of a large aerospace complex, which had the contract for maintenance and operations of U.S. military support facilities in Turkey, for example, post exchanges, commissaries, motor pools. Most of this country's managers had been in Turkey longer than anyone in the embassy. Many of its employees were married to Turks. All had developed a network of contacts and techniques based on a highly personal way of doing business, and they seemed to be able to hold their own in it. Indeed, about the only time they approached the embassy was when labor contracts were up for renewal and they needed to know just how hard-nosed the U.S. government was prepared to allow them to be in negotiations with the equally tough, leftist-leaning Turkish union. My only caveat was "See me before you let things get to a strike!"

Another U.S. group that took care of itself almost entirely was the tobacco people centering in Izmir. Representatives of the big U.S. companies, many of them were second- and third-generation residents of Turkey. Most lived around Buca, the eighteenth and nineteenth century foreign commercial settlement adjacent to Izmir, and were deeply integrated into the millennia-old trading life of the great Aegean port. They were always delighted to give or attend a party for a visiting diplomat, but no one in the embassy or in the consulate general in Izmir could ever remember their calling for official help with their problems.

A number of foreign companies were interested, in one way or another, in Turkey's potential oil resources. Exploration in the Aegean Sea was inhibited by the bitter dispute between Turkey and Greece over control of various parts of that island-dotted sea. Prospects in the shallow Black Sea were not promising. Most expert opinion had long since concluded that no part of Turkey was going to prove to be another Persian Gulf. However, one U.S. company, probably the closest thing in our day to an old-fashioned wildcatter, was working away in the Nuseiban area in southeast Turkey. Headed by a dashing, red-headed Texan bearing a distinct resemblance to John Wayne, this outfit was bringing in quite a number of small wells that, cumulatively, added significantly to Turkey's oil production. The government of Turkey was so happy at this that few problems were permitted to develop—and again the embassy had little to do except offer an occasional chat and a drink to the oil representatives as they passed through Ankara.

In the 1950s and 1960s, when Turkey's modern infrastructure was being laid down, many U.S. construction companies were active there. By the 1980s, however, the Turks had come into their own in the construction field. (As already noted, they held more than \$15 billion in contracts for

construction work outside their own country.) The only major U.S. company working in Turkey from 1980 to 1981 was building a thermal plant for the huge (\$2 billion) Elbistan power project in eastern Turkey. As seems to be virtually inevitable with such projects, the Elbistan project was plagued with cost overruns, the price of the thermal plant alone escalating from the original \$40 million estimate to about \$90 million. The original \$40 million set aside to pay the U.S. company was all used up by August 1981. A new loan to cover the remaining \$50 million was expected in October. But what was the U.S. company, which had payroll and other minimum expenses estimated at \$6 million between August and October, to do in the interim?

Ordinarily very devoted to minding their own business, the company officials brought this question to the embassy in June, insisting plausibly that they could not carry the deficit themselves and asking for help in getting the government of Turkey to find a way to do so. Explorations by our economic section rapidly disclosed that the working level of the Turkish government wanted to continue work on the thermal plant but simply could not find the \$6 million anywhere in a very tight operating budget. The usually readily accessible Turgut Özal was unavailable during the three days that I sought to reach him. Meanwhile the company representatives used up all the aspirin and Coca Cola in the Buyuk Ankara hotel.

Finally on the fourth morning, when I was contemplating whether I had enough credit left with a patient and friendly prime minister to go directly to him on this matter, a call came from an excited company official. All was well, he said. The government of Turkey had dug up \$6 million somewhere, and the extension papers were to be signed within an hour. On behalf of the president of the company, all of its devoted Turkish and U.S. workers, and friends of development everywhere, he wanted to express the deepest gratitude and admiration for the embassy's intervention. I *had* mentioned the problem to one of Turgut Özal's aides at a party at the British embassy a night or two before, and it was not entirely impossible that the praise was justified. In any event, I, of course, accepted it graciously. However, all of us in the embassy, while delighted with the outcome, were more inclined to believe that in this case, as in so many others, the main credit should go to Allah, always a powerful force in both business and diplomacy.

In most U.S.-Turkish commercial matters, the embassy was only peripherally involved—albeit not always so peripherally as in the construction company's case. In a few, however, the U.S. government was very much in the middle. At such times, the economic and commercial sections of the embassy, often less visible and glamorous than the political and

mutual security sections, took center stage. As early as 1973–74, when I first lived in Turkey, the Turkish air force, with the support of the Turkish general staff, had manifested a desire to acquire “the next generation” of fighter aircraft. This came to mean F-15s, F-16s, or F-18Ls. The Turkish Air Force Foundation over the years accrued a substantial amount of money to contribute to this objective, and the Turks, understandably enough, put a premium on the aircraft being at least partially produced in Turkey. This aim was, of course, blessed in the section of the 1980 U.S.-Turkish Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement devoted to defense coproduction. The legitimacy of the requirement for advanced aircraft was endorsed by both NATO and the U.S. Department of Defense. The problem was where would the \$2 billion or more needed to finance the new aircraft come from.

One U.S. aircraft company got in early, proposing in 1974 a scheme that would produce, with an ever-increasing Turkish component, two different kinds of planes over ten years. It invested heavily in promotion of the plan all through the discouraging period of the 1975–79 U.S. arms embargo on Turkey and was still very active when I returned to Ankara in 1980. By this time British and French aircraft companies, which had been keen competitors in the beginning, had pretty much dropped away. But another U.S. aircraft company entered the competition, and both were busy doing feasibility studies and refining proposals at their own expense. (In the end the second company got the contract.)

An incidental advantage of this activity was the knowledge we acquired about Turkish industrial capability. Even allowing for a little exaggeration for promotional purposes, it turned out that this was more advanced than many had thought. For example, there were several paint factories in Turkey, currently producing only house paint, which actually had the capability of making any and all paints and coatings needed in an advanced aerospace industry.

Our education had also benefited in 1981 from a change in U.S. government policy. State Department officers in the embassy had always been free to offer facilitative assistance under a “Sell American” guideline, but hitherto Department of Defense officials, like the attachés and military assistance officers in Ankara, had not been allowed contact with or support for U.S. weapons sales. Since our uniformed officials were the ones who knew most about the subject, the embassy-company dialogue was often limited. Under the new Reagan administration, the Defense Department was relieved from its strictures. The company representatives had the satisfaction of being able to extol their plans to U.S. officials who knew what

they were talking about, and our officers had a better base for advising their Turkish counterparts of the pros and cons of various proposals.

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The basic question of where was the \$2 to \$3 billion needed to pay for the "next generation" of aircraft going to come from remained. The Turkish Air Force Foundation held less than \$100 million. There was no room in the U.S. Security Assistance Program for this kind of expenditure. The Turkish defense budget could not possibly stretch to include it. Commercial loans at 18 percent or more for this kind of nonremunerative investment would be ruinous. The aircraft companies and the Turks were more active than ever when I left Turkey, but no answer to the financing question had appeared, and I suspect that it will continue to be a source of frustration for my successors for a long time to come.

Another economic issue of direct concern to the United States arose late in 1980 with the outbreak of the war between Iran and Iraq. This abruptly cut off some 80 percent of Turkey's oil imports. Turkey had suffered greatly in the severe 1979-80 winter because of a lack of funds to buy oil. Turkey's new military government was not inclined to do the same in 1980-81, and it carefully allocated sufficient funds for petroleum imports. But with the war, the source was cut off. Apart from the dramatic political hardships of another winter of privation, General Evren was also concerned about the reduction in readiness of the always fuel-short Turkish armed forces.

For November and December 1980 Turkey faced a shortage of about 100,000 barrels a day. With no new commitments available for 1981, the gap would go up to 170,000 barrels a day on January 1. Turgut Özal telephoned me with a strong (and for the sober, taciturn economic czar), almost frantic plea for help. The foreign minister, the defense minister, and the energy minister followed suit. I passed it all onto Washington, which set up an emergency working group and invoked the International Energy Administration (IEA) mechanism specially designed to aid allies in such a crisis.

In the next few weeks foot-high stacks of "immediate" cables piled up on my desk as Washington and the IEA sought additional information, questioned what was supplied, and offered ideas that the Turks had already explored. Every other night there was a phone call from one or another high official in Washington who had just talked to Mobil, Exxon, or Caltex and had hopes for diverting a tanker. No oil appeared. Eventually, the Iraqis, judging the pipeline to Mersin in Turkey relatively safe from Iranian attack, reopened their flow of oil. The Iranians, unable to deliver oil for Turkey to tankers at Kharg Island, told the government of Turkey to send any tank trucks it could overland to such places as Isfahan and Shiraz to fill up. The

Saudis provided a short-term loan to buy Kuwaiti oil. The Libyans upped their commitment for 1981 by a million tons. The crisis was over, but with no thanks to Turkey's Western allies. This memory lingers and has had no little effect on Ankara's long-term Middle Eastern policy.

Finally, there was the opium problem. For more than a century the Turkish poppy crop had been the source of drug abuse in the United States. After various unsuccessful attempts to develop satisfactory substitute crops, the United States had in 1973 persuaded the government of Prime Minister Nihat Erim to ban all poppy production. In 1974 a newly elected government under Bülent Ecevit yielded to popular opinion and resumed growing poppy. Under a new law, however, there was a crucial difference. Formerly, raw opium had been scraped by the peasant growers from the incised poppy pod, leaving an almost uncontrollable supply of the drug in thousands of hands. High prices for illicit sales assured leakage. Now, no poppy could be incised. The entire plant must go to a government factory employing the "straw process," which used a sophisticated technique to extract maximum narcotic from the plant. No actual opium would ever be in the farmer's possession. This eliminated illegal diversion almost entirely, and the U.S. government did its part by financing the straw process plant.

By the time I returned to Turkey as ambassador, there was an enormous stock from the poppy fields waiting for completion of the straw process plant so that processing could be undertaken. The key to success of the whole venture was the U.S. medical market for which the major pharmaceutical companies made large purchases. In July 1981 a team of company representatives and officials from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration and the General Services Administration (GSA) arrived in Turkey to try to put the whole operation together. "Poppy politics" had long been a key and sensitive element in U.S.-Turkish relations, and I promptly declared myself in on the deliberations.

The straw plant was declared to be in good working condition, but we soon encountered a problem with an ironic twist. U.S. regulations prohibit the import of opium with more than 80 percent morphine content. The West German-designed straw process that the Turks were using in their plant was so good that it turned out a product with 90 percent morphine content. For a while it seemed that the whole straw process approach to Turkish opium was going to fail because of technological success. However, the technicians found a way to run the plant at less than full efficiency and to drop the morphine content to just below 80 percent.

The next question was whether the United States would buy the Turkish product. India and Turkey, as the major traditional suppliers, theoreti-

cally were entitled to an advantage in the U.S. market over newer producers such as Australia. The General Services Administration, which is responsible for maintaining U.S. strategic stockpiles, was contemplating a large replenishment of its holdings, which could sop up all the backlog of the Turkish plant. However, no one was eager to assign Turkey a specific quota—which would limit freedom in the market. After much haggling it was agreed not to set individual country quotas, but to allocate 80 percent of the market to Turkey and India together and 20 percent to all other producers. By any calculation, and there were many calculations, there was room in this arrangement for all of Turkey's production and, once again, a landmark was set in the long and turbulent history of U.S.-Turkish opium relations.

Much of what has been said in this chapter focuses on the U.S. element in the Turkish economy. This, after all, is what a U.S. embassy is for. (The Turkish embassy in Washington concentrates on the Turkish element, unfortunately even smaller, in the U.S. economy.) To do our jobs effectively, however, we in embassy Ankara had also to have a good deal of contact with Turkish business people, and this provided some of the most pleasant and interesting experiences of all. As much as with the government, I was struck by the contrast between Turkish business attitudes and practices and those of East Africa and South Asia with which I had previously been familiar. The "bazaar" approach was perhaps a bit more evident in Turkish commerce than it is in London, Frankfurt, or Zurich. However, Turkish business people generally much more resemble those of the West than those of Africa and Asia. Growth and technology are clearly recognized goals. Long-term investment is acceptable. Dynamism is prized. These very Western characteristics were evident in both of the two different groups of Turkish business people that I came to identify as I spoke at Chamber of Commerce meetings, called on corporate executives, and visited plants in much of Turkey.

One of these groups, the smallest but the wealthiest and most powerful, was represented by the conglomerates controlled by the Koç, Eczacıbaşı, and Sabancı families. Already transnational in outlook, their sophisticated holding companies responded as much to foreign as to domestic economic trends, very much like the Rockefellers, Duponts, and Carnegie in their heyday in the United States. They had contacts with all political parties, paid some attention to national economic interests, and experimented with benevolent labor relations systems.

The other group, larger, more directly concerned with profits, ruthless in competition and production practices, mostly Anatolian-based in such

provincial capitals as Kayseri and Isparta, was reminiscent of the "Robber Baron" stage of U.S. industrial development. Still prepared to get their hands dirty in the plant and to cut a fiscal corner in the office, their products are gradually replacing those of the state economic enterprises in the domestic market, and they themselves are replacing traditional village and tribal leaders as the arbiters of destiny in local areas. Both groups (and their counterparts in the trade unions) are putting a major strain on the Turkish social system. They are doing harm to admirable traditional social values. They can hardly be said to be unselfish. However, they have brought a nationally based economic dynamism to Turkey that bodes well for the country as a whole, and in all likelihood in Turkey, as elsewhere, the economic future will belong to them.

Press and Public Relations

Diplomacy was once a business that concerned only governments. Most diplomats would prefer that this were still so. Governments for all their inefficiency and stupidity are relatively structured and stable institutions that, sometimes at least, can be influenced by rational means. In the post-World War II world, however, the notion emerged strongly in international relations that peoples as well as governments mattered, and diplomats found themselves having to play to the popular gallery as well as to the official stalls. In the case of many larger nations, a special arm to help them to do so was created. For the past 30 years or more, there have been British, French, East and West German, Soviet, Chinese, and a score of other information services in their respective embassies.

The principal U.S. contribution to press and public relations in foreign policy is the United States Information Agency (USIA), which overseas is often called the United States Information Service (USIS). In Turkey USIS consists of about 10 U.S. officials and perhaps 50 Turkish staff members, all under the management of a public affairs officer in the embassy but divided among Ankara, Istanbul, and Izmir. The USIS staff runs the libraries, encourages the binational U.S.-Turkish centers, programs U.S. and Turkish artists and performers, administers exchanges of students and teachers, writes speeches for the senior officers of the embassy, and occasionally manages to get news of U.S. activities into the press or on the state radio and television. The USIS personnel in Turkey are supported by various media divisions at headquarters in Washington, which supply magazines, scholarships, lecturers, and news for the field service to distribute.

In a country like Turkey, with widespread radio and television coverage, a half-dozen national daily newspapers, hundreds of local and weekly papers, several large universities, and a hearty popular interest in the arts, there is plenty for USIS to do. It does it well. The U.S. officers tend to be among the most sensitive to current public opinion and to the nuances of popular sentiment. The Turkish officers are devoted and of the highest professional quality. All of them work long hours to produce a technically excellent product.

USIA's principal problem has always been a certain lack of assurance about public affairs policies, that is, what should be said to which segment of which foreign public on which subjects. Here opinion changes not only with every new administration but with almost every transfer of assistant directors and desk officers in USIA headquarters in Washington. One year the focus is on human rights; next, on NATO; the following, on communist crimes and skulduggery. This might be followed by glorification of the arts in the United States. Sometimes the emphasis would be on giving "a full and fair picture," that is, the United States with warts and all. Other years the approach would be a simple, directed anticommunist program in which the United States could do no wrong.

The result of Washington's constant chopping and changing is that almost inevitably ambassadors and their public affairs officers settle into a tacit conspiracy to do what they can to utilize USIA assets in their host country to accomplish what they think needs to be accomplished rather than what the agency in Washington might be dictating at that particular time. In Turkey this often meant trying to keep a story out of the local press rather than trying to get it in. It sometimes involved burying rather than highlighting a statement by some currently fashionable Washington pundit. It often meant that the public affairs officer's views had considerable influence on deciding for or against Sixth Fleet port calls. Few of these functions would have been considered positive by USIA headquarters in Washington, but they were all essential to an ambassador in the field.

A classic case of USIS talent was demonstrated when I was in Turkey for the first time in the early 1970s. A U.S. sergeant had been kidnapped by terrorists, and we all waited impatiently while the Turkish police attempted to effect a rescue. The public affairs officer of the time recognized the premium most Turks put on the well-being of an eldest son and got the wife and the newborn infant son of the sergeant onto national Turkish television and radio where she made a tearful appeal for the new father's safe return. In those early days of relatively naive terrorists, the appeal was successful, and the sergeant was released unharmed. Returning to Ankara in 1980 to

work with the fourth and later the fifth successor to that genius, I was delighted to find that USIS in Turkey still took more of its inspiration and guidance from its embassy and its clients (the local population) in Turkey than it did from its Washington bureaucracy.

One effort, already well along when I arrived, was a plan for major U.S. participation in the 1980–81 Atatürk Centennial celebration. USIA based its elaborate efforts for the Atatürk Centennial on two simple premises. First, most Turks were very proud of Atatürk, whose name still had the same direct and universal impact in Turkey that George Washington's did in the United States of the 1820s and 1830s. Second, most Turks were aware of and resented the relative lack of attention paid to Atatürk (compared to that given to, say, Lenin, De Valera, or Gandhi) in the outside world. Thus the public affairs officer reasoned that a series of U.S.-sponsored Atatürk programs in Turkey and the United States could hardly be anything but helpful to the overall U.S.-Turkish relationship.

These efforts ranged from an unsuccessful one to get the United States Post Office to put out a commemorative stamp to a very effective speaking tour by a senior Turkish general at West Point, Annapolis, Colorado Springs, and all the military war colleges. The program included seminars, publications, press releases—for example, one on a memorable meeting in the 1930s between Kemal Atatürk and Douglas MacArthur—book exhibits, and cultural events. Local press interest was acute in every case, and the busy USIS mimeograph operators often found themselves having to make second editions of press releases rather than having to dispose of surplus copies of their first run as was more usually the case. That the United States apparently knew more and certainly cared more about Atatürk than the Soviets and even the Western European allies was noted and provided a competitive advantage for USIS.

The other official U.S. institution devoted to foreign audiences is the Voice of America. It too has suffered from a certain amount of schizophrenia in Washington. One view holds that it should be a worldwide propaganda arm promoting U.S. interests on the airwaves regardless of fact. Another insists that in order to maintain credibility it must be as free in its news and features as CBS, NBC, and ABC, its private counterparts. Advocates of the latter often cite the British Broadcasting Company (BBC) as a model.

The questions that arise over VOA do not center only on broadcast content, for instance, whether a given story helps or hinders U.S. foreign policy. They are also operational. Is a VOA correspondent (who is, after all, on the government payroll) entitled to any more support—or subject to

any more control—by the embassy than a private journalist? Should the correspondent be forbidden, for example, to interview the head of the Palestine Liberation Organization because the U.S. government has no official contact with that group? When the local government in a time of crisis closes commercial cable offices to all foreign reporters, should VOA correspondents be allowed to send their material through diplomatic channels?

When I asked these questions of the country team meeting in Turkey soon after my arrival, I got a clear-cut and for once virtually unanimous answer: “We let the VOA people alone. We give them nothing more than other journalists and ask nothing more from them. That suits them too.” This seemed a good approach, and I let it stand right through the hectic days of 1980 when VOA described whole cities and towns in revolt against the Demirel government and through the week after September 12 when VOA constantly referred to the new government as a “military junta” and to its takeover as a “coup.” (Our own diplomatic dispatches preferred words like “takeover” and “new regime.”) As far as I could see neither policy nor truth suffered as a result.

Almost equally important with USIS was the U.S. press corps residing in Ankara. This was relatively small, consisting only of *New York Times*, Associated Press, and United Press International correspondents. Embassy relations with the U.S. journalists were cordial but not close. When they wrote about strictly Turkish issues, they largely ignored the embassy. But when they wanted an official U.S. view or access to a visiting U.S. VIP, they asked us. They did their spot news and features without either courting or harassing the official establishment. None ever betrayed the few confidences with which we entrusted them—and we never asked them to betray any confidences to us. Indeed, when I was leaving Ankara, my farewell present from the Associated Press correspondent was a bound notebook of blank pages entitled “JWS: Leaks, Off-the-Record, and Other Semi-News Provided While U.S. Ambassador to Turkey.” The resident U.S. journalists were an attractive group who shared many problems with the embassy. One of the most frustrating of these was the inevitable arrival of someone from the home office whenever any major news event was breaking. If a special envoy was a nuisance to a resident ambassador, the newspaper people from New York or Washington accompanying the envoy were equal burdens to the resident correspondents. On such an occasion the difference between officials and journalists was often overshadowed by the at least tacit alliance between the residents of Ankara against the visitors.

Still, journalism is a competitive business, and the outsider does well to take care not to be caught in the middle. Immediately after the September

1980 military takeover, every reporter in the world was eager to interview General Kenan Evren, the new chief of state. Like most of his predecessors as chief of the Turkish General Staff, General Evren had been somewhat remote in his dealings with the foreign press, and relatively little was known of him. After September 12 he became a world figure. Our three resident correspondents promptly put in their requests for interviews. Several big name reporters appeared from New York and London to do the same. General Evren's staff warded them all off, and eventually the visitors went away. The resident correspondents assumed that time and patience would give one or all of them the prized first interview.

After a week or two I received in the mail a copy of a U.S. weekly news magazine, its last page featuring an interview with Admiral William Crowe, an old friend who was NATO southern area commander in Naples. The interview had been done by a young reporter stationed in Rome. Both she and Bill Crowe had done a good job on the piece. In his accompanying note the admiral told me that the reporter also had asked for an interview with President Evren and that he wanted me to see from the interview with him that she could be counted upon to do a good job. Anything I could do to help her would be appreciated.

It happened that later the same day I was scheduled to see one of the other National Security Council generals on a variety of subjects. On impulse I took the magazine along and gave it to him with the suggestion that he might want to pass it on to President Evren so that the latter could see a sample of the reporter's work if he should decide to grant an interview.

After a few days, the young reporter showed up from Rome to do the interview. I congratulated her and the thought passed through my mind that I might have had some effect on her getting it. A week or so later the magazine containing the exclusive first interview appeared with President Evren's picture on the cover. I was mildly pleased—until the phone started ringing. Within an hour all three resident U.S. reporters were irately informing me that when they had gone that morning to the presidential press office to ask why they had been overlooked, they had been told that the U.S. ambassador had been responsible for the preference given to the young reporter from Italy. Their head offices were already giving them hell, they said; they had thought I was their friend, but if this was the kind of friend I was. . . . It was weeks before we were all speaking civilly to each other again, and I had had a lesson that diplomats could suffer from being helpful as well as from being obstructionist.

The U.S. correspondents were not, of course, the only members of the foreign press in Turkey. Shortly after my arrival the noted West German

television commentator, Lothar Ruehl, showed up to do an extensive feature on Turkey's deteriorating situation. I found myself doing an on-camera interview with him in which he was a bit more pessimistic and I a bit more optimistic than the situation really deserved. What the West German audience made of it all, I do not know. A variety of British, French, and West German newspapers had their own correspondents in the Turkish capital, many of them of high caliber. Other foreign papers, including the *Washington Post*, were represented by top-ranking Turkish journalists, whose abilities matched their expatriate colleagues'. For better or worse, few things happened in Turkey's international relations that the foreign correspondents did not feel required a comment by the U.S. embassy. I soon began to suspect that their own ambassadors took particular pleasure in diverting their press representatives to USIS, which, depending on the time of day, gave them a cup of coffee or a drink and brought them in to see me. Within a few weeks I knew the foreign press corps, with the exception of the Soviet and Chinese correspondents, better than I knew my diplomatic colleagues.

One incident involving a foreign correspondent merits note. It had little to do with Turkey but does illustrate for aspiring young diplomats: (a) how hard even a modest connection with CIA dies and (b) the longevity of the written word. Among the journalists who flocked into Ankara to report on the military takeover was a representative of the Rome bureau of *Time* magazine. Having shown up a few days late, he had little to cover, and I succumbed to USIS's suggestion that a private chat would be in order. As we finished our discussion, I made a polite remark complimenting some earlier reporting of his that I had seen. He responded in kind, saying that he had just finished a book on the Vatican and while doing his research had read a report of mine on Pope John XXIII. He had found it most interesting. Bemused, I replied that I knew very little of the Vatican and I had never written anything on it. He then said that I must not be the same James W. Spain. He had seen the report he was talking about in the John F. Kennedy Library. It had been written by someone in the government in the early 1960s and was annotated in the president's handwriting.

A bell rang in the back of my mind. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, while finishing graduate work at Columbia University, I had worked for a while for the CIA's "think tank," the Office of National Estimates (ONE). Just as I was leaving ONE to return to the State Department, I attended a meeting of U.S. government officials dealing with the Middle East. The site of the session, originally scheduled for Rome, had been changed to Frankfurt at the last minute. With my travel arrangements already made, I

decided to go on and spend the weekend in Rome anyway. There I ran into an old school friend who was a network correspondent at the Vatican and through him and another friend from Washington spent two days eating, drinking, and talking with the liberal priests and theologians who surrounded Pope John XXIII, including one who was suspected in more obscurantist Catholic circles in the United States of being a communist agent.

On Monday morning I flew on to Frankfurt, arriving a few minutes late for the opening luncheon session. The only vacant chair was one next to that of John McCone, President Kennedy's newly appointed head of the CIA. As had been very evident in the Italian press, McCone had been in Rome over the weekend also, and he recounted his audience with the Pope and his views of the Vatican in some detail. Across the dessert plates, I privately offered him my worm's eye view (still a bit blurred by having drunk away the previous night with my clerical cronies). The Pope's young theologians, I suggested, were no more communist than the president's "Boston Mafia."

McCone was intrigued and asked that I write down an account of my views after I returned to Washington. I did so and heard no more about it for 20 years until the visiting journalist in Ankara told me what he had found in the Kennedy papers. When his book subsequently appeared, I found myself referred to in it as "Kennedy's CIA expert." In due course a truculent Turkish journalist (whom I had neglected to invite to dinner as frequently as he thought he deserved) discovered the book and added the CIA epithet to the others (drunken, incompetent, and Andrew Young's protégé) with which he was wont to describe me. As far as the rest of Turkey was concerned, my brief excursion into Vatican watching did not seem to matter at all.

To turn to the Turkish press, the thing that stood out about it was its high professional quality. (My hungry critic was a notable exception.) Good newspapers were very much a part of the Atatürkist tradition, and the national dailies lived up to expectations. *Günaydin*, with an approach that combined the most attention-getting features of the *New York Post* and the *New York Daily News*, had a circulation of close to a million. *Hürriyet*, a combination of the *Los Angeles Times* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, printed about a half-million copies daily. *Milliyet*, Turkey's equivalent of the *New York Times*, had a circulation of about a quarter-million. *Tercüman*, the most popular conservative organ, ran about four hundred thousand. *Cumhuriyet*, voice of the left of center, came in last with under one hundred thousand copies daily.

All of the papers used much more color printing than their U.S. and European equivalents. Most were available in all major cities every day, many with separate editions. Their correspondents and editors were as professional as any in the world and gave in to their publishers' political and commercial interests only rarely. *Milliyet's* editor in chief, Abdi Ipekci, who was assassinated by terrorists in 1980, was a journalist of unmatched distinction, and his diplomatic correspondents among the brightest, most perceptive, and most reliable of their kind. In contrast to the completely privately run and owned press, Turkish radio and television was in the exclusive hands of TRT (Turkish Radio and Television), a government organization. TRT, however, modeled itself on the highly respected BBC and was anything but a propaganda organ.

To one who was familiar with the media in Asia and Africa, the Turkish people seemed well served by their news organs. Nevertheless, for most foreigners, including the majority of diplomats, there was the usual problem: How can you know what the people are thinking when you can not read or speak their language?

Even here, however, the difficulty in Turkey was less acute than in many other countries. There were at least two daily press summary services in English available in Ankara and Istanbul. In addition, most embassies had their own translation sections. And, finally, there was the Ankara *Daily News*, an English-language daily produced by the Çevik family, two generations of particularly talented and energetic journalists. In addition to the daily newspaper and a variety of other projects, the Çeviks also turn out annually a comprehensive 500-page *Turkey Almanac*. In many countries a single foreign language press organ, often controlled by the government or by a particular interest, is a dangerous booby trap for its readers. In Turkey the independent and reliable *Daily News* and its *Almanac* are a godsend for the foreign or Turkish seeker after fact.

However responsible a national press may be, there is, of course, the inevitable danger that individual acts and events will be misunderstood or misinterpreted. This did not happen very often in Turkey. Something done or said, especially if it is by a foreigner, can genuinely look like something else to a reporter. Or perhaps a subordinate element in the story has a local interest that overwhelms the main event. One example of this was the international time difference already mentioned, which, at the time of the military intervention, had the U.S. media carrying Thursday night news of what happened in Turkey Friday morning. Turkish and other foreign reporters, searching for an "angle" for their stories, could hardly be expected to resist pointing out this apparent anomaly—even when they were perfectly aware of its simple explanation.

Another case of misinterpretation occurred soon after my arrival. At the Japanese National Day reception, I took the opportunity of a conversation with economic czar Turgut Özal to try to hammer home my ideas on the need for the government of Turkey to help on getting the release of our hostages in Iran. My hope was that Turgut Bey would repeat the message to Prime Minister Demirel. In the middle of our talk, we were joined by another old friend, Necdet Erder, economic adviser to opposition leader Bülent Ecevit. Feeling that no harm could come from the RPP leader's also knowing the strength of my feeling on the hostages, I continued my harangue, including frequent use of emphatic gestures.

Our little conversational group was noticed, and after we broke up I was asked by several diplomatic colleagues what was going on. Most of them readily accepted my truthful explanation, as I had worked them over on the subject also. However, I had not allowed for the sharp eye and ideological mind of a watching reporter, and the next morning there was a story in a local newspaper stressing U.S. concern at Turkey's financial problems and highlighting in its lead how the new U.S. ambassador had the previous day vigorously laid down the lines for economic recovery to representatives of both major political parties.

Another example of a case where the public account of an event differed from the actual outcome came somewhat later. One evening I attended a performance by the Turkish Ground Forces Band at the *Ordu Evi* (Officers' Club) Theater in Ankara. Coming into the diplomatic seats, I passed by the Soviet ambassador who was sitting in the front row. As I stuck out my hand to him, another colleague coming up from the other direction beat me in greeting him. A few seconds later I duly shook hands and went on to my seat. The next morning, on the front page of one of the major newspapers, was a picture of me with my hand out and the Soviet ambassador looking the other way. In always precise Turkish, the caption explained "Rodionov Pretended Not to See Spain Who Passed in Front of Him. However, Rodionov Was Put in a Difficult Position When Spain Stopped and Extended His Hand."

The incident generated a certain amount of tittering among colleagues of the ambassadorial corps. (They were seldom adverse to seeing their Great Power fellows in an embarrassing position.) It also brought me a congratulatory letter from a staunchly anticommunist Turkish veteran of the Korean war. It had one other effect. A few days later, at the Greek National Day party, Rodionov went to extra trouble to cross the room and shake hands with me. We both grinned and looked around for a photographer. Of course, there was none, and what would probably have been hailed as "U.S.-Soviet Reconciliation" went unchronicled.

Like their journalistic colleagues all over the world, the Turkish press was not especially ready to admit error, but by and large it did the best it could to correct the record. Perhaps the most sensitive public question after the military intervention was that of U.S. attitudes toward the nonelected government. On a visit to Izmir, I was persuaded by USIS to undertake an interview with the correspondents of Izmir's leading newspaper. USIS felt that it owed the paper something because the provincial organs were often left out of the carefully equal treatment accorded the six national dailies. I agreed to the meeting on the strict condition that the discussion would be "background only."

Trying carefully to avoid either praising a nonrepresentative regime or condemning one that was a close ally of the United States, I maneuvered through the interview, taking some relief from the fact that it had been clearly labeled "not for attribution." The front-page story appeared under the lead "Conversation with Ambassador James W. Spain: The U.S. Is Not Choking the Army's Throat for Return to Democracy!" A couple of my West European colleagues whose governments, despite their representatives' recommendations, were indeed inclined toward "choking the army's throat" for a return to democracy blithely told me that they were reporting this story back to their foreign ministries.

I waited for a blast from Washington or the U.S. press, but not surprisingly, it appeared that no one in the United States read the Izmir daily, and no one in the foreign capitals chose to raise the matter with the U.S. government. Still, locally the story was treated as a major one. USIS offered fearful apologies to me and howled betrayal to the newspapers' editors on the "not for attribution" agreement. The newspaper remained totally silent on the subject of the United States and U.S. officials for a few weeks. Then it ran an editorial on foreign ambassadors in Turkey, the principal point of which seemed to be that the U.S. ambassador was honest, straightforward, well informed, and especially devoted to democracy. Amends had been made.

Ambassadors cannot help but be public figures, although their status will vary according to time and place. In Tanzania, where I had served previously, U.S. ambassadors ranked close to the bottom of the list of notables and were certainly not news in and of themselves. In Turkey, on the other hand, U.S. ambassadors were almost ex officio newsworthy. Among my predecessors this matter of public posture had long been a problem of conflicting advice and contradictory pressures. USIS usually prefers an ambassador who made news. Security prefers to make an ambassador unavailable. One of my predecessors worked hard, even during the most sensitive

times, to maintain a high profile. He made speeches at every opportunity and responded to every criticism of the United States and used the letters to the editor column if he could find no better platform. Another had set it as his goal that no Turk other than the prime minister and the foreign minister should be able to remember his name.

People have to make up their own mind, but there are a number of things to be said in favor of accepting, if not courting, public attention. For one, ambassadors have a duty to their own country, and domestic appointees should not be alone in having to submit to popular evaluation. Greater scrutiny of ambassadorial doings by the U.S. press and public might well lead to more courageous and effective ambassadorial activities. Secondly, as John Kenneth Galbraith points out in his very sound eight rules for ambassadors, to deal well with the press is important in terms of effectiveness: "The official with good access to the press is respected. . . . The one . . . who avoids reporters, and who is without voice on his own behalf, confesses to an insecurity or diffidence that others are invited to exploit. The man who relies on surreptitious leaks similarly admits to a lack of effectiveness." (*A Life In Our Times*, p. 399. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1981.)

It should be noted, however, that these arguments in favor of a strong public posture apply primarily in a U.S. context. Basically, foreign ambassadors, in Washington, Ankara, or any other capital, are unlikely popular heroes. Their activities are more subject than those of either other foreigners or domestic officials to misunderstanding, misinterpretation, and even manipulation. After all, other things being equal, how many of us would believe a foreigner against one of our own? Ambassadors also inevitably have at least two different press corps to deal with, that of their own and that of the host country. Obvious close ties with one inspire charges of favoritism from the other—not the recipe for a "good press." Finally, even in the modern world, effective diplomacy is still more often carried on privately than publicly.

On balance, my own feeling is that for diplomats facing the press as for soldiers facing action, "Never volunteer!" is good advice—provided that it is coupled with an even more venerable injunction: "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Fortunately during the period of excellent bilateral relations when I was in Turkey, the latter commandment was easy to obey.

Being in Turkey

Paid vacations rank with plentiful martinis in the stereotype of diplomats. By any standard Turkey compares with Greece, Italy, and France in sunny beaches, spectacular mountains, and classical sites. According to long-established principle, ambassadors, like the sovereigns they represent, never take leave. They are on duty all the time. Thus their pay continues whether in business dress, morning clothes, bathing suit, or tennis togs. This chapter is devoted largely to the unofficial pleasures of being in Turkey. If such pleasures had been all there were to the appointment, taxpayers would have ample reason to demand a refund. I ask that it be remembered that our personal activities in Turkey were only a small part of the whole, and that outraged readers imagine how much they themselves would enjoy the experience rather than focusing on how little I deserved it.

Living in a foreign country is almost always an interesting and broadening experience. This is especially true when a whole family is present together, even if only sporadically. And there is no denying that it is even more pleasant when they are privileged diplomats—which in Turkey, for example, means being able to go to the head of the sometimes lengthy line of cars waiting for the ferry across such waterways as the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. One of my predecessors in Ankara had measured his activities, not by the sites that he had visited (which were numerous), but by the wonderful places to which he was still planning to go. He left with a long list of places visited but with a still longer one of those not visited. While unaware of how short our assignment was going to be, we resolved to try to reverse this, and, even in only 18 months, we made a good try.

Our previous four years' residence in Turkey had given us a head start. When we first came to Istanbul in 1970, we had carefully looked over the

guidebooks. One of the traditional explanations of the name Istanbul was that it is a corruption of *eis ten polein*, "into the city," meaning that the whole world was drawn into the great metropolis. Certainly there was enough to see in Istanbul to last a lifetime, and for the first-time visitor or the frequent sojourner there is a marvelous guidebook written by long-time members of the staff of Robert College, the noted U.S. educational institution on the Bosphorus, *Strolling Through Istanbul* (Istanbul: Red House Press, 1973). The book adds a sense of history and purpose to the always obvious charm of the city of the romantic names: Byzantium, Nova Roma, Constantinople, 'Stamboul, Istanbul.

Our 1970–72 residence in Istanbul was at Emirgan on the Bosphorus, the site of the largest temple of Hecate (the witch goddess) in the ancient world. This gave a name to the family cat and a particularly exciting venue for celebrations of Halloween, a favorite family holiday. It also provided ample opportunity to explore the city, and we all became expert if unlicensed guides for visiting friends to such classics as Aya Sofya (Haghia Sophia, Sancta Sophia), the Blue Mosque, Topkapi Palace, the Hippodrome, and the Ka'riye Camii.

Beyond these everyone in the family had their own favorites. For the children the *kapali çarşı*, the great covered bazaar with its endless shops, Rumeli Hissar, Mehmet the Conqueror's huge fort below their school, the Bosphorus itself with its ever-changing pattern of ships, and an isolated beach on the Asian shore of the Black Sea guarded by a tiny Byzantine fort turned teahouse, shared the honors. For a Sunday afternoon excursion out of the city, they preferred Hannibal's Grave, an hour's drive south of the city, near the town of Gebze. Here, unmarked in those days except for a circle of cypress trees, was the site of the great Carthaginian's villa. After he had been defeated by the Romans in Africa, he came eastward still defying them. As Rome's empire expanded, the princeling who had given Hannibal refuge in Asia Minor came under increasing pressure to turn him over. As the legions approached the Bosphorus, Hannibal, unwilling to embarrass his host, donned his full armor and walked down from his villa into the Sea of Marmara. According to tradition, his body was recovered and buried near his villa, the site marked through the centuries by cypress trees.

For Edith one ancient mosaic in an obscure part of the gallery of Aya Sofya could never be passed by. She was particularly proud of knowing where the light switch that illuminated the wall was hidden. Another special place was the tiny, ancient synagogue on the old city side of the Golden Horn, where the occasional worshipers chatted between prayers in Ladino, the Spanish of Shakespeare's day, which is still the vernacular of the city's

Jewish community. The grim Yedi Kule (Seven Towers), the early Ottoman prison at the end of the walls where they touch the Sea of Marmara, also fascinated her. Here the pleas and imprecations of sixteenth and seventeenth century prisoners, some of them diplomats, could still be seen scratched on the stone walls of their cells.

To me, after 20 years of service "beyond the West," Istanbul was for the first time a place of residence with which my own civilization was deeply and directly connected. Philip of Macedon had lain under the walls of this city, about to launch a surprise attack, when betrayed by the rising new moon whose crescent was a symbol of the city almost two millennia before an Islamic banner was planted over it. The St. Romanus Gate, through the rubble of which Mehmet the Conqueror had carried that banner on May 29, 1453, on what contemporary Eastern Christians called "the last day of the world," also evoked haunting memories.

From classic times there was the burned and iron-bound porphyry Column of Constantine erected in his forum in the young Nova Roma. The Serpent Column on the *spina* of the Hippodrome carried the memory back another thousand still-familiar years. Cast from the shields of Persian warriors fallen at the battle of Platea, the superbly executed snakes were carried from Delphi to Nova Roma by Constantine. On April 9 in the year 1700 they lost their heads when a member of a Polish embassy to the Sublime Porte, surely violating diplomatic privilege, decapitated them for reasons unknown. All of these artifacts are magnificent in themselves. Their age and adventures alone captivate the mind of a product of Western civilization in a way that even the most spectacular Buddha, pagoda, or Hindu temple cannot. Yet to romantics (and such have infiltrated the diplomatic profession also), their ultimate charm is the people they evoke and the scenes they allow to be relived in the mind.

To me one of the most fascinating segments of the city's past population was the Viking and English soldiers who lived and died there for centuries. Sometime before the year 1000 A.D., as the word Byzantine was developing into a pejorative common adjective, the emperors had created the Varangian Guard. This was a corps of foreign mercenaries on which the emperors could personally rely for loyalty and protection because of their very foreignness. Consisting first of Vikings who had come down the rivers of Eastern Europe to the empire at the same time that their brothers were harrying the coasts of France, England, and Ireland, the guard came gradually to be dominated by English knights. Some of these were unlanded younger sons and professional warriors from the Norman nobility, but most were displaced Saxons who found service to the Comnenus and the Palaeologus families more congenial than to the Plantagenets.

There are few physical remains left of these warriors from the far Atlantic. A nineteenth century book shows the site of a "Viking church" of Saints Nicholas and Augustine near the Marmara shore not far from Aya Sofya, but I could never find the spot. In another book, borrowed from the musty library of the British consulate general, once the grandest of all the embassies of Constantinople, I did find something that brought medieval, Victorian, and modern times together. This account by a nineteenth century British ambassador was of an unsuccessful attempt to get London to authorize some money to save the graves of the English knights of the Varangian Guard that were about to be destroyed to make way for a new orphanage being constructed by one of the less unenlightened nineteenth century Ottoman sultans for the homeless boys of Istanbul.

His Excellency's description of the tomb effigies gave all the medieval hallmarks: in armor, recumbent, shield at feet, arms crossed, and hands folded in prayer. The sultan had given the ambassador six months to haul the tombs away before the orphanage went up. The contractor's estimate for removal and shipping was a few hundred pounds. London never responded, and the tombs disappeared as fill into the walls of the new orphanage. Only very generally described as being near the Süleimaniye complex, I could never find this either and finally gave up my search when the citizens of the neighborhood began to speculate unflatteringly about the nature of the U.S. consul general's passionate interest in an orphanage that no longer existed. The long-dead English knights became even more real, since I had so often in twentieth century diplomacy shared with them the unhappy consequences of the home office's not responding in time to an urgent query from the field.

Of all the flesh and blood individuals who dwelt in the city by the Bosphorus, the ones to whom I was most drawn were Justinian and Theodora, who ruled the empire in the sixth century, just as "New Rome" was becoming "East Greece." The city was redolent of the cranky semimonk, the reformed circus girl, and their court. Justinian dreamed of reuniting the empire, wrote the best code of law of the first millennium, and built the greatest church of all time. Theodora, of the haunting beauty, the circus girl who had won the imperial bed, was a creator of convents and monasteries and a devotee of the eastern Monophysite heresy.

Near the ancient church of St. Sergius and Bacchus, there is a small gate in the seawall, the posts of which are covered with a long inscription in Greek from the Psalms of David. This was once the base of a statue of Justinian on horseback, which stood in the Bucoleon Palace nearby. A hundred yards further on is the facade of a building abutting the base of the

Hippodrome, popularly believed to be that of the house where Justinian, not yet emperor, first brought Theodora after she left the circus. Any one of the ancient stone cubicles still standing nearby might have been the office of Procopius, the emperor's secretary, who might be termed the first civil servant. Procopius kept a double set of chronicles of the royal doings, one for the public record and another, his *Secret History*, full of his master's and mistress's sins and peccadilloes, for his own delectation.

In the center of the great racecourse above, there is a bas relief dating to the Emperor Theodosius, showing the royal box connected with the palace from which Justinian peeped out at the mobs destroying the first Church of the Holy Wisdom in the Nika riots of 532 A.D. Across from the Hippodrome now stands Justinian's greatest creation, Aya Sofya, the "new" Church of the Holy Wisdom, its soaring 180-foot dome a thousand years older than that of St. Peter's in Rome. While much has been added to the building over the centuries, the majestic space it encloses is unchanged since Justinian stood for the *Te Deum* at its dedication on Christmas Eve in 563.

Further out, at the southwest corner of the great stone barrier that protected the heart of Christianity in the east for more than a thousand years, is the Golden Gate. Through it Belisarius, Justinian's great general, a historically authentic contemporary of Lancelot and Galahad, led his triumph upon returning from the reconquest of Africa for the empire. On the other side of the city, spanning the little valley of the Cidaris, once part of "the sweet waters of Europe," Justinian's aqueduct still stands, preserved by a restoration under the hand of the great Ottoman architect Sinan.

And, finally, to bridge the years and establish a personal link, in 1970 there were, for a dollar or two apiece, in the bazaar contemporary portraits in bronze of the emperor, bearing the year, place, and studio of their making. Of little monetary value and aesthetically worthless, these large coppers, the first serial coinage ever, showed Justinian: "Facing, in helmet with plume, with diadem and cuirass; in righthand a globe surmounted by a cross; on left shoulder a shield with horseman device; in field right a cross." The legend proclaims "Our Lord Justinian, Eternal Father, Augustus."

Istanbul still has an air of imperial grandeur. For all the great things that Atatürk did there, it is not his city as Ankara is. Mehmet the Conqueror and Süleiman the Magnificent have left a strong mark upon it. But it was Justinian who brought the city to its imperial glory and gave it the flavor that has persisted for 1,500 years.

On our return to Turkey in 1980 we visited Istanbul often, but visiting there is not like living there, and new thrills await beyond every river, hill,

and promontory in Turkey, which is a land of rivers, hills, and promontories. Our first trip outside Ankara to include recreational as well as official experiences was to Izmir in May 1980. To make the most of the former, Edith and I went by car, accompanied by an amiable but omnipresent bodyguard and by our invaluable driver, guide, and friend, Nuri Bey.

We stopped for lunch in Afyon, center of Turkey's opium area. The return to poppy growing since our departure in 1974 had brought back also some benign by-products. With our stew we ate unleavened bread made from poppy seed flour, and we carried away a jar of the city's special honey, made by bees who fed on the poppies. Of the poppy fields themselves, everywhere in spectacular purple and white bloom, we took only pictures, no samples. Nuri Bey insisted that even a few cut flowers in the car would affect his driving. The bodyguard, a retired Turkish policeman, refused to come anywhere within 50 feet of the nefarious plant. And I decided that a poppy bouquet was probably not the right accessory for the new ambassador to be carrying on his first visit to the consulate general in Izmir.

That night we stopped at Pamukkale and enjoyed a swim in the hot springs pool, just as we would have done 1,500 years earlier when the name of the town was Hierapolis and we would have been Roman officials en route to a provincial capital. The ruins of Hierapolis are still more extensive than the modern town of Pamukkale. The recently excavated amphitheater was in rather better shape than was our chosen motel, which had been subject to a strike until shortly before our arrival.

We had made a predeparture agreement to stay away from the classic Julio-Claudian city of Aphrodisias until later in the year, when the director, a good friend, would be in residence. Edith, who found passing up an archaeological site a much greater hardship than passing up a meal, had added a personal pledge to abstain from proposing side trips of "just a few kilometers" to sites that always took hours to reach. It was too much to ask her, however, to forgo Nyssa. This Roman city of some note in the time of the Caesars was in fact only two kilometers and five minutes off the main road between Aydin and Izmir. Here a lonely and obliging guard showed us a well-preserved amphitheater large enough to accommodate every soul for ten miles around. This reinforced my conviction that all the Romans ever did was go to the games. The guide then gave us a more unconventional treat, a tour of an amazingly large tunnel with extremely high arches that roofed over the ravine around which the city was built. This structure, with the river running through it, had been the municipal sewer, as efficient and as advanced as any in modern London, New York, or Paris. An addiction to sanitation was added to a devotion to spectator sports in my image of the Romans.

Izmir, ancient Smyrna, has its share of classical glories, but our 96 hours there were all devoted to business. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of Consul General Elaine Smith, we snatched a day at the end for visits a few hours' drive from Izmir: to Priene, Miletus, and Didyma, in their heyday key towns of the Ionian Confederacy. As elsewhere in Asia Minor, the remains today have a heavy Roman cast to them, but there is still enough left of their original flavor to cause the amateur historian to marvel at the individuality and versatility of the ancient Greeks.

Priene, most of whose topography is straight up and down, was founded in the eleventh century B.C. The present pattern of streets, however, is not nearly so old. It was laid out in the fourth century B.C., quite likely by the ancestors of those who were vigorous and imaginative enough to create San Francisco. Alexander the Great spent the winter of 334–33 B.C. here, and the house he put up in is still marked—possibly authentically, according to respectable archeologists.

Priene had a reputation in antiquity as a particularly democratic place (presumably when not being used as headquarters by the Macedonian), and it is not hard to find evidence of this in the architecture. In addition to the various temples, most notably to Athena and to Jupiter, there is a delightful little *gerontarium*, a place for the old men to sit and talk. In the lower part of the city, adjacent to the long silted-up harbor (the town is now 15 kilometers from the sea), the fish for which the city was known throughout the ancient world were processed and sold. The stone salting tables and sorting tubs are still there, some of them marked with the names of individual fishmongers.

Miletus, a half-hour's drive further south, was contemporary with Priene but given to a more sophisticated outlook. Among the first of the Ionian cities to surrender and ally itself with Cyrus the Great during his invasion in 546 B.C., Miletus was also the first to revolt against Persian rule. Its behavior toward Alexander and his successors was much the same. It later welcomed the Romans as "liberators" (from whom is not clear). In between, Miletus practiced a little imperialism of its own, on occasion extending its sway over both Priene and Didyma. St. Paul completed one of his less successful mission tours at Miletus and sailed from there back to Palestine.

Again, the architecture of Miletus reflects the tastes of the populace. The magnificent theater is almost 500 feet in diameter, and its most striking feature remains the royal box (with two of its columns still standing upright). The quays of the Harbor of Lions were paved with marble, and the shattered remains of the lions themselves still lie upon them. Baths,

sanctuaries, and military memorials are scattered throughout. The *bouleuterion*, where the senate met, dominates the *agora*, where the people bought and sold. The still-imposing Doric and Ionic colonnades of the gymnasium look down on passersby in a way that suggests, if they are of the lesser breeds, they would probably be more comfortable elsewhere.

Didyma, another half-hour's drive, is less a city than a shrine. Its character suggests that the ancient architects of the temple to Apollo never quite managed to get their act together. The building is overwhelming in its size. The columns are of almost unbelievable diameter and height. However, they are totally lacking (today at least) in the symmetry and proportion so beloved by the classic Greeks. Masques of Medusa lie scattered about in all sizes and varieties of frightfulness. Noted for its oracle, the center of prophetic activity at the temple was the *chresmographion*. This semisubterranean room, where the words of the oracle were recorded, lives up to the proportion of the whole, being by itself some 35 by 50 feet. As the guidebooks note, Didyma is "certainly one of the largest, if not one of the most beautiful, temples to Apollo in the ancient world."

Having picnicked at Miletus for lunch, we stopped on the way back to Izmir for a superb fish dinner at Kuşadasi and then spent the long twilight at Ephesus. Thanks to the courtesy and skill of Ihsan Kayacan, a Turkish employee of the Izmir consulate general who accompanied us, we were allowed to visit the ruins, although they had officially closed for the day. We had visited Ephesus several times before, and the glories of this most spectacular of all the remains of the classic world have been so well publicized that no detailed account is in order here. In the latter regard, incidentally, Ephesus is unique among Turkey's sites. For instance, the charming nearby site of *Meryemana*, where the Virgin Mary quite possibly lived out her life under the care of the Apostle John and presumably gave him Sunday dinner after his sermons in Ephesus, is virtually unknown.

Even to its familiars Ephesus at dusk is unforgettable. Since we had last been there, a number of striking mosaics had been uncovered, and the great library (across the street from a public brothel) had been restored by a team of Austrian and West German experts. After examining these we finished our stroll through the broad marble streets at the amphitheater, which can still seat the 25,000 people it was wont to hold in ancient days. As we stood at the entrance to the theater, an appropriate crescent moon rose above it. It was not difficult to hear echoes of that shout raised so long ago by the citizens of Ephesus: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Paul, when he heard the cry after being denied permission to preach, must have been standing somewhere near that spot.

Turkey's coastline is covered, almost foot to foot, by sites of the classical antiquity that has captivated the Western minds since the Renaissance. Their spirit is known at least slightly to everyone who has graduated from high school. Inner Anatolia is also dotted with such sites, but it gives room also to some of the byways of our civilization. One of these centers in Cappadocia around Göreme, Ürgüp, Nevşehir, and Avanos. All are a half-day's drive south of Ankara. Cappadocia piques the curiosity and stirs the odd, solitary corner of the spirit rather than appealing to the reason or stimulating the sense of beauty and order. Its character, appropriately, comes from a volcano. Uncounted years ago Erciyaş Dağı, anciently known as Mount Argaeus, exploded, covering the area with a soft tufa, which has over the years eroded into fairytale forms of cones and chimneys. Man burrowed into these for shelter from the elements and from the invaders who swept through. The early Christian hermits established their anchorages there. In the ninth and tenth centuries, a craze for monasticism swept the East, and individual families and whole villages scooped churches, refectories, and cells out of the soft rock to provide a venue for communal living. Their primitive saints and symbols cover the walls constituting an entirely separate form of Byzantine art and still give a dim ecclesiastical tone to the inside of the cubes and pinnacles. From the outside the whole area reminds one of Disneyland.

We had visited Cappadocia twice before in our earlier stay in Turkey and found it very much a favorite place. Upon our return in 1980 the attraction of Cappadocia was testified to again by the wife of the then deputy chief of mission, who had managed no less than 11 visits there during her two years in Ankara. This was a record we did not meet, although we did go six times in our 18 months. Unlike the classical sites on the coast, where one could enjoy being alone and staring silently into the past, Cappadocia is a place best visited with friends. The motels are good, including an excellent Club Méditerranée; charming little restaurants and bars are tucked into the tufa in what were once chapels; and everywhere shops display the local specialties: rugs, earthenware, wine, and broken bits of antiquity (some real).

The principal sites in Cappadocia, those at Göreme, Nevşehir, Ürgüp, and Avanos, are carefully described in the guidebooks. They never fail to charm, but the real delights of Cappadocia are the unchronicled ones stumbled upon in the byways. Near Hacibektaş we stopped at a cluster of caves and encountered a charming Turkish college girl from Ankara who was spending her vacation period at her family's adjacent village. Her antidote for the boredom of village life was to sit in what she explained to us was St.

Jean's Chapel and to offer the occasional interested traveler a tour through the complex of caves and passages surrounding it. A student of the social sciences faculty, with a major in economics, she taught us more about primitive Byzantine art than any of the guidebooks, none of which even mentioned St. Jean's Chapel.

In many of the cave chapels scattered about Cappadocia, thousand-year-old frescoes still survive—simply because few humans have ever bothered to enter them after they were abandoned. In some, used by shepherds or soldiers passing by, the paintings are covered with black soot from long-dead campfires. It is an incomparable thrill to rub a hand casually over the black and see a brightly colored head of St. George emerge. The Dragon Slayer, Michael the Archangel, St. Christopher, and St. Basil (the last a Cappadocian) are popular in the troglodytic iconography. Constantine and Helena appear often, painted from 300 to 900 years after they lived. To my delight even Justinian turned up in a remote corner of one of the forest of cone caves near Zilve.

The rock underneath Cappadocia is of the same soft tufa that on the surface has been carved by the years into all the shapes of fantasy. The area is full of underground cities created no one knows when. Some experts date them back to the Hittites, others to the sixth to tenth century for defense against the Arab and Persian raiders who regularly swept across the countryside. Two of these cities, at Kaymakli and Derinkuyu, some 30 miles south of Ürgüp, are real tests of the sightseer's nerve. Partially excavated, Kaymakli and Derinkuyu are open to the public for seven or eight levels down. Strings of light bulbs today relieve what must have been a mole's life during the days of their occupation by thousands of people. Here there are no frescoes, no graceful arches, no delicate balustrades. Rather the stone carvers devoted themselves to ventilation shafts, water and sewage channels to sustain life, and to well-drained burial shelves to store the dead. Their *chefs d'oeuvre* were not, as in the edifices above ground, altars and refectory tables. Rather they were massive ball-in-cages carved in place to make possible quick and effective sealing of the entrance passages.

In modern Turkey the term *the East* is used in much the same way as was *the West* in the nineteenth century United States. It has a flavor of "out there," where lesser-known peoples and places are located great distances apart from each other. In Turkey the East has no hard geographic boundaries. It is roughly the half of Asiatic Turkey that continues eastward (still with the Black Sea on the north) to touch Iran, when the Mediterranean coast turns sharply away to the south near the port of Iskenderun to border Syria and Israel. Adana, Ankara, and Samsun are not part of the East. Malatya, Diyarbakir, Trabzon, Erzurum, Kars, Van, and Bitlis are.

At one time or another I visited most of these eastern cities, but for our fall excursion in October 1980 we settled on a trip to Van, by any standard the heart of the Turkish East. The destination was dictated more by circumstances than by choice, and the elements of it are representative of how diplomats often come to do or not do things. In the first place, travel in the eastern parts of Turkey is always more difficult and sensitive than in the western half of the country. The East is the area closest to the Soviet Union. It is the one inhabited by ethnic minorities, chiefly the Kurds. It is relatively poor and less modern with tribes and sects retaining political and social importance. When turbulence and terrorism were at their height in Turkey during the first part of 1980, U.S. officials were encouraged to stay out of the East. The military intervention of September 12 changed this situation, and our consul in Adana (who was responsible for covering most of the East) was eager to set out again on an extensive tour that he proposed to end at Van. Being there at the same time would give me a chance to consult with him and would give him wider and freer access to local people and places.

Secondly, the governor of Van, a civil servant and inveterate bridge player in a place with few partners, had let it be known indirectly that he was not pleased that no U.S. officials had come to call on him. A great friend and admirer of our consul general in Izmir during a previous assignment, the governor thought he was being neglected in Van. Our welcome, therefore, could be assumed to be warm and friendly—and this is important in such remote places as Van where the governor controls almost all facilities, including the only decent place to stay.

Finally, there was the matter of getting to Van. The train journey (which one of our sons had taken in 1973) was long and grueling. Even by automobile two nights were required on the road. Commercial air service was infrequent and unreliable. As it happened, just about this time, the fast comfortable six-passenger twin-engine C-12 aircraft that the U.S. Department of Defense maintained in Turkey was transferred as part of a worldwide reorganization from the jurisdiction of the head of the military assistance mission to that of the defense attaché. Regulations required that aircraft assigned to military assistance missions be used only for military assistance programs, for example, training and inspecting activities with the Turkish armed forces. Defense attaché planes on the other hand may be used for representation purposes. Besides, the primary duty of defense attachés in each embassy is to support their ambassador. We now had both the motive and means for a visit to Van.

We flew almost due east from Ankara, covering in less than two hours what would have taken more than two days on the ground. At the west end

of Lake Van, we crossed low over an extinct volcano, whose remarkably symmetrical crater is filled with a lake and dominates the nearby town of Tatvan. Heading straight out over the 5,500 foot high, 1,500 square mile expanse of water, it was possible to pick out on the left the site of the battle of Manzikert, where in 1071 the Selcuk Sultan Alp Arslan broke the Byzantine armies under Romanus Diogenes and opened the way for Turkish conquest of all of Asia Minor. A bit further on, Mount Ararat, astride the Turkish-Soviet border, could be glimpsed. Snow-covered as it was, it seemed in this most mountainous of country a quite likely landing place for an ark breasting a flood that covered all else. Some 30 miles from the city of Van at the eastern end of the lake, we flew low over the island of Ahtamar, which in the tenth century was capital of an Armenian kingdom and residence of the patriarch of the Armenian church.

The routine for each of our three days in Van was the same. First thing in the morning I made an official call, on the governor, the military commander, or the gendarmerie chief. As dusk fell we ate a sumptuous dinner provided by our host: fish, lamb, partridge, and pilau. The fish were taken from the lake. They cannot live in its mineral-laden main expanse; so they cluster around the mouths of the streams, which empty sweet water into the lake. In the otherwise tough struggle for survival in eastern Turkey, this makes the fisherman's part easy. After dinner, we settled down to a long evening of bridge (inevitably losing on the part of the United States). During the lovely, sunny, cool daylight hours, under the high auspices of the governor, we "inspected" the town and its environs.

Van's history as a capital city is long. In the ninth century B.C. it was the center of the Kingdom of Urartu, which held the mighty Assyrians at bay in their attempt to capture Asia Minor. It still receives part of its water supply through a rock-cut canal built in the ninth century according to Cuneiform inscriptions clear on the sides of the channel. The remains of Urartu are all around. At Toprakkale, three miles from modern Van, on a rocky height there is a temple to Haldis, chief god of Urartu, with an inscription listing his subdivinities and the kinds of sacrifices appropriate for each of them. At Çavuştepe, a dozen miles out on the road to Hakkâri, are two enormous Urartian citadels. Constructed in the eighth century B.C., they stand on twin hilltops connected by a saddle. Beneath them, cut into the solid rock, is a palace with corridors more than 300 feet long. The feel of Urartu is, even to the amateur historian, far different from either the classical one of the Aegean coast where our beginnings are clear and beautiful or the monastic whimsy of Cappadocia where Western civilization went for a while down one of its byways. Toprakkale and Çavuştepe are

very central Asian in feeling—remote and dead. No spirit that moves modern man can be recognized here, and the sense of any living presence is vague and low.

We emerged from the silent corridors onto the terrace feeling spiritually as well as physically encumbered with the dust of the ages. Looking west the sun was setting in a blaze of red, green, blue, and umber over Lake Van. A friendly peasant woman with a few sheep was at the end of the terrace. Pointing at the woolly animals and at the many-colored sunset, she explained in Kurdish-accented Turkish that even I could understand: “Where we get our carpets.”

The next day, some 35 miles beyond Çavuştepe, we came, near the little village of Hoşap, to the Islamic equivalent of Cappadocia. Here in the seventeenth century a Kurdish chieftain built a fanciful fortress, combining all the traditional features of a Turkish citadel with the latest in European military architecture and embellishing the whole with a hint of Disneyland. The curtain wall of the castle, still with hardly a stone out of place, comes down to a little river crossed by a picturesque bridge that one would more expect to find in Provence than in eastern Turkey. The lower gate to the citadel soars high to an arch of multicolored stones, obviously designed more to please the eye of a guest than to intimidate that of a besieger. All around peasant life goes on, and it is possible to peer from a lofty window in the castle across a hundred feet of space into a classroom of the village school. Hoşap is barely mentioned in the guidebooks, and the name of the eastern Mad Ludwig who built the castle is forgotten even in the village.

Our last venture into Van's past brought us to the island of Ahtamar, which we had looked at from the air as we flew in. Here things were more familiar. The fishermen who took us across the couple of miles that separate Ahtamar from the shore were devout Muslims, casting off with *Bismallah* (“I begin in the name of Allah”). On Ahtamar the single remaining large building is a basilica, built between 915 and 921 A.D. by King Gagik. The crossing of the naves is covered by a dome resting on a drum surrounded by a pyramidal roof. The inside of the building, though intact, is shabby from long disuse. The outside, however, proclaims the glory of the tenth century. Two bands of reliefs run around the building, with elaborate embellishments at doors and windows. Local wisdom has it that the brownstone from which the basilica is built is soft when first cut and then hardens with exposure. In any event, crisp as the day they were cut, marvelous animals and plants curl around biblical scenes. A magnificent figure of Christ holding the gospels looks down. Striking portraits of King Gagik and St. Gregory the Illuminator are nearby. (Gregory would certainly have blessed the anonymous sculptor for this piece of work.)

We flew back to Ankara as quickly and smoothly as we had come to Van—with one exception. According to the guidebooks, one of Van's most noted novelties is its swimming cats. There were cats aplenty in Van alright, a striking breed of calico that has one green and one golden eye. We inquired about their aquatic prowess. None of their owners had ever heard of this and thought it vastly amusing. While sitting in the teahouse at the foot of the Van citadel we were struck by a three-month-old kitten of particular charm. Marked with a distinct black cross on her side, she came down to drink from the nearby stream and panicked when one of her paws slipped into the water.

Edith's birthday was coming up, and I surreptitiously arranged for one of our party to buy the kitten and stow it away in an old whiskey box in the rear of the airplane for a surprise presentation in Ankara. As we were about to take off, the hidden kitten's frantic meowing could be heard over the usual cacophony of engine noise. The pilot was in on the plot and ignored it. So did I. Edith does not like airplanes and had as usual turned off her senses for takeoff, but this was not the case with the devoted and technically experienced wife of the pilot. "Bob! Bob!" she shouted. "Abort! Abort! There's a cat caught in the plane somewhere." The colonel took off but the secret was out. Vanessa van Çayhanesi (Vanessa of the Van Teahouse, as she was to be named) was released early to crawl onto her mistress's lap. Unfortunately, a year later, she leapt from it again to disappear into the wilderness of northwest Washington. We hope that she still lives but it is too much, I suppose, to expect that she has found her way back to the Van teahouse.

The first six months of 1981 were particularly good ones to be in Turkey. Terrorism had virtually ended. The economy was visibly picking up. U.S.-Turkish bilateral relations were smooth. The obligation to stick close to the embassy was less. We sallied forth on weekends and holidays to sample the great cultural smorgasbord that is central Anatolia.

Gordium, where Alexander in 333 B.C. had so vigorously resolved the puzzle of the knot, was the capital of ancient Phrygia. Apart from its knot Phrygia's other particular contribution to world civilization is the familiar mop cap, used in Roman imperial sculpture as a token of the barbarian and won by Maryann in French revolutionary art as a symbol of the people. Some two hours' drive from Ankara over a good road, Gordium had long been one of Edith's favorite sites, to which she took any and every visitor who admitted to any interest in the past.

Gordium's remains are physically impressive. There is a royal city, its adobe walls still containing some of the thousands of bronze arrowheads fired at it during an unknown siege. Beyond the city lies a necropolis domi-

nated by a huge mound of earth a dozen stories high. This is a royal tomb, quite possibly that of Midas of the golden touch, whose terra cotta image unearthed nearby shows the characteristic asses' ears. At the center of the mound is a burial chamber, some 20 feet square, with timber walls still sound and unrotted when the archeologists forced their way to them through a 130 foot tunnel. Again one confronts a remote past. Cybele, not Artemis or Diana, ruled here against a background of the virtually unknown Cimmerian hordes, overlaid with glimpses of a still mysterious Mycenaean Greece.

Excavation of the site is in the hands of the University of Pennsylvania, and we grew to know many of the U.S. scholars there from 1973 to 1974. One of these, Peter Kuniholm, subsequently used cross-sections from the timbers to construct a chronology of the seventh and eighth centuries B.C. based on the varying widths of the tree rings in the wood. Applied elsewhere this technique is turning out to compare favorably with the Carbon-14 method of dating ancient objects.

When we returned to Gordium in 1980 and 1981, the team at the dig had changed. But there was one old friend still at the spot beside the Sakarya River where we used to picnic. A huge and ferocious-looking Turkish sheep dog came bounding out, snarling and leaping, his heavy spiked iron collar (used to hold his own when driving wolves from the flock) shining in the sun. As he had seven or eight years earlier, he dropped at our feet to beg for scraps, almost purring and ready to lick every hand that came his way.

Not far from Gordium, at Sivrihisar, a main point on the road to Ankara, you turn off for a few miles to an area favored by the inveterate duck hunters of Ankara. Here is Pessinus, another Phrygian city, founded even earlier than Gordium. According to the experts, the imprint of the Celts (on their way to France, Scotland, and Ireland) can be found here. What stands today is a great temple of Cybele, curiously seeming to face down into a Roman amphitheater. Whatever meaning this arrangement may have had to the Romans, its message after almost three thousand years is clear. When Cybele was worshipped, Pessinus prospered. When pagan worship was forbidden by the emperor Theodosius in the fourth century A.D., the city languished and died, being virtually uninhabited from then to the present day.

Gordium and Pessinus alone are enough to contradict the occasional amateur historian who assures the visitor that there is "nothing worthwhile" to see around Ankara. But there is much more also. Midas Şehri (the city of Midas) lies a couple of hours from Ankara off the Eskişehir road. The track

into the site is not good, but there is no temptation to drive fast as it twists between Phrygian rock tombs, Byzantine shrines, and Selcuk and Ottoman mausoleums. Above the little village of Yazilkaya, Midas's city sprawls across a rocky outcrop, a test for any set of touristic legs. Various parts of the complex are connected by steep stairways carved in rock. Inscriptions in the peculiarly charming Phrygian script (which has not yet been deciphered) are all over the rocks, including a prominent one that apparently identifies Cybele herself as the mother of Midas. Adjacent to this intensely religious spot are the remains of a foundry suggesting, according to the learned, that metal working too was considered of divine origin.

One hundred miles or so on the other (east) side of Ankara are the great Hittite sites of Boğazkale and Alaca Höyük. The remote past closes in among the moss grown rock bowers overshadowed by huge trees. The atmosphere is druidic, with its filtered light and deep shadow. Man was at a vigorous peak here in the thirteenth century B.C., but the tie with what was to come is as tenuous as that of Uriah the Hittite and his wife in the biblical story of King David's lust. In Egypt's benign climate, the rock sculptures of the second millennium B.C. are still clear and sharp. At the rock sanctuary at Boğazkale, the images are dim. They represent the mystical marriage of the great god and goddess of the Hittites. Their names must have been known throughout the ancient world, but today we are sure only of hers, Hepatu. His name may or may not have been Teshub. Of particular interest to visiting diplomats is a figure in the marriage train holding aloft, according to the scholars, a list of treaties of the Hittite empire that enjoyed the protection of the gods. This favor is not often bestowed on such documents in our times.

On the way to Alaca Höyük, not far away, you go through the ruins of Hattusa, the ancient capital city of the Hittites. These stretch back into the third millennium B.C. and are hardly discernible now from the natural terrain. Confirmed Hittite fanciers may find artifacts from them at the little museum in Boğazkale and the big museum (known popularly as "the Hittite Museum") in Ankara. The latter, incidentally, is much to be preferred. Its collection manages to give the Hittites a human element not readily evident on their sites, and the rest of the museum's Anatolian material is particularly charming.

The origins of Alaca Höyük extend back into the fourth millennium B.C., and for all but the most free-soaring modern human minds it is difficult to follow them that far. Still there are human touches. Many of the pieces of pottery at Alaca Höyük still preserve the imprint of individual human fingers, gone to dust 500 centuries earlier. One of the most striking

sculptures at the site is a lion carved of basalt. It is given an exotic touch by the Hittite script carved upon it but otherwise is clearly and indisputably the king of beasts, not so different than we would depict him today. The jamb of the renowned Sphinx Gate of Alaca Höyük still stands in place. On it is another touch of the familiar: an eagle holding a rabbit in its claws. The sphinxes themselves take us out again of the known. Unlikely combinations of man and beast, their always alien forms have been weathered by the millennia into inanimate lumps. By and large, we never came to feel close to the Hittites.

Somewhat further afield from Ankara, we spent an occasional night at Bursa, the first Ottoman capital, two-thirds of the way from Ankara to Istanbul. "Yeşil [Green] Bursa" had changed during the years that we were away from Turkey. In the early 1970s it had been a cluster of buildings, more old than new, clinging to the base of Uludağ mountain (the Asian Olympus). Coming down by road from Yalova on the Sea of Marmara, visitors would see the city only a few minutes before they were in the midst of its baths, mosques, and mausoleums, their 500-year-old green tiles matching the 200-year-old trees.

When we used to arrive from Istanbul, we went straight to the Çelik Palas (Steel Palace) Hotel. Built in the 1930s, this hostelry has a hot springs pool 30 feet across in which Edith and I spent most of our time, while the children went on up Uludağ for skiing and youth hostel-type accommodations at the top of the mountain. Family birthdays were sometimes celebrated at the Çelik Palas. The children had their first Baked Alaska there and to this day tend to credit the hotel chef with having invented the dish.

In the 1980s the Çelik Palas was still there, and so were the Byzantine acropolis and the silk industry, the latter dating to the time of Justinian, who (with smuggled worms) broke the Chinese monopoly long before the days of Marco Polo. Andrew the Apostle preached in Bursa when it was known as *Prusa ad Olympum*. The crusaders lived in Roman barracks when they stopped there. It was only after the Turks, led by Osman, the first Ottoman sultan, conquered the city in 1326 and made it their first capital in Asia Minor that Bursa really came into its own. The Mosque of Orhan, the covered bazaar, the Yeşil Cami, and the Yeşil Türbe, in which lie the tombs of the early Ottomans, are still there. They are among the most beautiful examples of Islamic architecture on earth.

Still in Bursa too is the spirit that sent the Turks out of central Asia across the world. On one visit our 90-year-old taxi driver told us in good but rusty English about his experience helping to organize workers in the copper mines of Montana with Joe Hill in the first decade of this century.

Another time a seller of Bursa's renowned towels (the original Turkish towel) offered to give me three dozen small towels free if I would pass them out to other foreigners in Ankara with the promise that the recipients could buy a whole set of towels from him at half price if they would come to his shop.

What had changed in Bursa between 1970 and 1980 was the tempo of life. When we first visited the city, most notable were the ranks of men sitting contentedly in the teahouses or trooping leisurely back and forth between the baths. From 1980 to 1981 the same groups swirled through the shops morning and evening and scurried up and down the road to Yalova on shift changes for the factory complexes that run for miles outside the city. A Turkish-made automobile is produced in Bursa. Driving along the Yalova road one night, I did not find it remarkable that several lots were jammed with new cars. I assumed that this was stock awaiting shipment. The surprise came when I was told that the vehicles belonged to the workers in the adjacent plants, which glowed and hummed even at 11:00 P.M. (A note of realism was introduced when my informant added that one sees more cars at night because that was when most of the plants operated. Often, during the day, there was not enough electric power for them.)

Two other outings that we enjoyed in the happy first half of 1981 merit passing mention. They shed little light on Turkey, but they were very much the consequences of our "being in Turkey" (which is the subject of this chapter). In all foreign service "hardship" posts, of which Ankara was one because of the terrorism and hideous wintertime smog, a two-year assignment entitles one to a rest and recreation (R and R) trip to another area with the U.S. government paying for the travel ticket. R and R, legally the prerogative of all embassy staff, is extended by custom also to ambassadors—who normally suffer few hardships. Rome was Ankara's "R and R point," and the equivalent price of a ticket there took Edith and me as far as Aswan in Egypt. Here after a trip by steamer up the Nile from Luxor, we spent our thirtieth wedding anniversary at the Old Cataract Hotel, in which Agatha Christie's *Death on the Nile* begins. (We recalled there another benefit of foreign service life: we had spent our first anniversary in Swat in the Himalayas of northwest Pakistan.)

The second trip outside Turkey that came as a result of "being there" was in March 1981. We went to visit Naples and the Southern Command of NATO. The U.S. commander in chief, Admiral William Crowe, an old friend, during a visit to Ankara had invited Sir Peter Laurence, the British ambassador, to visit the headquarters. Sir Peter—and Her Majesty's government—were eager for the trip. So was the admiral who put a premium on increased British interest in the Mediterranean.

However, neither London nor NATO could find funds for Peter's travel expenses. Fortunately, our defense attaché had to go to Naples for a training course about the same time, and the C-12 aircraft was not otherwise in demand. The U.S. Department of Defense, reasonably flexible on the use of the airplane within Turkey, would authorize travel outside the country only for a matter deemed to be of special national interest by the ambassador. On the trip to and from Naples, U.S.-British cooperation in the eastern Mediterranean was solidified over thermoses of Bloody Marys. At NATO headquarters in Naples, the process continued through three days of hard work. Also, we finally got to see Capri and Sorrento.

Travel is not the only delight of "being in Turkey." For those who are interested, shopping can become addictive. During our 18 months in 1980 and 1981, the Turkish lira dropped from some 48 to 180 to the dollar. The very sound aim was an increase in Turkish exports, but some of the benefits rubbed off on foreigners buying goods in Turkey. For the acquisitive diplomat, the bazaars were an encouragement to addiction: brass, copper, leather, cloth, glass, china, and a thousand varieties of handicrafts, almost all of a higher quality and at a lower price than anywhere else in Europe.

Strangely, for people who had just spent almost four years in East Africa, where few beguiling goods are available, we remained relatively untempted. Edith abstained almost entirely, always preferring a trip to an archeological site to a purchase in the bazaar. I fell prey to a single virus only, *hali hastasi*, "the rug sickness." The carpets in our home in Washington now lie three layers thick. Turkish rugs, the familiar ones tied with an intricate Ghorides knot, and the lesser-known *kilims*, flat weaves of fine wool, are superb. However the pleasure of it all lies almost as much in the comparing, bargaining, buying, and exchanging as in the possession, and the quality of the tea and conversation surrounding an acquisition is as high as that of the rug itself.

I arrived in Ankara on February 21, 1980, presented my credentials to the president on February 26, and bought my first *kilim* on March 2. It was a tattered but glowing Yürük for the equivalent of \$30 at a tiny shop in the Fuar Pasaji in old Ankara, which was well-known among the U.S. community as "Cheap Charlie's." My last acquisition, a perfect pastel Adiyaman, was tucked into a suitcase on August 16, 1981, just before boarding the plane home from Istanbul. In the intervening 18 months, I drank numerous cups of tea, sneezed countless times from the dust of the shops, and learned as best I could the exotic lore of the trade. This begins, quite comprehensibly, by distinguishing between tied and woven carpets, antique and modern ones, tribal- and shop-made, and between Chinese, Indian, Persian,

Kazakh, and Turkish. It goes on to such intricacies of tribes, knots, symbols, dyes, fringes, colors, and dates as to bewilder an astrologist.

Hunting was another way of getting away occasionally from foreign office formalities, policy problems, and bureaucratic banalities. The Turks are a nation of hunters, and while in Istanbul from 1970 to 1972 I had occasionally gone along with friends after wild duck. My success was always very limited, and usually I bought a couple of birds from a local farmer to take home. From 1975 to 1979 in East Africa, still a paradise for sports enthusiasts, I developed no desire to procure heads, horns, or skins for the wall. But commercially produced meat was expensive and sometimes unavailable in Dar es Salaam, and during the hunting season I went into the bush every few weeks to bring home one of Tanzania's 20 different kinds of antelopes for the table. Back in Turkey I continued an occasional excursion on the Anatolian plateau, liberally populated in the winter by *kaz* (geese) and *yabani dolmuz* (wild pig). Since my skills had improved considerably in East Africa, the table at the residence in Ankara benefited accordingly.

The geese that spend the winter around the *Tuz Gölü* (salt lake) a hundred miles south of Ankara are fat and numerous. Wild boar abound near Eskişehir, Bolu, and Kizilcahamam. As with carpets the real pleasure lies on the periphery of the hunt. A weekend stalking in the mountains or sitting in a snow-covered field with a local villager was one of my few opportunities to talk with a Turk beyond official circles. It was also almost the only time when I had both the need and opportunity to use whatever knowledge I had of the Turkish language.

Walking the mountains to the east of Bursa with a shepherd (who made all three kills of that day's boar hunt), we chatted of sheep, wool, and carpets. I asked him just what was a *Yürük*, a name often used synonymously with "nomad" in labeling rugs. He said a *Yürük* was a "real" Turk. I inquired if that meant that a *Yürük* came from a particular tribe or place. My companion said no; they could come from any place, but they had to be "real" Turks. "How can you tell a *Yürük*?" I asked. Counting carefully on his fingers, he said that *Yürüks* live in tents, not houses; they eat meat and cheese, not grain and vegetables; they raise animals, not crops; they are strong and courageous, not weak and timid. "Are you a *Yürük*?" I asked. "No," he said. "There is only one from our village. He is a dentist and lives in Istanbul." Somewhat bemused, I went over the conversation later with several Turkish sociologists and historians in Ankara. They said that the shepherd was right but were unable to add to my understanding of *Yürüks*. To this day I am not sure just what they are—but I think that I admire them.

On another winter day, while we waited in the dawn for the geese to rise from the Tuz Gölü, an elderly farmer told me of how his father had come out of the east to fight with Atatürk and had been rewarded with a few acres of land nearby. He and his sons had prospered. They had acquired more land; life was good. When I asked my companion what he preferred, rule by the generals or the right to elect his own member of parliament, he said he wanted both. I suggested that this was difficult. He replied that it was not hard if he did not insist on both at the same time and explained his willingness to forgo representative government for a little while if that would ensure that he could have it later. "What happens if it doesn't work that way?" I asked. "We'll take care of things ourselves," he replied. How serious he was about this, I do not know, but he brought me back to his house by 8:00 A.M. with a dozen geese.

Unforgettable moments, so important in any life, did not, of course, come only in the carpet shop and on the hunting field. One occurred, for example, in June 1980 at the graduation ceremony of the nursing school of the Admiral Bristol Hospital in Istanbul. Each year the U.S. ambassador gives an address and hands out diplomas. Behind this lies a half century of tradition. A World War I U.S. Navy admiral, Marc L. Bristol, commanded the small U.S. element in the allied occupation of defeated Turkey. Unlike his British, French, and Greek colleagues, Bristol sided with the occupied and supported Atatürk's infant republic. The admiral was also the driving force behind the establishment of a new hospital to care for the horde of refugees pouring back from the relinquished Ottoman territories.

Over the years the hospital has become one of Turkey's leading medical institutions and has retained its U.S. flavor. Its nursing school was the first to be established in Turkey and has done much to help its graduates receive recognition in a society in which nursing had for centuries been a menial's task. Even now most of the students are from poor families—taking their first step up on the social scale and their first venture into the modern world. Their proud relatives, dressed up in "city clothes," cheered my halting efforts in Turkish, demolished the refreshments set up for them, and kept a wary eye on the back door of the hall, which led into the dormitory of a notoriously leftist high school whose students were given to rioting and demonstrating on almost any pretext.

The graduate nurses accepted their modest gifts (limited to a fountain pen each so that even the poorest would not be slighted) and glowed with joy. After four years of toil, most of them would now become "the great soul" of their simple families. They exuded hope and confidence in a country that at this point was racked with political turmoil and economic de-

spair. They were visibly proud of their connection with the United States. At the ceremony that concluded the program, each first-year nursing student received her cap from a graduate. As the flame passed from candle to candle in the dim hall, tears were in almost every eye. The Turks, for all their reputation, are not a stolid people at times like this. Neither were the U.S. citizens who exited with damp handkerchiefs in hand.

Familiar holidays tend to be particularly poignant occasions when one is living abroad, especially if the day is alien to the history and culture of the host country—as Christmas is throughout the Muslim world. Yet the Turks are flexible on this also. In their *Noel Baba* (Christmas Grandfather) they have provided another in the long line of incarnations that began with St. Nicholas—who after all came from Myra in southwestern Turkey where his church still stands. The Ministry of Forests sends potted pine trees as gifts to the embassies. *Noeliniz kutlu olsun!* (“May Your Christmas Be Happy!”) is heard, at least in the cities, together with *Yeni yildiniz kutlu olsun!* (“Have a Happy New Year!”). By tradition, the principal officer in a U.S. overseas mission offers Christmas dinner to all of the staff not committed to more personal celebrations, and the medieval feeling of “deck the halls and open the gates” is very real.

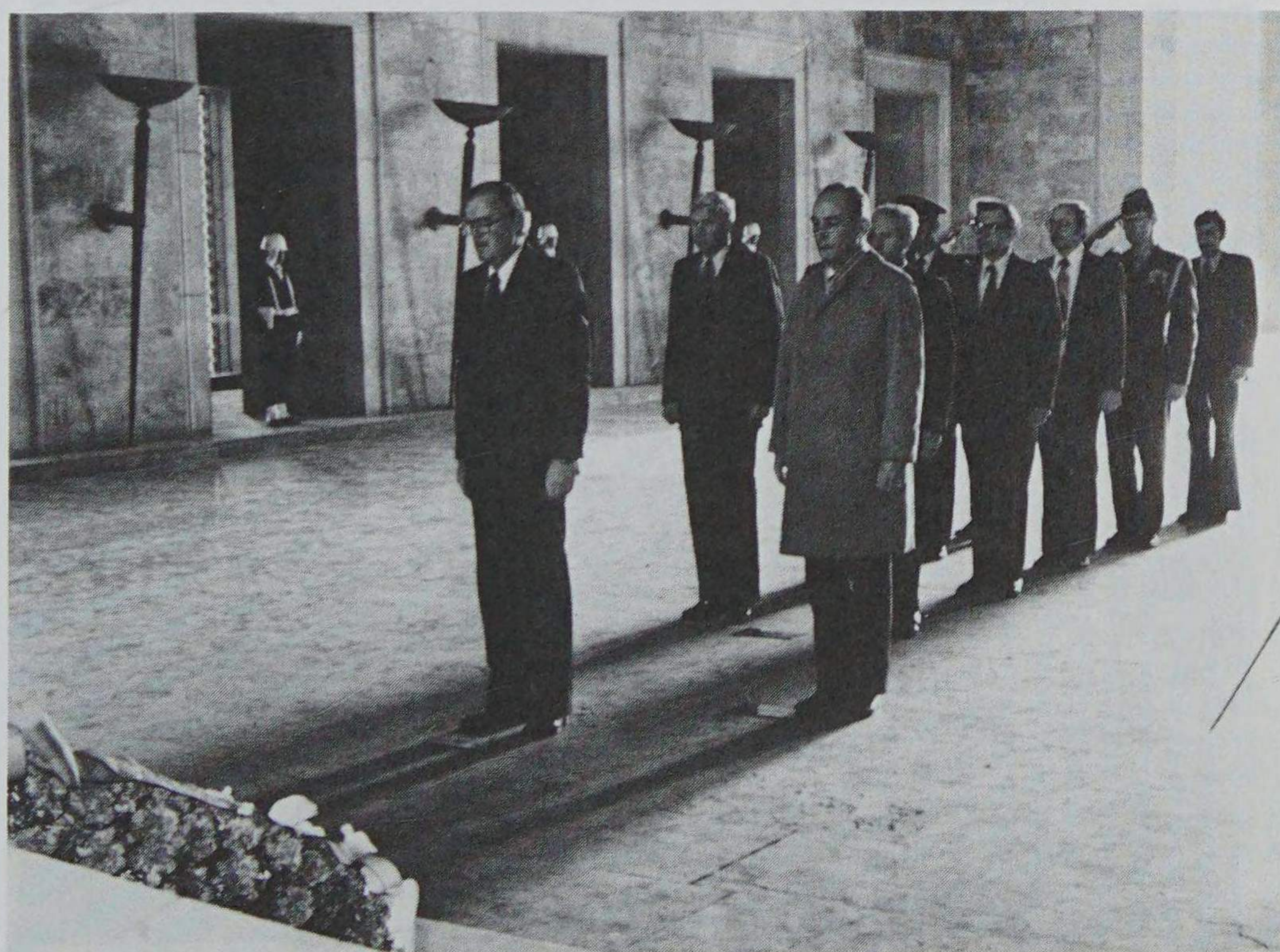
New Year’s Eve in Turkey also has a charm that for us transcended that of the crowds in Times Square or Lawrence Welk on television. For December 31, 1980, the three-month-old military regime extended the midnight curfew, which had been in effect since its takeover, to 2:00 A.M. Again in accordance with tradition, Edith and I, dressed in our very best, went off to the residence of the British ambassador in the compound on Çankaya Hill where the notorious spy code-named Cicero stole from the embassy’s safe the plans for the Normandy invasion to be delivered by Ambassador Von Papen to an unbelieving Hitler.

At 1:00 A.M. we left the glittering diplomatic gaiety of the house with its great staircase, eighteenth century oils of Sir Peter’s long-gone predecessors, multitudinous candles, long dresses, gleaming jewelry, and elegantly frayed dinner suits. The next stop, equally required by tradition, was the quarters of the Marine Security Guard, which protected our embassy. Here the dozen young men upon whom we depended for so many things were providing for the bulk of the U.S. community’s abundant food, more than adequate liquor, and proof that people born in the United States dance better and more joyfully than other peoples. When the curfew came at 2 A.M., one of the young marines changed into uniform and slipped through the door to go over to the chancery for his shift of guard duty. The rest of the crowd locked the door behind him and stayed for breakfast.

In recent pages no policies have been decided, no diplomatic notes handed over, no demarches made. But the people, places, and events described are very dear to us. I suspect that in old age Edith and I will find ourselves cherishing this part of our "being in Turkey" more than the formal official part of our stay there.



Ready to present credentials: the Country Team, the Residence Staff, and bodyguards, Ankara, February, 1980.



Laying of a wreath at Atatürk's tomb, Ankara, February, 1980



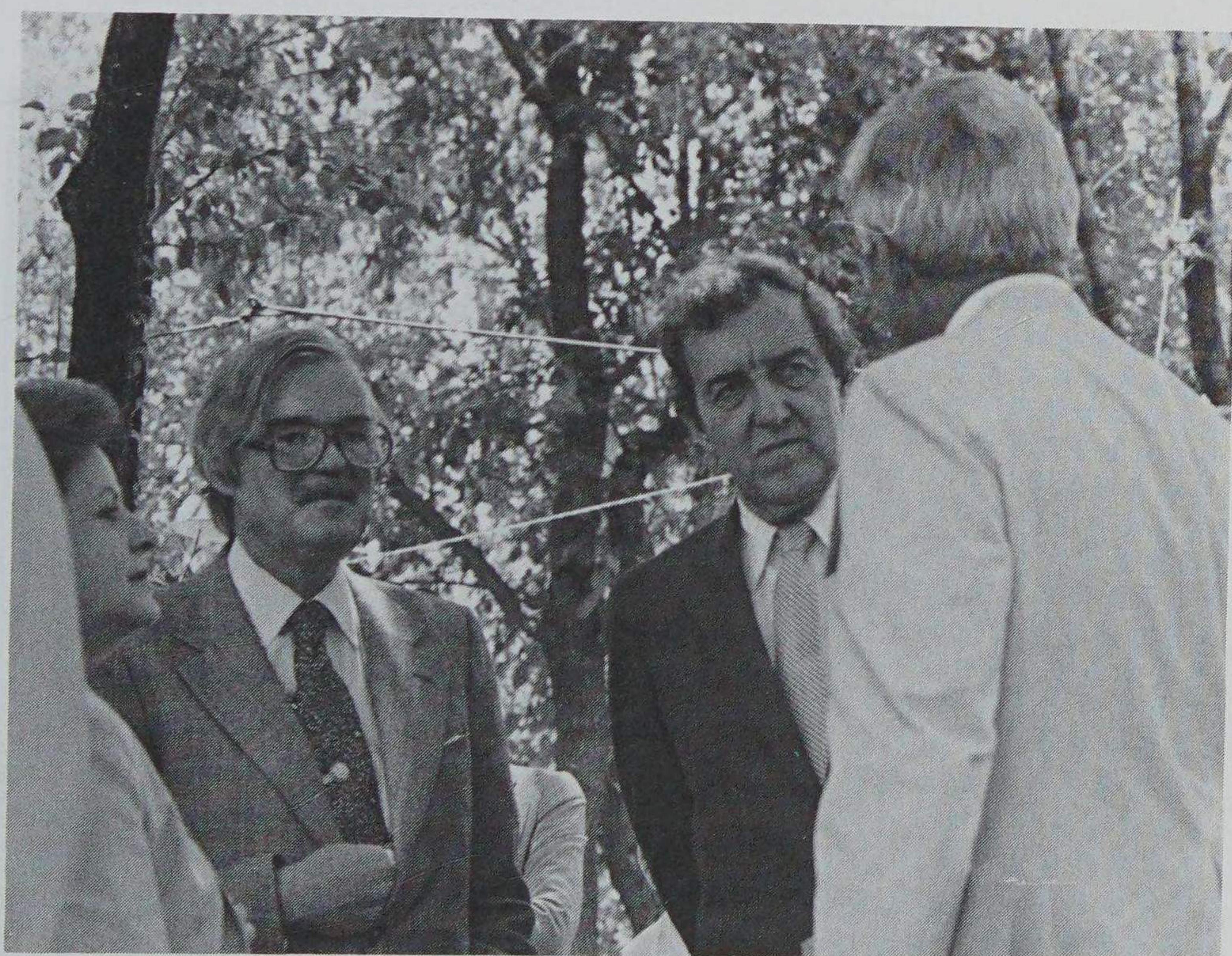
Turkish Foreign Minister Hayrettin Erkmen and the American Ambassador sign the Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement. March 29, 1980



Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel ushers in a caller. Ankara, June 1980



Soviet Ambassador to Turkey Alexey Rodionov and Mrs. Rodionov receive a guest at their 1980 National Day Reception



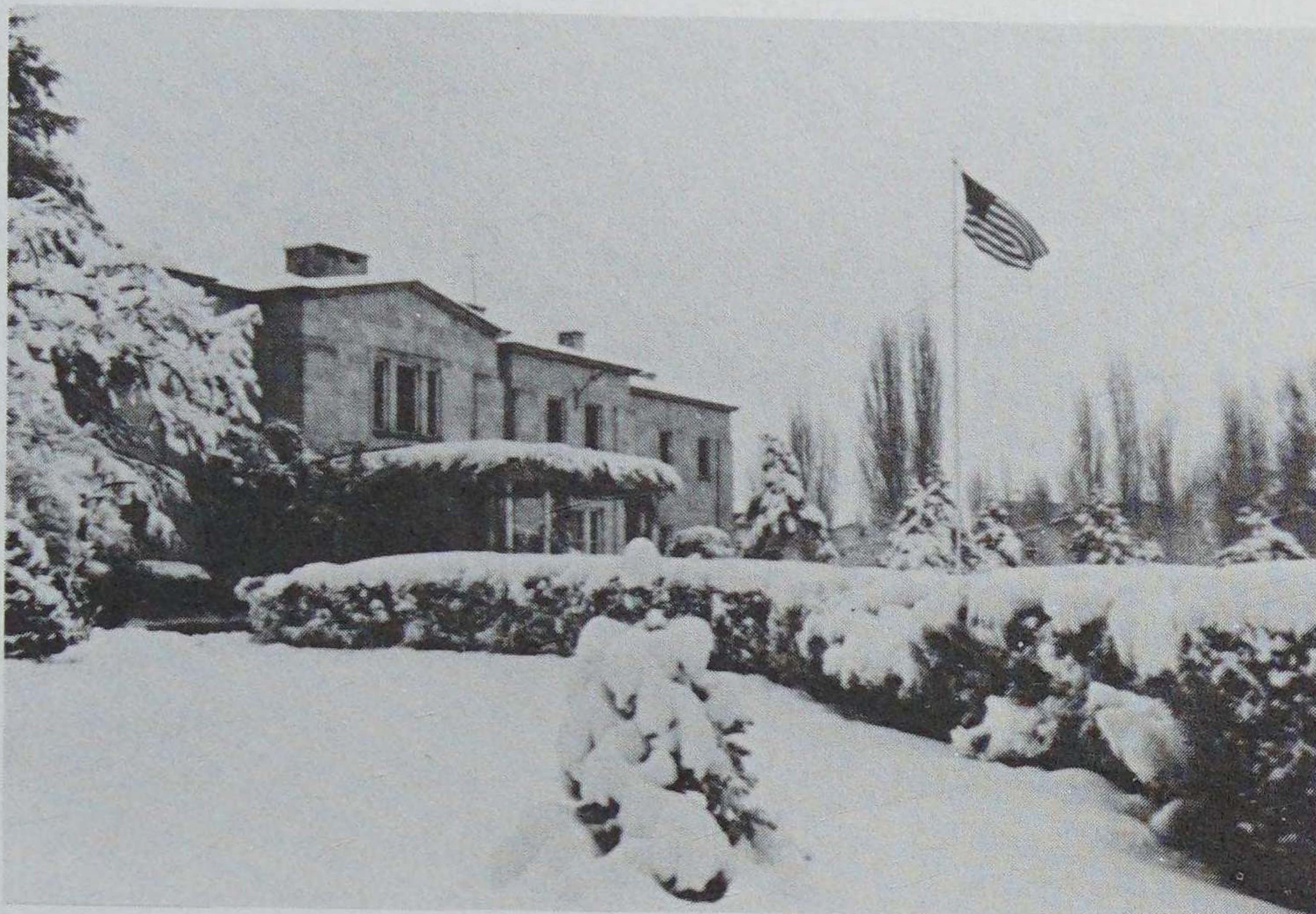
Secretary of State and Mrs. Edmund Muskie in the Embassy Garden in Ankara. Deputy Chief of Mission Robert Dillon on the right. June 24, 1980



General David Jones, Chairman of the US Joint Chiefs of Staff, and General Necdet Özto-run, Deputy Chief of the Turkish General Staff, Ankara, November 1980.



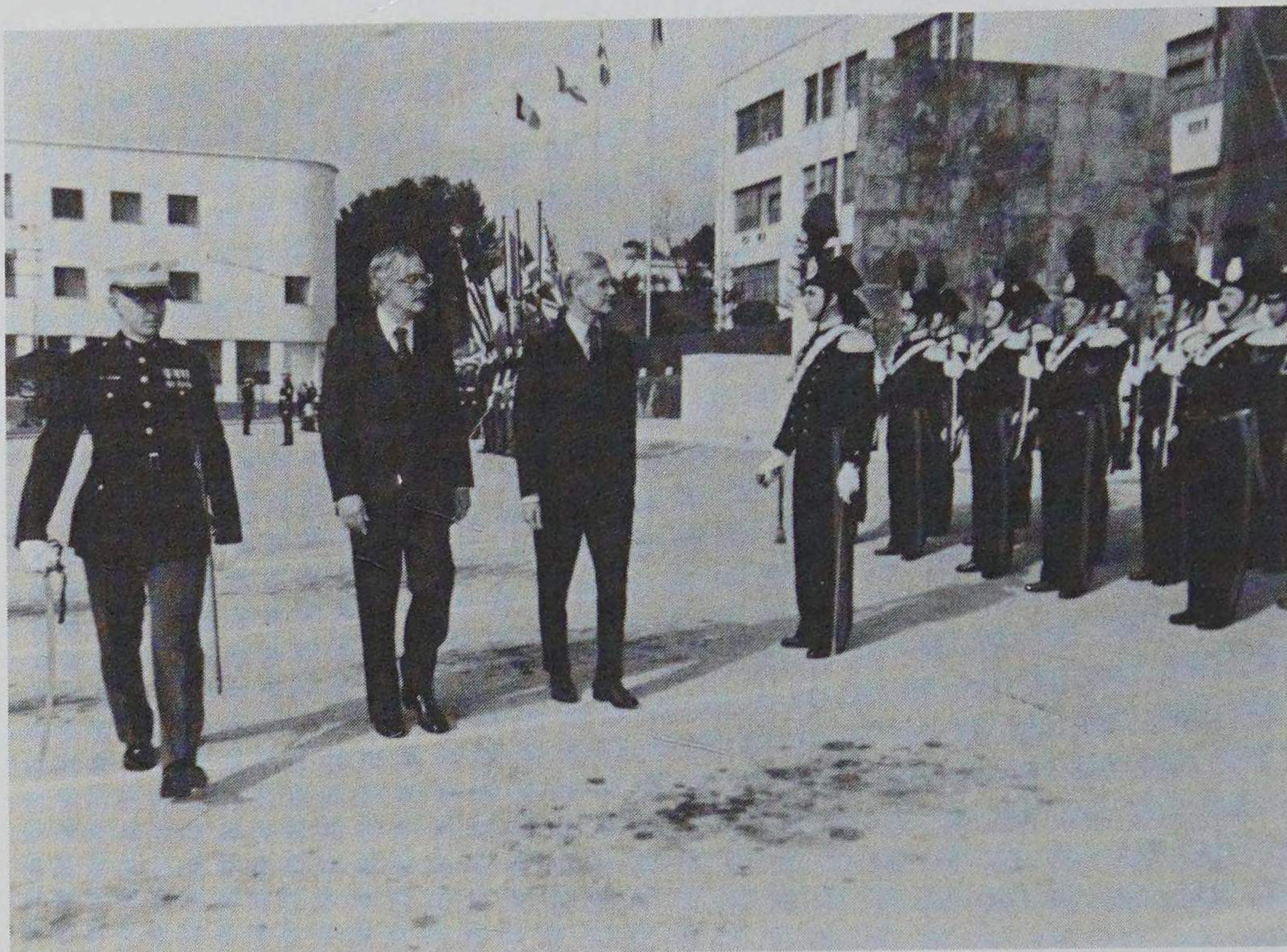
President Kenan Evren greets the American Ambassador on Republic Day, October 29, 1980.



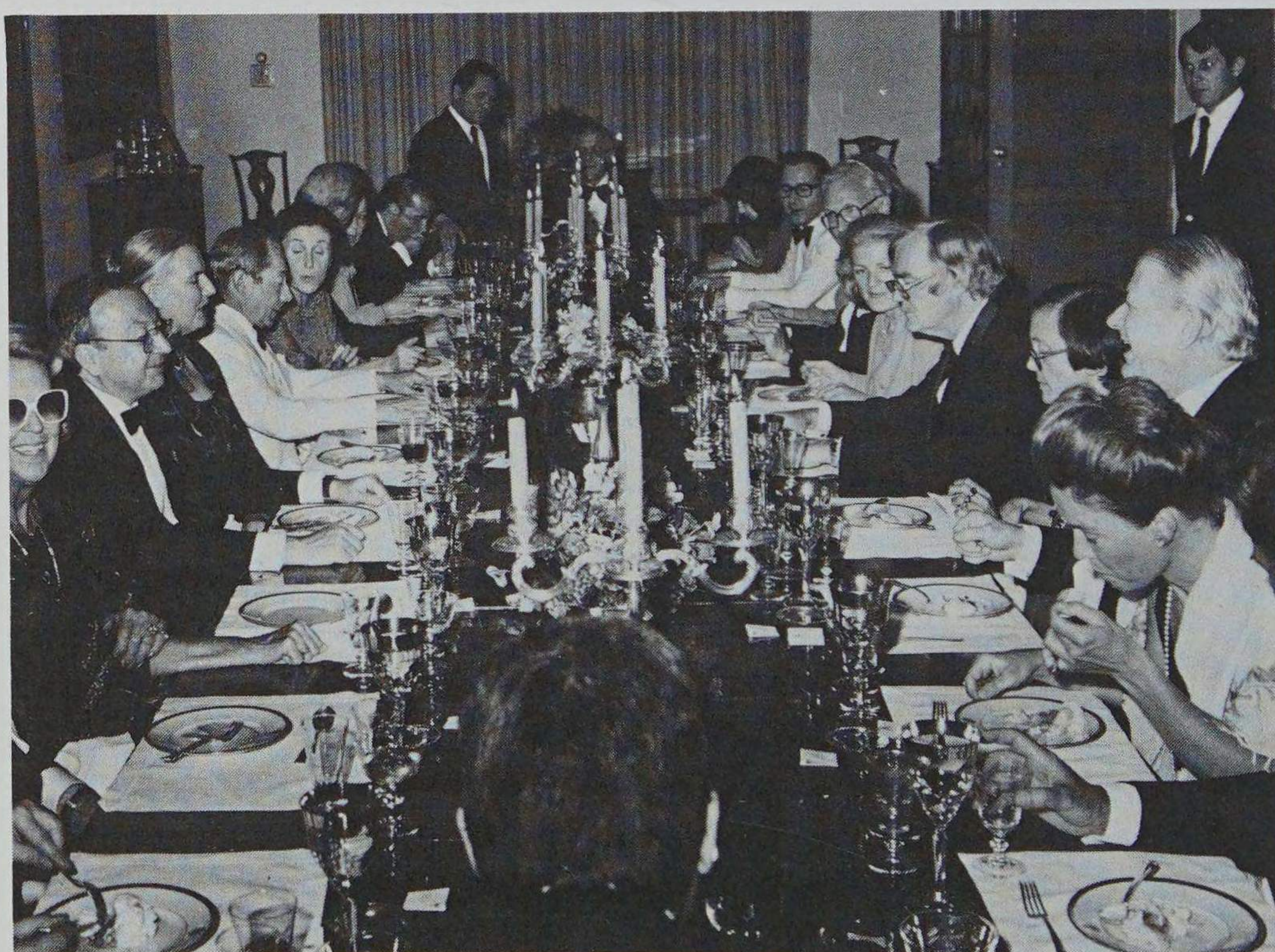
The Embassy Residence, Ankara, Winter, 1981.



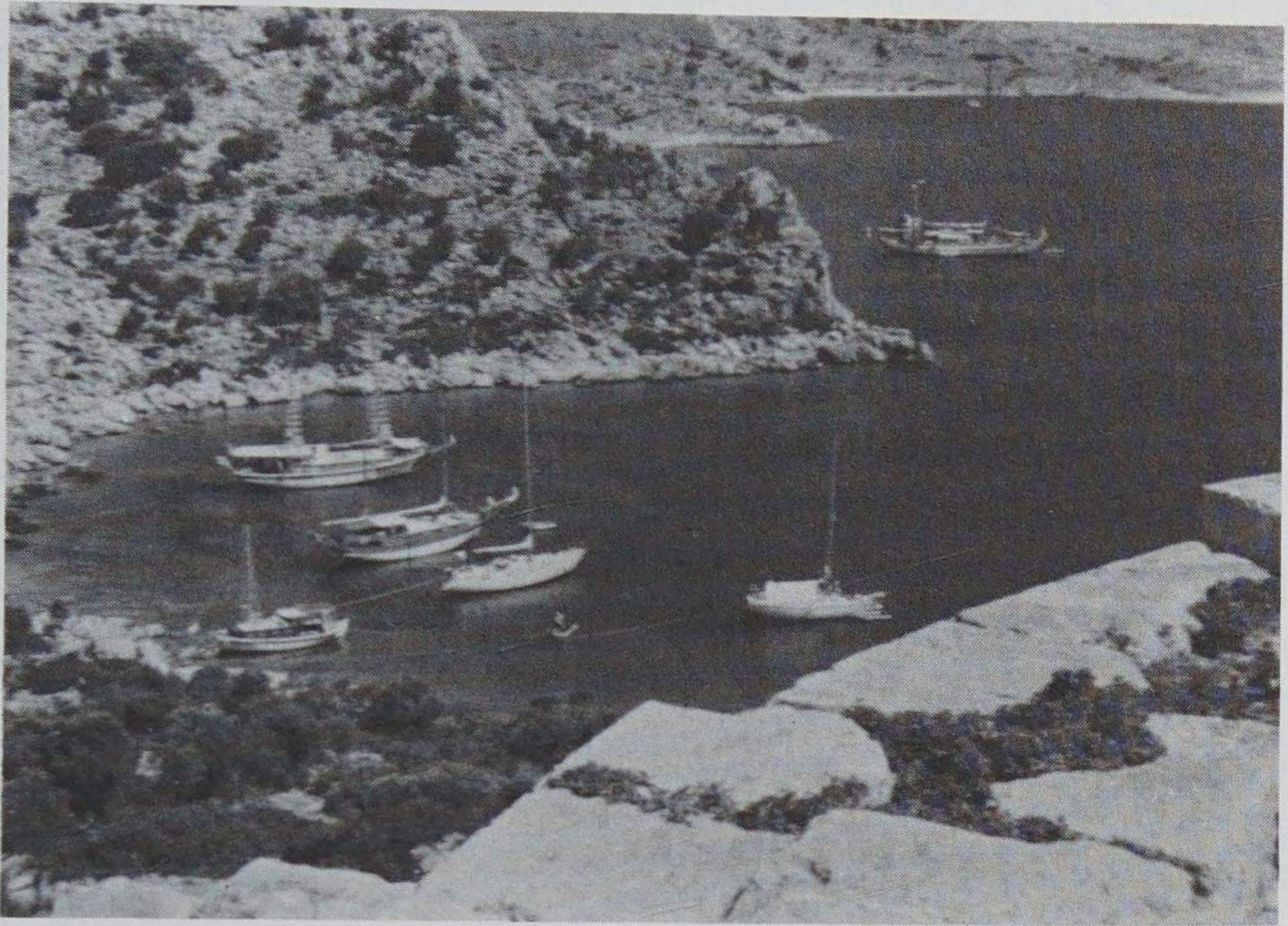
Alagayik Apaydin, long-time Turkish staff adviser to the American Embassy in Ankara, retires. February 6, 1981



Honors for their visiting Excellencies, the British and American Ambassadors to Turkey, at Allied Forces for Southern Europe NATO Command, Naples, March 9, 1981.



Dinner at the American Residence in honor of Turkish Foreign Minister and Mrs. Ilter Turkmen (Center, opposite). June 13, 1981. French, British, German, Greek, Norwegian, Danish ambassadors, wives, and Embassy staff surround.



The Gonul II (upper left) on the Mediterranean Coast, June 1981.



Aphrodisias. Director Kenan Erim (center), visitors, and work. August 1980



Chinese Ambassador and Mrs. Wang Yueyi (and interpreter) bring a gift to the American National Day, July 4, 1981.



The Ankara Diplomatic Corps gives a departing colleague his farewell silver bowl. Surrounding the Dean, Apostolic Nuncio Monsignor Salvatore Asta: Chile, Korea, Poland, Argentina, Switzerland, the Netherlands, the United Kingdom, Mexico, France, the American Minister Dick Boehm.

Being an AEP

There is nothing so miraculous about man as his birth—except perhaps his becoming an AEP (ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary). This is almost equally true for political and career appointments. One new administration rewards its campaign contributors and defeated candidates. Another bestows credentials almost at random on favored journalists and academics. Sometimes the State Department pays great attention to language and other qualifications in finding just the right foreign service officer to recommend to the White House for a given embassy. On other occasions it keeps throwing a career officer “whose time has come,” regardless of qualifications, at the president for any and every embassy that happens to be open.

In my own case, the road to the residence at the top of Çankaya Hill in Ankara began, I suppose, when I first joined the foreign service of the United States in 1951. Another milepost would have been in 1963, when I returned to the foreign service after having quit some years earlier in favor of academic life. Assignment to Istanbul as consul general in 1970 diverted my interest from South Asia, and I went on to be deputy chief of mission in Ankara from 1973 to 1974. My appointment as ambassador to Tanzania in 1975 under President Ford was another turn in the road. This last came about because (a) my predecessor in Dar es Salaam had provoked Secretary Kissinger’s wrath by his involvement in a ransoming of U.S. students kidnapped by terrorists, (b) a new ambassador was needed promptly, (c) I was available in Washington, and (d) the secretary’s newly decreed global outlook program (GLOP) prevented my assignment in the Near East/South Asia area in which I had previously done all my service.

My luck held when the Ford administration was replaced by that of President Carter. No outsider with an interest in Tanzania and a claim to party reward appeared, and my formal resignation submitted after the November 1976 election was not accepted. Indeed, within a very short time I was deeply involved in the vigorous new Carter administration approach to Africa, including its efforts to promote the independence of Rhodesia and Namibia.

President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, chairman of the "Front Line States" of Tanzania, Zambia, Mozambique, Botswana, and Angola, the dominant force in black southern Africa, was the first African chief of state to be invited by President Carter to Washington for an official visit in August 1977. As is customary, I accompanied President Nyerere, and in three action-packed days got to know our new president and renewed earlier acquaintance with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, and Assistant Secretary of State for Africa Richard Moose.

In the ambassadorial business, as in others, it is useful to be where the action is, and in the next two years we had plenty of action in U.S.-U.K.-Tanzania cooperation seeking a solution for Rhodesia. One facet of this, important in personal as well as policy terms, occurred in 1978. Cyrus Vance was to meet in London with David Owen, the British foreign secretary, to discuss the next steps on Rhodesia. A new draft plan had been prepared for them. On arriving in London the night before the meeting, it occurred to Vance that African reaction to the plan would be important. He asked that an immediate cable be sent to me querying what I thought that reaction would be.

During my time in Tanzania, I had gotten on friendly terms and had frequent informal chats with President Nyerere. It turned out that the president was spending a quiet evening at home that night, and when I telephoned he told me to come along. Without explaining the context of my inquiry, I asked him what he would think of each of the various elements of the plan. I sent my cable to London about midnight. Secretary Vance read it on his way to next morning's meeting—which David Owen closed by remarking that the important thing now was what the Front Line States would think of the new U.S.-English approach. Vance was able to tell him—and Jim Spain was established as an ambassador who produced.

The reward for this, after another two years in Dar es Salaam, was a request to go to the U.S. Mission to the United Nations (USUN) in New York to be Andrew Young's principal deputy there. Having been confirmed by the Senate for this post, I was back in Tanzania saying goodbye when Andy was blown out of the water as a result of his covert meeting with

the Palestine Liberation Organization representative in New York. President Carter's subsequent appointment to replace Young with professional United Nations expert Donald McHenry, previously the number three man at USUN, and the consequent desire for a political figure in the number two job, ended my New York assignment before it had really begun.

The first indication that my ambassadorial career was not also ended came at a White House swearing-in ceremony for McHenry to which he graciously invited me. When I went through the receiving line for the usual nominal handshake with President Carter, the president volunteered that he appreciated what I had done in the past and that he knew Secretary Vance had high confidence in me. He added that he and Cy had been talking about what I should do next, at which time he turned to the next person in the receiving line. So did I, giving the vice-presidential hand a very quick shake in order to get on to Cy Vance to find out what was in the wind. The secretary had just begun "The president and I were talking . . ." when Walter Mondale cheerfully but firmly pronounced, "Can't you State Department fellows get your business done in the office? You are holding up the line for the president!" And that, of course, was that for that day at least. Some ten days later a telephone call came from one of Vance's assistants in the State Department: Was it true that I spoke Turkish? Yes, a little, anyway. Would I like to go to Ankara to replace Ron Spiers who was coming back to head a bureau in the department? Yes, indeed I would! Fine, the secretary and the president would be pleased. Come in tomorrow and start the paperwork. INT

Getting to Turkey did not turn out to be that simple. The country was between prime ministers, Bülent Ecevit having resigned after defeats for his party in by-elections. A cautious deputy secretary of the State Department, Warren Christopher, decided to wait for a couple of weeks before asking the government of Turkey for *agrément* to my appointment, which would let them know officially that the United States planned to change ambassadors. He speculated that Ankara might read some kind of a message into our move during a period of political instability there.

Eventually, former Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel formed a government. The request for *agrément* was sent. The government of Turkey, behaving normally, took three weeks to respond. By this time, it was mid-December with the Senate about to recess for the Christmas holiday. If I could get Senate confirmation before the recess, our household effects could be sent right away and be in Ankara soon after our planned arrival about February 1. We pressed embassy Ankara to check on the *agrément*, to expedite it if possible, and to get word to us immediately. The embassy

got a favorable response but reported it by routine rather than immediate telegram, which took three days to reach the department.

After that, the presidential appointments office in the State Department managed to lose another day getting the final papers to the White House. At my urging this office sent along a note indicating that it did not matter which day the White House announced the nomination, but that it was urgent that it be sent to the Senate at once in order to ensure action before adjournment. The White House staff did its best. It remembered it had two things to do, one of them urgent. It announced the nomination at once and took another couple of days to get the papers over to the Senate.

Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and the committee staff chief had already indicated their willingness to try to waive the rule that nominations must lie before it for six days before action. The prospect of sending off our household goods and making definite plans for a civilized trip six weeks hence were very near. The image of a warm family Christmas, coupled with a holiday swearing-in ceremony at which our children could be present, glimmered in our eyes.

Suddenly, a committee staff member, a former foreign service officer, now head of the Republican minority staff, who considered himself expert on all things concerning the State Department, took a hand. He indicated that there were problems about which he wished to confer with Senator Jacob Javits of New York, the ranking minority member of the committee. The possibility of a waiver of the six-day rule and completion of the hearing, recommendation, and Senate floor vote before recess went out the window.

In due course, the minority staff member revealed his problem. It had to do with the fact that after I had left the foreign service the first time and when I was working on an advanced degree at Columbia, I had earned my living as an analyst for the Central Intelligence Agency. Wasn't it dangerous, the solicitous staff member insisted, to send someone with a CIA connection to violence-ridden Turkey? Remember the CIA man who had been assassinated in Greece after he was identified a few years earlier! Did the State Department as usual not know what it was doing? A few days later the staff aide popped up with another problem. My biography, taken routinely from the files, which had been submitted with the nomination, did not show any CIA connection. Information was being withheld from the Senate!

It soon became clear that Senator Javits had taken up his servitor's cause. He produced an additional reason for concern: failure to tell the government of Turkey about the connection was deceitful. It would lead to bad relations when Ankara found out. Clearly, Javits and his myrmidon were working up to a suggestion that the nomination be withdrawn.

not
Graham?

With considerable courage, the Department of State began a defense. The secretary, the deputy secretary, the under secretary of political affairs, the deputy under secretary for management, and the director general of the foreign service all knew about the ancient CIA connection and had taken it into account before the proposal to send me to Turkey had ever been cleared with the president. The assistant secretary of state for congressional affairs said this in a letter to the committee and repeated the department's and the president's desire to go ahead. This more than satisfied the chairman of the committee, but within a short time, rumbling of Javits's continued dissatisfaction reappeared.

This time, Secretary Vance talked to the senator personally. The secretary agreed to send over an amended biography to include mention of the agency connection before the hearings. He also sent a cable to my predecessor, who was still in Ankara, asking his view of probable Turkish government reaction to the agency connection if it should appear. The answer was that the Turkish government probably did not care at all, but that it would not be wise to force it into a corner by raising the question. This, too, was passed to the chairman of the committee, who repeated his assurances that everything would be all right. Secretary Vance (whom I had not actually talked to since the brief meeting at the White House during Donald McHenry's swearing in) sent me an oral message to the effect that I need not worry: he was not going to let me be punished for good and honest service to my country.

When the Senate reconvened on January 21, 1980, there was no Foreign Relations Committee meeting the first week. As the week of January 28 began, there were three nominations in addition to my own before the committee: to Austria, to San Salvador, and to an Arms Control and Disarmament Agency post. Senator Jesse Helms was threatening a "hold" on the San Salvador nomination; Senator Javits on mine. Growing impatient, the chairman passed the word that he was not going to schedule hearings on any nominations unless these two were included. Next, news came that an arrangement had been worked out to provide for an executive session in which Javits could raise his objections. Immediately after that the committee would hear all the nominations and that would be that. Javits would simply be voted down if necessary.

Somehow, things got mixed up. My three colleagues' names came up at a public session, and Senator Helms made formal his "hold" on the nominee to San Salvador. The committee then went into executive session and I was called. Javits made his points. The chairman asked to go to a voting session. Other senators sought unsuccessfully to find a way to satisfy

Javits. The senator from New York insisted that the government of Turkey must be informed of the CIA connection and said he would vote against the nomination if the chairman insisted on going to an immediate vote. Senator Church postponed action until the next session of the committee.

This turned out to be a public hearing. Forty-five minutes of sensible and cogent questioning left a clear message. The committee was displeased about what it considered the administration's failure to follow up vigorously on the Cyprus problem, and it wanted me to do something about this when I went to Turkey. Senator S.I. Hayakawa went to considerable trouble to bring out my language and career qualifications. Senator Javits was not present, and it looked as if everything was all right.

As soon as the committee finished with me, it went into executive session to hear Deputy Secretary Warren Christopher, who had just returned from a trip to Pakistan in the wake of the invasion of Afghanistan. When Christopher returned to the department at the end of the afternoon, we got another shock. Javits had showed up during the executive session and with sound effects from his aide brought up the whole matter of my nomination again. He announced he would block it unless the government of Turkey was informed. Christopher had telephoned the secretary. The secretary had said that if informing the government of Ankara was the only way to get the nomination through, he would do so. Christopher conveyed this to Javits.

Together with my career colleagues in the department, I took exception to the decision on the grounds that the precedent was frightening, both constitutionally and in what it forebode for subsequent nominations of foreign service officers. If one senator could put a condition like this on the nomination of one ambassador, what would the future bring from his 99 colleagues on the appointment of 130 or more ambassadors? The secretary's reaction was simple. He and the president were convinced that I was the best man they had to send to Turkey. I wanted to go to Turkey. It was necessary to pacify Senator Javits in order to bring this about. The administration would worry about precedent later. Vance would leave to Deputy Secretary Warren Christopher and to me a decision on the best way to handle the matter with the Turkish government.

While I and a couple of colleagues sat by, Christopher telephoned the Turkish ambassador to Washington about 8:00 P.M. He talked about several unrelated matters and at the end mentioned that a senator wanted reassurances that our new ambassador's one-time connection with the CIA would not trouble the Turkish government. We all hoped that the Turkish ambassador, who had been in Washington only a few months, would not realize how unusual it was for the deputy secretary of state to be calling him

at night to gossip about his day. The ambassador did realize the significance of the call, of course. An extraordinarily competent diplomat who had previously been secretary general of the Turkish ministry of foreign affairs, he expressed no concern on his own part, indicating that he understood how U.S. officials move in and out of jobs and how innocent and legitimate analytical work for the agency could be. The only thing that concerned him was just why a particular senator insisted on this procedure. He wondered if it was something that was designed to be used against the government of Turkey later. In any event, he would pass word to Ankara.

A few nights later, the Turkish ambassador and I stood together in his residence to receive 50 guests at a gala black-tie dinner in Edith's and my honor. Neither of us showed any tension, and the dinner went off without a hitch, except for a few tense minutes when a Turkish journalist began to admonish one of the guests, a senator who was also a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, about the delay in confirming my nomination. The senator finessed nicely, and the matter was dropped.

In another reversal of tactics, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee now decided to send the four nominations before it to the floor with a recommendation for approval but also with a "hold" on mine and that of Robert White to San Salvador; that is, they were not to be voted on until the committee said so. The Senate then went into recess from February 9 to 17 for the annual Jefferson-Jackson-Lincoln Day politics. As we waited for reconvening on February 17, an ironic footnote appeared. I discovered that the vote of the committee in favorably recommending my nomination to the floor had been 9 to 1, with Javits voting in favor. The sole negative vote had been cast by Senator Hayakawa. This left me somewhat confused, since the senator from California had been helpful in bringing out my qualifications during the testimony. Word of mouth from the committee staff eventually provided an explanation. Hayakawa had concluded that after the Javits intervention the nomination was too mixed up with stupidity and danger for him to be able to favor it. As far as I could see, this might have been the most rational bit of thinking demonstrated in the whole episode. However, neither the press nor the public noticed it, and no questions were asked.

On February 14, appropriately St. Valentine's Day, the Turkish ambassador informed Warren Christopher (and privately, me) that a reply to his message had come from Ankara: the government of Turkey was not interested. No further consideration or action was required. Since no one had promised that the Turkish reply would be made available to Javits, we simply filed this comforting information in our minds. When the Senate reconvened, we received word that all members of the committee who had joined

Javits in the "hold" on the floor vote had removed their "hold." Almost immediately afterward, a call came from Javits's aide to say that *he* was not going to remove *his* hold until he had details of a "no objection" response from the government of Turkey. Tempted to tell him to perform the conventional impossible anatomical action, the department official who took the call settled for the easy way to end the matter and gave him the substance of the government of Turkey's reply.

On February 17, about three o'clock in the afternoon, unnoticed by senators, galleries, and press alike, in the usual automatic way, unanimous agreement was given on the Senate floor to my nomination, and the long duel was over. On February 18 the necessary final shuffling of papers in the White House and the department was completed. On February 19 I was sworn in with my wife Edith holding the Bible and two of our four children present. Secretary Vance was out of the country and Deputy Secretary Christopher made the usual pleasant remarks. There was no sign of the shadows of the previous months. Since a Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement between the United States and Turkey was scheduled for signature on February 22, I left for Turkey on February 20. In the tradition of good foreign service wives, Edith stayed behind another ten days to do the packing and shipping of our effects, which could not be accomplished bureaucratically until I had actually been sworn in. By the first of March we were settled down in Ankara.

Just being in Turkey was an intensely enjoyable experience. Being an ambassador was a demanding—and a satisfying—one. Having just described the uncertain road to appointment, a few words are in order on the consequences of having successfully traveled that road—whether it is to Turkey or to some other country. The most obvious and immediate is a parchment signed by the president addressed to the appointee, whose home state is designated. It says in copperplate script: "Reposing special trust and confidence in your Integrity, Prudence, and Ability, I do hereby appoint you Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to. . . ." Two of the words are worthy of special note. One is *plenipotentiary*, that is, with full powers to act, not merely with a messenger's responsibility for delivery. The other is *prudence*. For reasons I have never been able to ascertain, prudence is peculiar to ambassadorial commissions. Only integrity and ability are noted in those of domestic officials.

When AEPs turn from parchment to newsprint, they do not find their full powers endorsed by popular opinion. As former Ambassador Kingman Brewster pointed out in 1981, the most likely question an ambassador can expect from a journalist these days is "Do you think ambassadors matter

anymore?" (*Newsweek*, May 4, 1981). Another news weekly summed it up a year earlier: "A few decades ago many aspects of U.S. policy toward a specific country were often set by the American ambassador and his staff at the scene. Today, even low-level decisions are made in Washington . . ." (*Time*, March 7, 1980). Smith Simpson points out that many people in the United States have come to think of diplomacy as "simply the activity of high officials in Washington and to ignore the global vascular system which keeps the diplomatic process working day and night in every country of the world" (*The Crisis in American Diplomacy* North Quincy, Mass.: Christopher, 1980).

Yet neither the development of electronic communications nor that of jet aircraft has in fact reduced the formidable legal powers and responsibilities of ambassadors. The authority that Benjamin Franklin wielded in Paris, Joseph Kennedy in London, and Averell Harriman in Moscow has, if anything, been reinforced in recent years. In the Foreign Service Act of 1980, Congress gave ambassadors "full responsibility for the direction, coordination, and supervision of all government employees" in the country to which they are accredited. Every recent president has reinforced this writ in individual letters. President Reagan's letter of September 22, 1981, for example, gives the receiving ambassador by name "full personal support" and charges the ambassador "to exercise full responsibility for the direction, coordination, and supervision of all United States Government officers and employees" in the country to which the ambassador is accredited. The president further urges his representative to recommend "alternative courses of action and policy proposals" and "legislative and executive policy changes" when necessary. Before the U.S. courts, only three people share responsibility for all official acts in or involving a given foreign country: the president, the secretary of state, and the ambassador.

Ironically, in a government that has elevated the creation of "job descriptions" to a high art, there exists to the best of my knowledge neither any list of qualifications for ambassadorial appointees nor any standard description of the duties of the position. Perhaps inspired by that word *prudence*, most commentators approach the subject in traditional terms. They describe the characteristics required by diplomats. When they talk of what ambassadors do, they seldom go beyond consideration of them as analysts, negotiators, and in a more formal sense representatives.

These functions *are* relevant. Like some of the great transnational corporations, U.S. government interests today are global, and it is necessary to have a representative almost everywhere. In Tanzania it was essential that our embassy judge the personality of President Julius Nyerere and then

the best way to cooperate with him as chairman of the Front Line States of southern Africa in working out the independence of Rhodesia. Mistakes in either analysis or negotiation would have set back the emergence of Zimbabwe and could have resulted in a Congo-like bloodbath.

In Turkey, as has been noted, in the 1980 Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement, we had to negotiate a comprehensive arrangement in a sensitive and strategic area. When the military regime took over in September 1980, we had to make an almost instant analysis of its nature and intentions on which rested hundreds of millions of dollars of aid and in part the future of NATO. The essentially static activities of analysis and negotiation, however, are only a part of what ambassadors do. Whether or not they have ever passed a bar exam, they must practice law. In Turkey I found myself arguing before the foreign ministry that under the Montreux Convention (which controls use of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles) U.S. missile-armed frigates had a right to passage, while Soviet helicopter aircraft carriers did not. The 50-year-old document itself mentions neither, limiting itself to a distinction between destroyers and cruisers and 10- and 14-inch guns. I won one point: we could go through. I lost the other: the Soviets could too.

On another occasion I was confronted with a proposal by an embassy staff member to tap without court order or indisputable evidence of wrongdoing the telephone in the hotel room of a suspected narcotics smuggler from the United States. Like every foreign service officer, I had learned early that the Constitution does not follow an individual U.S. citizen overseas. He is subject to local law. But where is the Constitution when it comes to affairs between two U.S. citizens overseas? The decision was not an easy one, since the connection between heroin passing through Turkey and crime and death in the streets of New York was a real one. However, I concluded, without any clear judicial precedent, that our cherished national document in spirit at least covers all of our activities among ourselves and vetoed the operation. No one at home or abroad ever took me to task.

The decisions on U.S. government aid and rescheduling of loans for Turkey described in some detail earlier demonstrate the role of the ambassador as economist and development expert. This role also has many manifestations. In regard to Turkey, for example, for years there had been a basic disagreement within the U.S. government over how both U.S. and Turkish interests could best be served in the agricultural field. The United States Agency for International Development (USAID) aimed to make Turkey self-sufficient in food production, thus releasing it from import costs and a potential cause of political unrest. The U.S. Department of Ag-

riculture (USDA), on the other hand, not only valued a food-short Turkey as a customer for surplus U.S. wheat under Public Law (PL) 480 but could put up a pretty good argument that purchase of cheap U.S. surplus food, while devoting scarce domestic resources to other purposes, was good for Turkey as well. A long time ago one of my predecessors in Ankara had opted for the former position, and the die had been cast. His choice seems to have been a good one, since by the time I returned in Ankara in 1980 Turkey was free of the need for both technical assistance and for PL 480 wheat purchases. Indeed it was paying for a significant portion of its oil imports through earnings from its own food surplus.

In 1975 in Tanzania the embassy faced an even more basic question of economic philosophy: should the free-market-oriented U.S. government make a contribution to development in a country that was not only generally hostile politically but whose highly socialized economy was deliberately anti-individual enterprise and anti-free market? Again, with a few dissenting voices our answer was positive—albeit limited and specific. Tanzania's agriculture, we concluded, had greater potential than industry or commerce. Socialists have to eat too. Foreign aid money was being used honestly, if not always effectively. As long as the United States was putting out some \$4 billion annually in foreign aid, Tanzania had a legitimate claim to \$10 million of it. So we devised and sent to Washington a relatively small technical assistance program concentrated almost entirely on increasing food production. Again, the choice seems to be holding up reasonably well.

The ambassador has another role, that of strategist. The broad outlines of strategy are developed in the State and Defense Departments and approved by the White House. However it is usually the ambassador in the field who plays out the strategic game in the real world. In Turkey big money was involved: a security assistance program running around \$400 million a year. (For FY 1984 this figure has been almost doubled.) Each year's program brought again the question of how much money was actually needed and how it could best be spent. As noted earlier, the Turks themselves were capable of underestimating as well as overestimating costs.

In fact, handling the security assistance money was often the easiest part of the game. Questions involving our facilities in Turkey could be more complicated. Some of the issues involved in negotiation of the 1980 DECA have already been mentioned, but others went back a long way. For example, during the 1973 Arab-Israeli war, when I was DCM in Ankara, the consul in Adana suddenly informed us that the U.S. Air Force unit at In-

✓ Incirlik had been ordered to go on a particular kind of alert, topping up fuel tanks, opening reserve supplies, strengthening perimeter guards, and so on. The reason for the increased activity could easily be guessed: a U.S. airlift was being organized for Israel. Known Turkish policy did not have to be guessed: NATO agreements did not cover use of USAF facilities at Incirlik for this kind of an operation, and the government of Turkey was not in the least likely to approve our doing so. Our USAF general in Ankara was able to tell Incirlik to stand by while we checked with U.S. Air Force Headquarters in Europe (USAFE). We found that some planner there, not unreasonably, had looked at a map, seen a pin for a USAF facility in Incirlik and another pin indicating a landing strip over 5,000 feet long. He confirmed that Incirlik was somewhere between the United States and Israel and ordered the unit there to the alert. When we explained that the runway pin on the map and the USAF facility pin were separate and equal, we got USAFE somewhat reluctantly to stand down. Moments later came a telephone call from the Turkish foreign ministry wanting to know just what we thought we were up to at Incirlik. I was able truthfully to say "nothing," and a crisis we had no need of at that particular moment was averted.

In 1981 we had a parallel flap with a reverse twist. Cryptic messages began drifting into the embassy indicating that the U.S. Air Force was seeking clearance for B-52 aircraft in eastern Turkey. We had heard of no authorized exercise, and with the Iran-Iraq war at a critical stage and Turkey's attitude toward it one of strict neutrality, we set out urgently to try to find out what was going on. The first place we tried in Air Force Headquarters in Europe claimed no knowledge. We were waiting for an answer to an immediate message to the Strategic Air Command (SAC) in Colorado, when the Turkish air force sent over a copy of a routine clearance that had been granted for a couple of B-52s to cross a corner of Turkish airspace as part of a routinely scheduled semiannual training exercise. A few minutes later, a polite SAC message confirmed this, obviously perplexed at what the excitement in Ankara was all about.

Ambassadors' role of strategist requires them to master a certain amount of knowledge about weapons. For those whose personal experience with aircraft may be limited to distinguishing between a Boeing 707 and a Boeing 727 (which is much more difficult, incidentally, than telling a Boeing 737 from a Boeing 747), there are the intricacies of F-4s, F-5s, F-15s, F-16s, F-18s, and F-20 fighters to be mastered. Large amounts of money and perhaps occasionally even war or peace depend on providing the right aircraft for the host country's security assistance inventory and making the right judgment on the reaction of the country next door—which may be as hostile to the host country as it is to the Soviet Union.

Strategy in its purest sense must also be mastered. In discussing with the Turks various possible variations for the regularly scheduled NATO exercises in 1980 and 1981, I found it difficult at first to understand why they were so skittish at new but minor operations proposed for the eastern part of the country. Turkey had always been adamant that every part of it, including the east, was as much a part of NATO as every other part. The proposals were clearly within the agreed NATO framework. They were not potentially provocative of the Soviet Union. They were not even, in fact, inspired by or relevant to recent increased U.S. interest in southwest Asia.

Finally a perceptive Turkish officer resolved the conundrum for me with a brief history lesson. He put it more subtly, but the theme went like this. In the 1950s NATO had agreed in the event of war on a defense of the Turkish Straits based in Anatolia, that is, one that accepted the loss of Thrace and Istanbul. As NATO and Turkey grew stronger militarily, they went over to a "forward defense"; that is, Turkey moved more of its forces westward beyond the straits to defend them in Thrace and to preserve Istanbul. For about two decades, equipment acquisition and unit deployments had been based on this strategy. For years the principal purpose of NATO exercises, which brought U.S. and other foreign military units into Turkey, was to train for such a defense. Now we were talking about more forces for exercises in eastern Turkey. Were we laying the groundwork for abandoning the "forward strategy" and Thrace and Istanbul with it? Once recognized, the doubt was easily resolved, but one of the key responsibilities of ambassadors is *early* recognition of just such doubts.

My early foreign service days were spent primarily as a political officer. I was, of course, proud of this because political officers fancy themselves the *crème de la crème* of the diplomatic corps. I was struck, however, by an apparent anomaly in diplomatic caste habits. My older and more successful colleagues might pride themselves on having been political officers, but when they sat down at night to swap stories, they did not talk of demarches made or agreements negotiated. Most often, they told each other consular stories, of U.S. sailors who had jumped ship, of tourists rescued from improbable situations, of prisoners visited under exotic circumstances. Having done very little consular work in my younger years, I had missed much of this, but I found that senior diplomats more than make up for any such lack when they reach their crowning estate as AEPs.

One of an ambassador's lesser-known but more interesting roles is that of a social worker, troubleshooter, and defense counsel. Almost 10 million U.S. citizens traveled abroad in 1981. However distant their at-

itudes toward their government may be at home, when they encounter trouble abroad, they naturally turn to the representative of that government, the only authority on whom they still have a claim. Their needs are many. Scholars and archeologists cannot get access to archives or to archeological sites. Tourists and business people cannot get money out that they brought in. Sailors jump ship. Pilots find their aircraft impounded. Narcotic users end up with life sentences. Friends or relatives disappear or are murdered without local legal action. Passports are lost. Funds are stolen. Defective goods are bought. People with secrets are entrapped by hostile intelligence agents. The list is literally endless. While it is true that the consular section of the embassy does most of the welfare and protection work, when queries come in from Congress members, cables from board chairmen, and pleas from anguished parents, ambassadors usually find themselves taking a hand. They are the only ones with the status to demand the attention of an indifferent police chief, the authority to approach the foreign minister, or the personal contact to influence the prime minister.

The history of U.S.-Turkish problems over narcotics is a long one. Throughout the 1960s and 1970s, our principal consular problem in Turkey centered on U.S. citizens imprisoned on narcotics charges. In the heyday of drug culture, the Pudding Shop, a little restaurant near the Blue Mosque in Istanbul whose stock-in-trade was indeed pudding, was a major stop on hippie pilgrimages. During the summer months tens of thousands of U.S. youth took their turns at its tables to consume the cheap but nutritious specialty of the house while conducting "buys" of hashish from the flotsam and jetsam of the Istanbul underworld who made a living off them. Passports were sold, signatures forged, bad checks written, and clothes and personal articles stolen or traded off. At the same time the U.S. government was exerting intense pressure on the government of Turkey to abandon its legal opium production, leakage from which was the base for an extensive and highly organized smuggling of morphine and heroin. Emotions ran high. At one point an official in Washington even suggested that USAF B-52 bombers should be used to destroy the Turkish poppy fields.

The international trade in opium derivatives was much more dangerous and vicious than the soft drug world of hashish that centered on the Pudding Shop. And indeed the two were almost totally unconnected. Nevertheless, lower-level Turkish officials could hardly be blamed for their irritation at U.S. citizens who, as the Turks saw it, were on the one hand threatening to cut off the livelihood of their peasants and on the other pouring into Istanbul to disrupt and corrupt local society. Consequently, the police harassed and occasionally actually framed the often stupefied "hip-

pies" and, rarely, even innocent, respectable college students on tour who visited the Pudding Shop in order to be able to say upon returning to campus that they had been to that famous place. In the late 1960s this had reached the point where hashish sellers, who were also police informers, were pressing "free samples" of their product on almost any young foreigner who would take them. They then reported to the police who would arrest the bewildered culprit.

My imaginative predecessor as consul general in Istanbul had dealt with this problem by creating for the summers the job of "hippie attaché." This was filled by a mature and principled but amiable and attractive young U.S. ski instructor who worked in Austria for the rest of the year. He simply sat in the Pudding Shop and warned off innocents—and some not-so-innocents—in their own youthful jargon. There was no money, of course, for a "hippie attaché" in the consul general's budget; so the consul general managed to get the local U.S. business community to make voluntary contributions for a subsistence salary.

As noted earlier we also managed to get the opium problem finally settled in an equitable and friendly way. But, nevertheless, an unfortunate residue of the drug problem in the 1960s and 1970s carried over into the 1980s: a number of U.S. travelers serving long-term sentences in Turkish prisons for narcotic offenses. Billy Hayes, from Long Island, the best known of these because of his subsequent book, *Midnight Express*, and the even more sensational (and inaccurate) movie based on it, had gone to prison in 1970 shortly after I became consul general in Istanbul. Edith had occasionally visited him in those days with books and candy. Hayes's escape some five years later from a 30-year sentence had removed him from the scene by the time we returned to Turkey in 1980.

Four other U.S. youths whom we had known from earlier days were still in prison, however. One, a loner who claimed variously to be an Australian and a Canadian before admitting to a U.S. identity, was doing a long sentence. The others, the "Adana Three," two women and one man, were the remains of the "Antakya Seven," six women and a man who had been caught in 1973 trying to smuggle a large amount of hashish from Syria to Germany via Turkey. Four of the young women were assumed to have had only a peripheral role in the operation, and they were in effect allowed to forfeit bail and leave Turkey after several months in prison. The other three were sentenced to death, which was immediately commuted to life imprisonment. Their terms were then reduced by various amnesties to some 20 years. When we returned to Turkey, they had already served 7 years as model prisoners but they still had 13 to go.

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Obviously, the problem of the long-term prisoners was not one of the kind that could be settled quickly and quietly through a chat with a reasonable police chief. And my predecessors, Bill Macomber and Ron Spiers, had grappled ably with one of an ambassador's most important tasks: how to find mutually agreeable long-term solutions to perennial problems. With great effort Spiers and Macomber had negotiated a U.S.-Turkey treaty on the Enforcement of Judicial Judgments (popularly known as the "Prisoner Exchange Treaty"), which provided that long-term prisoners in each country of the opposite nationality could opt to serve their remaining sentences in their own country. The treaty was ratified by the U.S. Senate shortly before I returned to Turkey and by the Turks not long afterward. When I left in August 1981, the prisoners had gone home, and they were soon released on parole since the parole system is provided for in the U.S. legal structure and not in the Turkish. At my departure, we did not have a single U.S. long-term prisoner in Turkey. As far as I know this is still so. However, if it does ever happen again a couple of long-gone ambassadors, Macomber and Spiers, will be remembered for having left a means of dealing with the problem.

My own contribution to the prisoner problem, incidentally, was far less noble. In fact, both old-fashioned gentlemen and modern "women's libbers" might deem it positively ignoble. Edith found it proof of what she had long suspected: that foreign service wives are considered expendable, being treated as slave labor expected to work but not to be paid. Early in 1980 on a visit to Adana I wanted to visit the "Adana Three," whom I had not seen for six years and who remained the source of considerable congressional interest. It was a particularly bad time as far as terrorism was concerned, and the Adana jail was filled to overflowing with political prisoners including some very radical leftists. The prisoners had virtually taken control of sections of the prison, and the consul advised strongly against going there. He pointed out the presence of the U.S. ambassador could spark a complete takeover and leave me in the position of a hostage.

But, I argued, we had not seen the prisoners for some time; we really needed to find out how they were faring in the tense prison atmosphere. Besides, I had letters from two congressmen on my desk in Ankara and an interview with a U.S. reporter on the subject scheduled for next week. The consul thought a moment. "I know," he said. "*Mrs. Spain* can go out and talk to them and then tell you all about it. The leftists are not so likely to want her, and, even if they did. . . ." He tapered off as Edith's giggling bubbled up. Anyway, she went to the jail; the prisoners were all right; she came back; and I was able to take a convincing and reassuring position with congressmen and reporter.

For the past 10 or 15 years, the danger of aircraft hijacking and hostage taking by terrorists has existed in most of the world. Life and death are involved, and ambassadors inevitably find themselves acting in such situations. One evening in October 1980, we had arranged a dinner at the residence for a visiting president of a U.S. insurance company interested in investment in Turkey. Economic czar Turgut Özal and his principal associates were coming. Also expected at the dinner was a Turkish industrialist from Istanbul who was flying up that evening.

Just as we sat down to eat, the missing Istanbulu called to say that he could not get out of Istanbul airport because the Ankara flight had just been hijacked. A little while later we learned that the plane, still under control of the hijackers, had landed in Diyarbakir in eastern Turkey. The hijackers were identified as rather amateurish Turkish extreme rightists agitating for the return of Islamic law in Turkey. I was assured that no U.S. citizens were on board and went to bed unperturbed. I was awakened early next morning by a telephone call from the consular officer whom I had left to follow the case overnight. She brought word that there had in fact been four U.S. citizens on the plane. One of them had been shot when a Turkish assault force retook the aircraft a short time before. Furthermore, the wounded U.S. traveler was being held by the Turkish police because he had been observed casually sleeping and talking in German to the hijackers during the events on the aircraft. Anticipating a directive to get the hell out to Diyarbakir, the consular officer reported that commercial flights to the east had been suspended for the day.

Getting in touch by phone with our consulate in Adana (which had welfare and protection responsibilities in most of the east), I discovered there was no commercial transportation at all between Adana and Diyarbakir in normal times. Two other facts obtained on the telephone came together, however, to solve our problem. U.S. Air Force Major General "Skip" Burns, our logistics commander in Ankara, happened to be visiting the Incirlik airfield near Adana. So was a congressional staff delegation, which had flown in in a USAF T-39 jet aircraft from Europe. Skip commandeered the T-39 and took the consul and an air force doctor up to Diyarbakir. There they rapidly discovered that the not badly wounded U.S. citizen was a respectable U.S. government employee who happened to be of a calm temperament and to speak German. Turkish officials were easily convinced of his innocence. The former suspect's wrist wound was patched up. They were all back in Incirlik in time to return the congressional aircraft before four o'clock that afternoon. In Ankara I simultaneously returned control of the consular section to its regular chief.

The Diyarbakir hijacking operation turned out to be an excellent rehearsal for a much more serious one to come in May 1981. This began much the same way—with a disruption of other activities. Accompanied by Edith and a couple of the embassy staff, I had long planned a Sunday mid-day departure from Ankara for a visit to Trabzon on the Black Sea. The governor of Trabzon was hosting a dinner that night, and an elaborate program had been agreed upon for the next day. Our bags were standing at the door when Elif Hanim, the always alert upstairs maid of the residence, came running down to report that Turkish Radio and Television (TRT) had just announced that the 7:00 A.M. Turkish Airlines (THY) flight from Istanbul to Ankara had been hijacked and was now down at Burgas in Bulgaria.

To make sure that all was in order before I left for Trabzon, I telephoned DCM Dick Boehm. He had just received word from the government of Turkey that five U.S. citizens were aboard the aircraft and that the hijackers were members of *Dev Sol* (Revolutionary Left), one of the most radical of the leftist terrorist groups. Further, the hijackers wanted release of 47 *Dev Sol* prisoners held by the government of Turkey, the equivalent of \$500,000 in cash, publication of their demands, and fuel to move the aircraft on. If these demands were not met by two o'clock Monday morning, the hijackers announced, they would kill the U.S. passengers.

I made the choice of duty over pleasure. The luggage went back upstairs. A staff member went on schedule to Trabzon—the only way we could make sure that the governor would get word in time that I was not coming. Our versatile and amiable general services officer had an amusing time playing “deputy ambassador” in Trabzon. The rest of us settled down to try to deal with the situation in Burgas—which included locating it on the map. (It is south of Varna on the western shore of the Black Sea.) The “watch” endemic to such situations is nerve racking. A roster was set up to spell the unlucky weekend duty officer, secretary, and communicator, who would otherwise have been overwhelmed as messages began to pour in. DCM Dick Boehm and I allocated home and office responsibilities between us. Then information began to trickle in. The five U.S. passengers were from Citibank of New York, two based in Istanbul and three in New York. They had been flying up to Ankara for a dinner that night with Turkish officials to celebrate the opening next day of a new branch in Istanbul. A very senior official of Citibank, flying direct from New York to Ankara, was due to land in Esenboğa Airport shortly to join in the celebration. Clay Nettles, our economic counselor, was dispatched to meet his plane, with the unenviable job of reporting to the visitor that his colleagues would not be eating dinner with him that night; rather they were slated for death in Bulgaria in a few hours.

Meanwhile, Washington got into the act. A task force was set up at the State Department operations center. Not surprising on a Sunday afternoon, it took Washington a few hours to raise communications with embassy Sofia in Bulgaria. Meanwhile, Ankara was bombarded with repeated queries as to the who, what, and why of the hijacking. When embassy Sofia's communications came on, we had an hour's rest, but things soon switched back to us. It developed that Sofia was a long way from Burgas and that the secretary general of the Turkish foreign ministry had managed to get to Burgas personally. He had set up a dedicated telephone line between there and his ministry in Ankara—which undertook to keep us fully informed of what was transpiring.

Upon the secretary general's first contact with the hijackers, the 2:00 A.M. Monday deadline for killing of the U.S. passengers disappeared for a while. It soon reappeared as 6:00 P.M. Monday. Bulgarian authorities, trying to avoid responsibility for what could lead to the capture or death of fellow leftists, insisted that any decision or action against the airplane had to be made by the Turks. The Turks refused to give in to the hijackers' demands but insisted that the Bulgarians must be responsible for the consequences.

The Washington task force ransacked its files on earlier aircraft hijackings and came up with some useful advice: the Turks might offer to review the cases of the prisoners for whom release was being demanded and play for time by comparing names, sentences, locations, and so on. On Monday morning the wife of one of the hostages got through from New York on the telephone to our consul general in Istanbul. She knew that the 2:00 A.M. deadline for execution of her husband had passed without incident but wanted to know if there was anything new. The officer in Istanbul who answered the phone was aware from our Turkish contacts that a new deadline had been set but was not sure whether he was authorized to reveal that. He said that nothing was new. The anguished wife put down the telephone, tuned into BBC, and heard about the 6:00 P.M. deadline on her husband's life. Understandably, she questioned whether U.S. officials in Turkey knew what they were doing and raised hell with the State Department in Washington—which passed it onto us.

Finally, about 4:00 P.M. Monday the denouement came. Two of the hijackers left the airplane at Burgas for a press conference to repeat their intention to kill the U.S. hostages (who had already been segregated in the cabin of the plane). The Turkish pilot convinced the other two that if the plane was to be able to take off, should the fuel that had been requested be delivered, he would have to run the engines to keep the batteries up. He

then managed to give word to the stewardesses who passed it on to several of the Turkish passengers. The pilot started the engines, began to taxi, and suddenly slammed on the brakes, spilling everyone all over the airplane. The Turkish passengers and crew jumped the hijackers still on board. One of them leaped from the plane to save himself and was taken into custody on the ground where the other two were also seized. The hijacking was over, and the only serious casualty was the hijacker remaining on the plane. He was beaten to just short of death by the passengers and crew.

There was reason for rejoicing by everyone, albeit, as seems inevitable in such cases, there were also a couple of sour footnotes. On Monday night about nine o'clock, just as we were closing down operations after a sleepless 36 hours, a message of congratulations for immediate delivery came in from the secretary of state to the Turkish foreign minister. There was also word that a similar message for the embassy would follow. I grudgingly undertook to deliver the message to the minister that night but specified that the one for us should be held until tomorrow because we were all dead on our feet and were going home to sleep.

Three hours later emergency communications procedures initiated by Washington got us up again—to receive the congratulatory message. To add injury to insult, when we got out of bed for the second time at a more reasonable hour on Tuesday morning, we found the text of our congratulatory message printed on the front page of the local press. It, as well as the one to the foreign minister, had been given to news agencies in Washington. The always sensitive Turkish press treated the message to the foreign minister agreeably enough but posed some sharp questions as to just why the U.S. embassy in Ankara was being congratulated on heroic action by Turkish citizens in Bulgaria.

The second upset came a week or so later in a letter from the head of the task force in Washington. Everything had been handled splendidly, he reported, except for my DCM's refusing to allow some members of other agencies to contact their Turkish counterparts during the crisis for information on the hijacking. Various headquarters in Washington had been outraged at being excluded from such an important event. I recalled that the DCM had told me on Sunday afternoon that one agency representative, a courteous and capable man, had asked if he could help by seeing if his counterparts in the Turkish government had anything about what was going on in Burgas. Since we were closely keyed in with the foreign ministry secretary general in Burgas, the only source of information for anybody in what was going on, the DCM had said no; let's not clutter things up. I had confirmed that decision. The staffer accepted the logic behind this calmly and reported to his headquarters—whose *amour propre* was outraged.

To mention in general terms a few other roles that AEPs must play: they are publicists for their country in the host country and for the host country in the United States. I spoke about Turkey in Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Tucson, and New Orleans while on home leave or consultation. At the dedication of a now-abandoned Ankara metro, I talked about the new Washington subway. In Van I talked about the pastoral economy of Arizona; in Istanbul, about the political machine in Chicago. On almost any given day some other American AEP is on a parallel track in St. Louis, Los Angeles, Boston, or Rangoon, Delhi, or Copenhagen.

AEPs also give parties and go to them. In many countries and in almost all diplomatic corps, much business is done at parties. In Ankara we averaged attendance at two and sometimes dropped in at as many as four a night. Our own annual July 4 party ran between 500 and 1,000 invitees. We did our best to uphold native U.S. traditions by offering hot dogs and beans instead of caviar and canapes. This helped keep the cost down but not the invitation list, which was largely dictated by tradition. To add a name to it did not necessarily make a friend but to take one off was almost certain to lose one.

Most ambassadorial activities are highly operational ones. They may involve the traditional diplomatic skills of analysis, negotiation, conciliation, and so on, but these are used in the practice of law, economics, strategy, and the like. What about policy, that Holy Grail of all disciplines and institutions? From it flows objectives, direction, focus, and spirit. Does the AEP have any role here? Clearly certain foreign policy decisions have to be made in Washington. There comes a time when someone at the top must say "We have to get more cooperation on Poland from West Germany," or "We will not jeopardize the China relationship no matter what it means for arms sales to Taiwan." These policy decisions obviously are of primary importance to our representatives in Beijing, Warsaw, and Bonn. Their recommendations will probably have had considerable influence on the decisions made, and the skill and willingness with which they implement policy will affect its success.

These same policy decisions also have implications for other U.S. ambassadors around the world. Will their host governments be prepared to join us in attempting to exercise pressure on Bonn? Is it possible that one or another of them might be able to fill some need of Taiwan's in lieu of the United States? It is important for all ambassadors abroad to keep abreast of what is going on in the world at large. Often they will have to interpret the significance of a particular policy for themselves. If they thoroughly think out the implications and inform Washington of what they have in mind, they can usually write their own instructions.

There is another thing that must be remembered about policy. It does not begin and end with a single presidential decision. Even if policy A is neat and clear-cut in its own right, there is almost always the problem of how to reconcile it with policy B. If its implications are clear today for country X presided over by a benevolent pro-Western monarch, what are they tomorrow when country X has come under the rule of a radical anti-Western dictator? Thus, in its actual creation as well as in its implementation, policy is usually a long succession of decisions. For many foreign policy issues, the Washington decision-making apparatus is not a good one. Often the question is not what the verdict should be but how to get a verdict at all. The key figures—the secretary of state, the secretary of defense, the national security adviser, the director of central intelligence—are all roughly equal in authority. One can block another—unless the issue goes to the president. And the influence of each depends to a considerable degree on how rarely he forces a busy president to choose between him and a colleague.

None of the cabinet-level people in Washington can possibly know as much about the forces that move, say, European Social Democrats, as do their assistant secretaries, office directors, and desk officers. All of these officials in different agencies are again equals on their various levels. Left alone, the Washington decision is likely to come out of knowledgeable but unaccountable specialists to be approved by accountable but unknowledgeable seniors. For all of them, compromise is the way to keep the matter off the president's desk. A dozen or more signatures on the implementing cable and several days or weeks in drafting are the means to ensure that all are and will remain committed.

In contrast U.S. embassies abroad are relatively efficient decision-making machines. Conflicting agency views at home are almost inevitably reflected in the opinions of their representatives overseas. Wise ambassadors give close attention to the views of their defense attaché, their military assistance chief, their central intelligence agency station chief, their State Department political-economic counselor and counselors, and other members of their country team. But—and this is the crux of the matter—ambassadors' "aye" carries against any number of "nays." Thus the matter at issue—whether to make a formal protest, how hard to push the host government for a particular U.N. vote, or what attitude to take toward a new government—can be decided in minutes or hours rather than days or weeks.

The power of ambassadors, of course, is not unlimited. They cannot stop the director of central intelligence in Washington from adding a re-

quirement to the national intelligence priorities list for covert collection in their country. However, if ambassadors believe the risk outweighs the gain, they can limit the number of agency personnel in the country who collect the information, and they can forbid them from visiting sensitive areas. They cannot spend money for purposes that the president and Congress have not approved, but they can write directly to the chairman of a key congressional committee making clear their need for funds for a particular purpose.

AEPs, much as they would like to avoid it at times, are also moralists. Washington pays a lot of attention to political, strategic, and economic policy. The administration has, after all, the Departments of State, Defense, and Treasury for just this purpose. The bureaucracy tends to avoid moral judgments, however, and there is certainly no department of ethical values in Washington. In the field, however, it is hard to get away from the ethical and human element of foreign policy. If a particular U.S. action is going to result in an injustice, ambassadors will be most acutely aware of it and most directly accountable for it to their host government, to their colleagues, and, indeed, to law and public opinion in the United States. It is their rebuttal to Washington policy decisions, the alternative approaches they may be able to suggest, and *in extremis* their resignation that are most likely to turn a wrong U.S. policy into a right one. As was the case with Thomas Becket, who pledged to obey his king "in all save the honour of God," determining right and wrong is not the least burdensome of official responsibilities. An AEP does not have to bear this burden all the time, but on occasion it comes with the word *plenipotentiary*. When it does it is remarkable how lonely the job can be.

The Official Family

Readers who have worked their way through the preceding section may feel that they have been offered more information about what ambassadors do than they ever cared to know. I ask for further patience, as this chapter and the succeeding one are also largely concerned with things ambassadors do. There is, I think, ample reason to go into detail. Not long ago I wrote an article for one of the more prestigious U.S. scholarly quarterlies. The piece looked at several different roles played by an ambassador abroad, including that of *pater familias* for other U.S. citizens in the host country. The text ran several hundred words over the length desired by the magazine, and I readily agreed to the editor's getting rid of excess wordage for me. When the page proofs appeared, most of the material was untouched, but the *pater familias* section had been deleted entirely. In response to a telephone call, the editor explained that this had seemed a good way to get down to the required length: "That stuff about all the different people in the embassy doesn't have much to do with real diplomacy anyway, does it?"

Ambassadors as a class are not lacking in ego, and this one certainly is not. But "all those different people," their talents, problems, achievements, and frustrations, do matter a very great deal. An embassy is two things: an ambassador, with his own particular skills, outlook, political orientation, experience, and knowledge; and an institution with a corporate and a continuing personality of its own. This institution carries on U.S. business when there is no ambassador, and when he is present the institution makes him more or less successful.

In these days government in the United States is big business. It is unusual to find a U.S. citizen who has gone beyond the eighth grade who is

not familiar with the organization and workings of the Post Office, the Social Security Administration, the Veterans Administration, the Health and Welfare Department, and in recent times the Environmental Protection Agency. Yet relatively few people in the United States, including some who have held high positions in foreign affairs in Washington, have any idea what a U.S. embassy overseas is like and how its staff works and lives.

Our embassies vary in size. In small countries in Africa and Asia, they may have no more than a half dozen people in three or four sometimes shabby rooms. In London, Paris, Rome, Bonn, or Tokyo, the staff may number in the thousands, and the chanceries could be mistaken for posh Manhattan office buildings. In all countries, however, the embassy's functions are essentially the same, and a single organization chart can be imposed on them all—with one person fulfilling several functions or individual functions simply not existing in the smaller embassies.

Next to the ambassador is the deputy chief of mission (DCM) who shares with the ambassador management of the mission and acts as its head when the accredited envoy is absent. Ambassadors may be professional diplomats or political appointees, but DCMs are almost inevitably drawn from the ranks of the best of the career foreign service officers. In their climb up the career ladder, would-be DCMs will have served in many or all of the functional sections of an overseas post.

Under this executive leadership of the embassy come political, economic, consular, administrative, and (sometimes) political-military sections. These are staffed by foreign service officers from the State Department numbering anywhere from one person for two sections to 20 people for each section. Then there are the Public Affairs Section, responsible for cultural and informational matters and staffed by the United States Information Agency; the Defense Attaché Office, consisting of uniformed officers from the military services; and the Commercial Section, with personnel from the Department of Commerce. If the United States has a technical assistance program in the country, there is an Agency for International Development mission. If there is a military assistance program, there will be some form of Military Assistance and Advisory Group (MAAG) staffed by the Department of Defense.

Particular U.S. interest in the country may result in an agricultural attaché provided by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, a Drug Enforcement Agency representative, a labor attaché (paid for by the Department of Labor), an aviation attaché (from the Federal Aviation Administration), or a scientific attaché (from whichever agency or department wishes to provide one). Any U.S. military personnel who may be in the country doing

technical or logistical work (that is, other than combat troops under a U.S. military theater commander) also come under the embassy's authority. In large and important countries, the embassy functions may be duplicated in miniature in one or more consulates or consulates general located in major cities other than the capital. These are also responsible to the ambassador and to the deputy chief of mission. Supporting all of these managers and specialists are the "unsung" heroes of the foreign service, the secretaries, clerks, and communicators, without whom our overseas posts could not operate.

All staff members have to work together much more closely than they would if they were in Washington. Most depend for their official status in the host country on, to use archaic but still appropriate language, "their place in the ambassadorial train." All staff members have a responsibility to their parent agency at home, but their authority on the spot flows entirely from that of the ambassador. In most cases, the messages that staff members draft to send home are signed with the ambassador's name. When they disagree among themselves, the ambassador must arbitrate among them. When they are at loggerheads with their own headquarters, the ambassador's support can be decisive for them. An ambassador cannot fire them on his own authority, but he can detach them from his mission and send them home.

The usual vehicle for decision making and coordination within the official family is the country team. This consists of the ambassador, the DCM, the heads of the State Department's political, economic, consular, and administrative sections, the senior representatives of other agencies in the country, and often the principal officers of the consulates or consulates general. In most embassies any other staff members who wish are welcome to attend, observe, and contribute as they wish. Country team meetings are almost always held at least once a week. Sometimes they take place daily.

In country team meetings the balance of individual (ambassador) and institution (staff) is very evident. Left alone, most of the section chiefs tend to limit themselves to a "show and tell" approach, reporting what went on last week and what they have planned for next week. This sharing of knowledge is what makes an embassy work, and it is not to be sneered at—even when it is very dull and tedious. The tone and dynamics of the country team, however, are almost inevitably set by the ambassador. Tradition gives ambassadors a role that John Barrymore would have envied. They arrive last; everyone rises (as for the president whom the ambassadors represent); they sit at the head of the table; their vote settles any issue. If they have a lot of information to share, interesting plans to propose or analyses

to suggest, the country team sparkles and takes on a corporate reality. If they are unwilling or unable to provide leadership, the team plugs away doing the job it knows so very well.

The essential value of the country team is that it is an excellent decision-making machine. Everyone's views can be taken into account, but the power to act rests in one individual—who is legally as well as practically accountable for what is done. The ambassador is on the spot, not a thousand miles away. Of the many kinds of meetings that take place in Washington, the one that the country team most closely resembles is that of the cabinet or the National Security Council presided over by the president.

Another difference between the ambassador's role in the field and that of even the highest official in Washington is that ambassador and staff not only work together, they and their families live together on a 24-hour-a-day basis. Since the U.S. government provides overseas so many of the things the family obtains by itself at home, this leads to truly comprehensive togetherness. For example, the ambassador holds ultimate responsibility for who will live in which set of government-owned quarters. Such quarters are almost always scarce, and the decision as to who gets the new three-bedroom house, the relatively low-ranking communications clerk with four children or the senior counselor with none, is difficult. The matter of which local school is to be approved for receipt of a U.S. government educational allowance is another sensitive one since it in effect determines which school the children of the staff will attend. And there is always the deadly serious matter of who gets space in the embassy parking lot.

In acquiring new government-owned or -leased quarters, a basic philosophical decision also has to be made. Do we want to try to group houses and apartments close together or to spread them throughout the city? The latter was favored for years by the professional foreign service because of the opportunity it afforded for greater use of language ability and establishment of local contacts. Ghettos, even "golden" ones, were considered *déclassé* by prideful diplomats. Yet as widespread terrorism appeared in the world and a shortage of fuel and power for household necessities developed in many countries, "compound" housing became attractive again. It made for better security. The embassy could hire 3 guards for around-the-clock security for one building with six families, while it could not afford 18 guards for six houses with one family each. When local landlords could not get oil for heating or neighborhood water supply systems broke down, the embassy could obtain and supply oil and water for units occupied entirely by U.S. personnel, while it was impractical to do so for a 12-flat building with ten foreign and only two U.S. tenants. One tank truck could

bring water or fuel to six U.S. families resident in one building in an hour. It might take all day to supply six families in six separate buildings.

All these mundane matters affect morale deeply. Ambassadors who leave such matters completely up to their administrative officers do not inspire much loyalty and devotion from their staff—especially since all staff members know that in such cases all the administrator has to do is keep the ambassador happy.

At the height of the tension in Ankara, we finally decided to take the several thousand U.S. military personnel in Turkey out of uniform while on the streets to reduce their vulnerability to terrorism. The uniformed service commanders on the country team had initially argued against doing so for obvious reasons of pride, patriotism, and morale. However, the deliberate targeting of uniformed personnel by terrorists and the loss of the lives of eight U.S. servicemen in the 18 months prior to September 12, 1980, convinced them.

Within a day or two of our decision, it became clear that none of us had fully thought out its implications. Airmen living in Adana and working in Incirlik went into civilian clothes for the 30-minute bus ride between the two places, but they also took to carrying their uniforms on hangars in transparent cleaning bags—which hardly improved their personal security. Other uniformed people attached to units could not be provided with a civilian clothing allowance without major changes in Pentagon regulations. They were understandably outraged at being told that they had to buy mufti at their own expense. In a few cases very proper Turkish military authorities refused to allow U.S. servicemen working in Turkish installations to enter without their uniforms.

It took us several weeks and dozens of telegrams to and from Washington to get the situation straightened out. I, the deputy chief of the mission, and the military commanders on the country team had to be very much involved. Not to have been so would have been to betray the interests of the people whose lives we were disrupting—and from whom we expected cooperation.

In serving the United States overseas today, it is hard for any U.S. official to get away from the problem of personal security. Of all the changes in the practice of foreign affairs that I have seen since arriving at my first post in Karachi in 1951, the greatest has been in this matter of security. There are two sides to it. One is the increased danger to the welfare and lives of diplomatic officials and their families. The other is the consequence of this threat on the way business is done abroad. Both aspects are purely negative in nature. Perhaps one day, terrorism, like the Black Death

in Europe in the Middle Ages, will disappear as mysteriously as it appeared. If that happens, the world of international relations will be a better place, almost regardless of the virtues of the policies then being pursued. Until that day, however, security will continue to overshadow and at times to dominate the lives of all those who serve abroad.

We had been back in Turkey only a short time when we came face to face with the consequences of terrorism. In April 1980 a U.S. Navy chief petty officer, Sam Novello, was shot down, together with a Turkish friend, as he left his apartment building in Etiler, a suburb close to Istanbul, to go to work. Sam was *sui generis*, an old-fashioned navy chief who had fallen in love with Istanbul and had somehow managed to arrange 15 years of uninterrupted assignment there. We had known him well during our stay in the city from 1970 to 1972. Already in those days he was all that was left of the once-large U.S. Navy contingent in the great port. Sam's formal assignment was as a diving instructor at the local Turkish navy's school. In fact, he was "Mr. Fix-It" for all Turkish and U.S. personnel who knew him. He spoke fluent Turkish and knew every official in town. He was an invaluable guide for visiting VIPs. He kept a knowledgeable eye on the consulate general's aging boat, the *Hiawatha*. Whatever anyone wanted, Sam knew where to get it at a bargain price.

The assassins, three members of a Marxist "liberation" group, were spotted by a roving police patrol near the scene. A running gun battle followed until the fugitives were captured in Emirgan, a hundred yards from the house in which we had lived from 1970 to 1972. Almost at once, a garbled report of the incident came to Ankara. Every U.S. government agency in town plunged into the act, fulfilling what it considered to be its duty. One shot off a "flash" message to Washington. Another redirected its intelligence assets to Istanbul. A third went "on alert." (Each had regulations to prove that it had acted exactly as it should have done.) Deep concern spread throughout the U.S. community.

When we got the facts straight, it was clear that Sam was indeed dead—and that he had, as always, been in the uniform of which he was so proud. This raised a question because it was contrary to the strong recommendations of the consul general in Istanbul. There was immediate controversy between uniformed and civilian components of the embassy. As soon as the death had been confirmed, I asked that a statement be drafted to reflect not only our horror at the act and condolences to Sam's family but also to reassure a very nervous U.S. community—which feared that "If it could happen to Sam, it could happen to any one of us." At the end of the afternoon I found that the drafters were still haggling over wording, and the re-

quirements of various agency regulations. Rapidly adding some additional revisions to the already much marked-up draft, I exercised ambassadorial authority and issued the statement.

Gauging the mood of a disturbed community, I indicated that I wanted to go to Istanbul to be present for the ceremony marking the departure of the body to the United States. We soon learned that the body was being sent to Incirlik near Adana for preparation and dispatch to the United States two days later. The military embalmer coming from Europe missed an airplane, so there was another day's delay. Our military airplane, the only means of getting to Adana from Ankara and back again the same day, was scheduled to take a military assistance officer to a conference in West Germany. So Edith and I ended up going to Adana a day early in the C-12 accompanied by two U.S. naval officers who were to escort the body home. Before departing, we had a country team meeting at which civilian-military disagreements over the implications of Sam's death were still evident. Nothing much was decided upon except that *post factum* agreement was given to the statement that I had already issued.

At Incirlik Sam started his last journey home with an honor guard and a simple but touching ceremony participated in by Turkish troops. Many of the U.S. soldiers stationed in Incirlik, focused very much on their own technical task, had only a vague idea of who and what an ambassador was. However, it was obvious that they welcomed and found reassurance in the presence of some kind of high U.S. government official who had come especially for the occasion. When one of the family dies, all the members should be there—even if some of them are not certain just who the others are.

Sam Novello, thank God, was the last U.S. citizen to die in Turkey—at least to the date of this writing. However, reports of impending attacks on U.S. personnel and dangerous disruptive security mix-ups continued throughout our time in Turkey. Experts from Washington poured in to train drivers and security guards in tactics for forceful resistance to attack. Fortunately, the prescribed tactics were not used in one major incident that occurred some time later. A carload of plainclothes Turkish security officers stopped and surrounded a consulate general vehicle traveling at night on a road near Istanbul. Our people meekly, and as it turned out wisely, submitted to inspection. If they had followed their training instructions, there would have been dead on both sides.

Even after the military takeover of September 12, 1980, had restored personal security to most of the Turkish population, the official U.S. establishment continued under something of a state of siege. Just as we were

about to relax the restriction on the wearing of uniforms by U.S. military personnel, the Turkish police told us that two members of the Marxist-Leninist People's Armed Propaganda Unit (which had been responsible for Sam Novello's murder) had been captured in a shoot-out with police in Istanbul. The captives had indicated that another segment of the organization intended to kill a U.S. citizen within the next two weeks. Ankara, Istanbul, and Adana were possible locations, but there were no specifics. The intended targets would be "soft" (that is, any available unprotected U.S. citizen) rather than "hard" (that is, me or another senior officer protected by armored automobiles and armed bodyguards).

As usual, it fell to the head of the official family to determine reaction. The consulates in Istanbul and Adana (and Izmir for good measure) had to be informed and given guidance. U.S. military commanders in Ankara had to be consulted and agreement reached on instructions for military personnel scattered all over the country. Extra bodyguards were assigned for social functions—including a dinner we were giving for the foreign minister and a large reception for a visiting group of U.S. citizens from the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies. To find time for all this, I had to cancel a scheduled tennis game with the Turkish chief of protocol who had suggested this venue for a discussion of seating, toasting, and other arrangements for the foreign minister's dinner. (No waters are more widely given to ripples than diplomatic ones.)

Nothing happened, of course, but the People's Armed Propaganda Unit scored at least a minor victory by disruption. A similar situation developed when Turkish intelligence informed us it had gotten word of a plot to kill "one of the American military attaches in Ankara." Taken literally this description narrowed the targets down to six officers: the Defense (Air) attaché, a colonel, and his assistant, a major; the army attaché, another colonel, and his assistant, also a major; and the navy attaché, a captain, and his assistant, a marine lieutenant colonel. Stretched a little, the phrase could be read to include all of the dozen or so enlisted personnel in the Defense Attaché Office. Terms are often confused when translated from Turkish to English, and it was also conceivable that any of the 60-odd members of our military assistance and training mission could be meant.

This not unuseful bit of semantics was the chief product of a meeting of the Security Watch Committee (a kind of National Security Council of the country team) called to ponder the problem. What should be done to meet it was left up to me and to DCM Dick Boehm. We responded by reassigning our armored automobiles to the two principal attachés. (The third was fortunately out of town.) We also detailed our regular bodyguards to

the attachés, while resolving to stay off the streets ourselves as much as possible. After two weeks, the attachés, having had more than enough of cumbersome vehicles with limited visibility and conscientious bodyguards who followed them even into the men's room, petitioned that the emergency be declared over and that they be allowed to renounce their protection. Again, nothing happened—except perhaps that all of the official family was drawn a little closer together by living with both the better and the bitter of the security problem.

Living under this kind of pressure inevitably generates considerable strain. Certain anomalies are highlighted. Senior officers are protected, but their wives and children are not. Those who are at ease with firearms can draw a little solace from a shotgun in the corner of the bedroom. (The Turks were always willing to supply weapons if we wanted them for self-protection, and we had a limited supply of our own, which could be handed out at the discretion of the ambassador.) But what about the large number of U.S. personnel who have a repugnance for guns? And what about the majority of lower-ranking officials for whom there are neither guns nor bodyguards nor armored cars? Is the theory that the higher the rank of the officials, the greater their danger and need for protection universally accepted by U.S. officials abroad?

Soon after I returned to Turkey, I discovered that at one of our subordinate posts the theory was not accepted. With only one armored vehicle and one set of bodyguards allocated to the post, the principal officer utilized them for his own protection. Some members of his staff took exception and sought support from the American Foreign Service Association (AFSA) in the disagreement. AFSA, the exclusive bargaining agent (bureaucratic for trade union) of the foreign service, proceeded cautiously in a matter that obviously had worldwide implications, but family relationships at the post remained less than perfect.

Ordinarily, the best thing an ambassador can do in cases of disputes within constituent posts is to stay out of the situation. However, security is different. It is not easy to renounce matters concerning life or death. When I got wind of the trouble, I managed during a routine visit to the post to discuss the situation both with the principal officer and with his disgruntled juniors. The principal officer's position was simple: "Tell me how I can use one car and four men for the protection of all and I'll be happy to do it." The other side's view was equally basic: "Why should the U.S. government protect him and not us?"

I had a feeling that somehow King Solomon's famous decision on the disputed child was relevant to the situation, but I could not quite find a way

to apply it. When I returned to the post a few months later, I had evolved some vague ideas about the proportional sharing of the limited protective assets, perhaps balanced by a lottery as to just what should be done with the car and bodyguards at a given time. As it happened the regular summer transfer of personnel had taken place in the meanwhile, and most of those whose nerves had worn thin over two years of constant terrorism had left for less dangerous places. Their replacements were fresh and relatively relaxed. They readily agreed that the urgency of the problem had abated for the moment, and I refrained from offering my cut-rate Solomonic wisdom. Not long afterward, the Turkish military intervention further reduced the strain, and harmony was restored within the U.S. community.

The terrorist threat from the outside is not, of course, the only one to roil the official family in an overseas mission. In what is in some respects a closed society, the size, status, and behavior of each unit inevitably have an impact on the whole in much the same way that a family at home is affected by three siblings who all want bedrooms of their own when there are only two children's bedrooms in the house, or a son getting expelled from school, or a daughter bringing a jobless spouse to live at home, or parents caring more for their own convenience and pleasure than for the good of the household.

One of the first questions that ambassadors have to ask about their staff concerns its size. Is it too large or too small to do the required job? Is it properly balanced? In one country six CIA people and two from USIS may be the proper mix. In another the proportions may be reversed. And in many countries conditions change from time to time. A closed and hostile atmosphere, normally making for greater reliance on CIA sources, may in the course of a few years become an open and friendly one, in which information and influence can be more easily acquired by State Department political officers and USIS information specialists.

The process of maintaining a flexible mission is complicated, as is the case with most other institutions, by popular attitudes, inertia, and vested interest. Most Washington agencies are always ready to find a few additional people to expand their representation in a given post. Few are ever prepared to cut back. Even halfway competent diplomats develop a local clientele (regardless of whether or not such a clientele is important to U.S. interests), and an effort to eliminate such diplomats' job, or even to reduce their title or rank, often inspires protests from some element in the host country (sometimes encouraged by the endangered job holders themselves).

In addition, an obvious reduction in official U.S. government personnel and activities in a country inevitably raises the politically loaded ques-

tion of whether Washington is downgrading its interest, a thought seldom welcomed even by unfriendly host governments. Also, the personal habits and needs of individual ambassadors vary. In one post, a single secretary may be sufficient to support ambassadorial requirements. In another, a staff aide, two or three secretaries, and a housekeeper may be deemed necessary.

In any event, within remarkably broad limits, ambassadors have the power to determine the size of their own mission. For years this was bureaucratically enshrined in a mechanism called MODE (Monitoring Overseas Direct Employment) under which the authorized number of U.S. government officials in a mission, and each deletion therefrom or addition thereto, had to be signed off on by the ambassador personally. The MODE system has been abolished under the Reagan administration, but ambassadorial authority over the size of the staff remains.

The U.S. mission in Ankara with its large numbers of military personnel has always been difficult to tailor to size. In the 1960s, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara discovered that there were approximately 15,000 uniformed personnel in Turkey. He gave full support to an eager ambassador to cut the number roughly in half. This was in fact achieved—but not until the late 1970s and then in large part because of the virtual shutdown of U.S. military activities in Turkey during the 1975–78 U.S. embargo on arms shipments. The unconnected termination of USAID technical assistance in 1975 also helped.

Upon returning to Turkey in 1980, I found a relatively lean mission with something close to an appropriate balance among its various elements. Indeed, the only real issue before me involved whether or not the continued presence of a single U.S. agricultural attaché was in order. My predecessor had judged that it was not and had decided that in 1980 the U.S. attaché should not be replaced at the end of his tour and that two of the three Turkish employees of the office should be incorporated in the Economics Section. Bombarded with pleas from the USDA and from the departing agricultural attaché himself, I was forced to reexamine the question. (Like all sovereigns, ambassadors can—and indeed usually seem to be expected to—reverse the decisions of their predecessors.)

After listening to much discussion, I decided to agree with my predecessor. My own earlier experience in Ankara and recent history of the post indicated that with the end of the USAID technical assistance mission, one of the agricultural attaché's most useful roles, that of an independent expert adviser to the ambassador on the merits of various USAID proposals, had also ended. With Turkey's coming into self-sufficiency in food, so

had another very useful role: that is, that of negotiator and monitor of U.S.-Turkish Public Law 480 agreements for the supply of surplus U.S. food. The argument continued after I left, and my successor did reverse the decision. USDA is once again represented in Turkey.

Toward the end of our stay in Turkey, the question of the size of the military contingent also appeared, albeit in a relatively modest way. The Pentagon suddenly authorized a worldwide increase of 100 people for military assistance missions. Acutely aware of the prospects for a larger security assistance program for Turkey, the military assistance chief in Ankara carried out "back channel" negotiations with his colleagues in Washington, and I suddenly found a proposal for 13 additions to his unit before me—with only the ambassadorial signature required to make it a reality. This was followed by a round of military briefings designed to make me feel like a little league coach fielding a six-boy team with measles if I did not agree. I did not but my successor did, and the balance of effort in the Ankara mission shifted a little again, whether for better or for worse, the taxpayers may never know.

Even when questions of size are not up for active debate in the official family, there is always some controversy about the matter of access to the ambassador. Everyone likes to talk to the boss, and indeed doing so is often the best way to get a final answer to any matter at issue. Which officials and which subjects go directly to the ambassador and which go to or through the DCM is an inevitable subject of discussion in an embassy. So is the role of the ambassador's secretary, who can open or close gates almost at will. Certain traditions and realities must be taken into account, but the final decision, as on so many other things, is up to the ambassador.

Some ambassadors use the DCM as a chief of staff or executive director responsible directly for most "housekeeping" decisions and for organizing and channeling substantive matters to the ambassador—who alone has final authority on them. Other chiefs of mission find it more efficient to look upon their DCMs as "alter egos" and to divide the work of the mission with them on the theory that it is wasteful to have both of these two top officers in the mission passing on everything. Either stance usually has to be qualified by reality. The DCM is almost invariably the senior State Department officer at the post, and the heads of the State Department sections, for instance, political, economic, administrative, and consular, tend to look upon the DCM as their ex officio leader and champion. Often, on the other hand, the other agency representatives prefer to go around the DCM as much as they can to deal directly with the ambassador. (They are, they feel, not subordinate to the State Department but only to the president's representative.)

In my own experience to be a good DCM is much harder than to be a good ambassador, and it is essential for the well-being of any embassy that the two get along well together. Other staff members with individual axes to grind speedily recognize a rift or lack of coordination between ambassador and DCM and exploit it for their own ends. The problem of cooperation has become even more complicated in recent years by the increasing number of political appointments to the ambassadorial rank, which delays or denies ambassadorial appointments for worthy DCMs. Many of them, in fact, have had the same job in two or three embassies, and often they are more experienced and knowledgeable than their ambassadors. Fortunately, in Ankara I had two superb DCMs, who took it as their general mandate to do whatever needed to be done that I did not do *and* to make sure to tell me what they had done.

To turn to the broader question of professional morale within the official family: There is no system of profit sharing in government service so a major accomplishment or a good year in a mission does not enrich individual managers as might be the case in private industry. Nor does spectacular individual achievement bring bonuses or special promotions. Consequently, the compelling motivation and principal source of professional satisfaction in a mission comes from recognition.

One occasion for recognition comes annually when performance evaluations of every employee are prepared. These are written by the immediate superior, for example, the DCM on the State Department section heads, the section heads on their staff, and so on. They are reviewed by the next authority up the line; that is, ambassadors add their comment to the DCMs' rating of the counselor; the DCMs add theirs to the counselors' evaluation of their section members, and so forth. These Employee Evaluation Reports (EERs) play a primary role in the annual promotion competition presided over by selection boards and the Washington agencies. In the new senior foreign service, they are also important in determining who gets performance pay.

Every two or three years, a separate but parallel evaluation of the mission, and of individuals' performance within it (including the ambassador's), takes place when an inspection team from Washington visits the post for a period of one to six weeks, depending on its size. The inspection teams often include representatives of agencies other than the Department of State and will sometimes have a nonofficial "public" member on them. The inspectors' report includes reaction from the host government to the performance of the embassy, its ability to compete with other foreign missions in the capital, and its effectiveness compared with U.S. embassies in

other countries. In one way or another, praise or blame is given to almost every member of the mission.

Both the annual preparation of EERs and the occasional advent of an inspection team are times of personal stress in an embassy, and ambassadors remain aloof at their own peril. If ambassadors do not care about their people, the staff members are not going to care much about their ambassadors, and, if there is one thing a competent inspection team can recognize instantly, it is a mission whose members do not care much about each other. Thus it behooves ambassadors to read, if not actually to contribute to, the performance report of every member of their staff and, if necessary, to make sure that the visiting inspectors are aware of the achievements of every member of that staff.

This can involve a good deal of time and effort—especially when the issue concerns not recognition of achievement but the withholding of such recognition. That the State Department personnel system is far from perfect was forcibly brought to my attention twice during our 18 months in Ankara. In one case, one of the consuls doing an exceptionally fine job at a subordinate post was suddenly informed by Washington that he was to be “selected out” in the foreign service at the end of his present tour of duty. Promoted quickly when he was young, he had not been promoted for several years at his present grade. His TIC (Time in Class) had run out. He had to retire within a year despite the fact that by general acknowledgment we had never had a better person in the job.

Another case involved a secretary who was a college graduate, excellent in languages, with several years of experience in the foreign service, and already doing a higher level of professional work than many young foreign service officers (FSOs). She finally ventured to take the annual written foreign service officer examination. If successful in it and in a succeeding oral examination, she could be commissioned a vice-consul and third secretary and then go on up through the foreign service ranks to whatever level her considerable capabilities would take her. That particular year, Washington decided, commendably from the standpoint of affirmative action, that while the normal passing grade for the written FSO examination would remain at 70, this would apply only to minorities. Non-minorities would have to get a score of 75 or better in order to be called to the oral examination. The secretary got a 73 and was rejected—this was enough, as she put it, “to give a woman a minority complex.” I spent hours and thousands of words in cables and letters on both these cases trying to explain to Washington the reality of the people in the field and asking for reconsideration. It all got nowhere and both valued members of my staff

left their jobs and the foreign service within a year. While they remained, however, they appreciated the fact that somebody cared, and they continued to give devoted and valuable service to their embassy.

U.S. citizens abroad are also conscious of their rights. That they lack the easy access to their congressional representatives, the courts, and the press that they enjoy at home only makes it more important that someone in the embassy demonstrate a concern for these rights. When I was DCM in Ankara from 1972 to 1974, there were numerous complaints from uniformed personnel stationed there of harassment by the Air Force Office of Special Investigation (OSI), which was working against black marketing in cooperation with the Turkish police. On one occasion a sergeant and his wife and eight-year-old son were taken into custody during a joint OSI-Turkish police operation. An even younger child was left unattended at home. The investigative authorities were almost always white officers, while suspects were usually black enlisted personnel. Popular reaction in the U.S. community was the same as could have been expected in the United States: angry and suspicious.

The first question was whether or not any of this was the embassy's business. The unhappy troops and their families felt that it was, but most of the U.S. military commanders were sure that it was not. They had military functions to carry out and discipline to maintain. The uniformed services had grievance procedures, their own inspectors general, legal defense counsels, and the Uniform Code of Military Justice. However, the embassy concluded that the U.S. government could not wash its hands of the rights of U.S. citizens, even those abroad and in uniform. We intervened to insist that the accused be accorded the same rights that they would have at home. The official family, at least its less important and more downtrodden elements, never forgot the support, and for years it paid dividends in increased cooperation from the community as a whole.

By 1980-81 the black market was not much of a problem. However, there were others. Turkish officialdom had an understandable complex about extralegal attempts to export antiquities. A USAF captain stationed in Izmir was brought to trial in a Turkish court on a charge of attempting illegal export of some venerable carpets. The USAF appointed a lawyer to defend him, but the captain also wanted an observer from the consulate general present at the trial. The U.S. military commanders, supported by the State Department's political-military counselor, opposed the attendance of the observer as casting aspersions on the ability of the U.S. military lawyer and interfering with procedures established under the U.S.-Turkey Status of Forces Agreement. The chief of the State Department's

consular section agreed with this position but for a different reason: if State Department consular officers undertook a role in Turkish legal proceedings against U.S. military defendants, they would be overburdened with work. The DCM and I found ourselves on the other side. We concluded that U.S. soldiers had rights too and authorized a vice-consul in the Izmir consulate general to monitor the trial. It was still going on when I left Turkey, but the defendant was at least at peace with his own government.

Like any large and closely-knit family, the variety of problems that a U.S. community can produce is large. In Ankara, as in many places, there is a U.S. Marine Security Guard detachment in the embassy. The marines sponsored a weekly TGIF (Thank God It's Friday) party at their quarters. Late one Friday afternoon, a senior Turkish employee in the embassy and one of our Turkish bodyguards asked to see me urgently. The bodyguard, a retired policeman, had just picked up word that the Turkish police were going to conduct "a big drug bust" at the marines' house that evening. What was more, according to this information, the raid had been organized for the Turkish police by the embassy security officer.

The implications were important. Were our marines running a drug ring? Were the local police violating diplomatic privilege and embassy property? And, above all, why the hell had I not heard of the matter earlier? My concern increased when our own drug enforcement agency representative and DCM Dick Boehm turned out to know nothing about it either. Dick decided to find out exactly what was going on. He was back with the real story an hour later. He had dragged it out of an embarrassed, albeit innocent, U.S. security officer. It seemed that the security officer had had lunch with the Turkish National Police narcotics chief. The Turkish police officer had remarked that he thought that some of the big narcotics dealers in Ankara, both Turks and foreign nationals, sometimes showed up at the marines' party to enjoy the cheap drinks. He asked if he could drop in at the party that night to see if he recognized anyone and, if he did, to arrange surveillance of them as they left to go about their nefarious business. The security officer had agreed and that was all there was to it. No "bust" was contemplated at the marines' house.

In a hasty conference we concluded that the Vienna Convention and the problems inherent in inviting local police onto immune premises—even for the most worthy of reasons—made the plan dangerous. Also, we were concerned about the reaction of some of our third country diplomatic colleagues to being "set up" by the U.S. embassy for the Turkish police. At the same time, we wanted to cooperate with the Turkish police, as we had for years, in their attacks on illicit narcotics traffic, and it was a bit late at this

point to disinvite the chief. Dick Boehm promptly came up with a solution. The TGIF party started at 6:00 P.M. and normally went on until midnight. The Turkish police chief was due to arrive at 6:45. Tonight, embassy power and water would fail at 6:45, and the party would be declared at an end. The Turkish officer as he arrived could identify and surveil his suspects as they left. If he spotted any, we would get their names from him and strike them from the party list. If he did not, Dick and the security officer would take him home and give him a drink there. It all worked out, and another crisis was surmounted with justice served and all concerned protected.

Not long before we left Ankara in the summer of 1981, I encountered another and more complex problem with a different part of the official family. Unfortunately, I did not come up with a swift and practical solution as Dick Boehm had, but I did get a hint of the more complicated situation in the United States to which we were about to return. One Sunday morning at the coffee after Mass, which was a regular feature of religious services at the U.S. Air Force Chapel at Balgat, the small USAF station near the capital, I was chatting with the new Catholic chaplain, a recently commissioned captain who had just come from being principal of a boys' high school in South Dakota.

A USAF colonel joined us, announcing that we were just the two men that he needed to see. A devout Catholic, the colonel had received a letter from his daughter in the United States expressing concern about the morality of his air force career. She reported that U.S. bishops had forbidden Catholics in the armed services to have anything to do with nuclear weapons. Was this true, the colonel wanted to know. I knew the officer as a desk-bound planner in our military assistance mission and asked what difference the question made to him anyway. He replied that he was about to be transferred, that one of his secondary skill codes in the USAF was that of a nuclear weapons inventory officer and that he cared about both his soul and his country. He thought that the chaplain and the ambassador, respectively, should be well informed on these subjects.

A somewhat ill-at-ease young priest explained that, although he had been in the air force less than six months, he had found it to be a very responsible and very moral organization. He did not think that the colonel (to a mere captain a very high-ranking officer) needed to worry about carrying out whatever orders he might get from the air force. The ambassador (who had not lived in the United States for a dozen years) added that he knew something about theology as well as international politics. A case could be made that the use of nuclear weapons was immoral, but as long as the United States was striving for nuclear disarmament, there was no question

that it had the right to maintain a nuclear deterrent. The colonel's daughter had undoubtedly misunderstood something some bishop had said. The colonel should not give it a second thought. The colonel was obviously relieved at this coincidence of view of church and state.

A few months later I returned to the United States, straight into the two-year-long, widely publicized debate over the drafting of the pastoral letter by the Catholic bishops' conference—which certainly gave as much support to the colonel's daughter's views on nuclear weapons as it did to that of his spiritual and secular advisers in Ankara. I found that theology, or at least theological emphasis, had changed and that things were not nearly as simple and settled as I had thought. The colonel too returned to the United States. Just what job he went to in the air force I do not know, but I doubt that he will in the future put as much faith in the views of chaplains—or ambassadors—as he was prepared to do in Ankara in the summer of 1981.

There was a time when, if diplomats wanted to bring their families abroad with them, they had to pay the cost themselves. In the twentieth century, however, it has generally been accepted that U.S. government officials assigned abroad are entitled to take their families along with the government paying for travel costs, modest housing, and educational allowances. For most of this century, that was about all the government did for families, albeit it expected and got unpaid hostess and housekeeping services from wives, whose social skills and patriotic devotion were regularly commented on in performance reports on the official. (Children were not normally expected to perform positively—merely to keep out of trouble.)

The U.S. military still evaluates spousal talent and behavior abroad. The civilian agencies, however, emancipated wives in the early 1970s, ordering no further references to them in performance evaluations, relieving them of all social and community responsibilities to the post and to each other, and in effect declaring them “nonpersons” for all purposes but that of housing and travel accounting. We were in Istanbul at the time and noted one immediate effect of the ruling. When the principal officer of the post, an ambassador or consulate general, is giving an official party, foreign service tradition requires that those members of the staff who are invited arrive at least five minutes early to help greet guests and perform introductions. After the ruling a few wives simply stopped coming to parties. Most found it easier to come along with their husbands a little early and have an extra drink. One strong-minded lady, however, chose to sit outside in the car and enter with the other guests at the prescribed hour. My mildly disapproving reaction to this was never shared by Edith, who said she would go out and sit in the car herself if she thought the State Department would notice.

It did not take long for it to become evident that the question of the role of dependents at a foreign service post could not be settled merely by regulating them out of existence. There were still children who had to be educated and somehow inspired to behave in such a way that did not bring scandal or criticism from citizens of the host country or from other diplomats—most of whom thought the U.S. approach to nonfamily responsibility was insane anyway. Husbands who were dependents also appeared on the scene in the 1960s and 1970s as foreign service women assumed a more active role overseas. Finally, there was the simple problem of daily living. If one was assigned to a government house, one called the post's general services officer (GSO) to arrange repairs when the plumbing or the electricity broke down. If the spouse doing the calling was a "nonperson," the GSO had an excuse for not doing business. Tangled three-way negotiations on routine matters, spouse-official-GSO (and back through the chain), became the order of the day.

The State Department crumbled. It set up in Washington a family liaison office coordinator (FLOC) and authorized the hiring at low local salaries of FLOCs at most posts. While in Dar es Salaam, we were among the first to set up such a position, and it proved extraordinarily useful, providing a register of job opportunities for dependents, negotiating household repair procedures, and advising on travel and moving matters. We found a similar position functioning when we arrived in Ankara in 1980, modified in title to embassy liaison office coordinator (ELOC) because of the insistence by single people stationed at the post that they also have access to the institution. The ELOC, a bright energetic wife of a mid-level embassy official, proved invaluable, serving not only as a "Ms. Fix-It" but also as a kind of ombudsman for all the concerns of the community. From an ambassadorial standpoint, the ELOC was a most useful source of information and opinion on morale and attitudes. More than anyone else, she knew what would work and what would not among the official family.

The first major problem we turned over to the ELOC was that of using the pool and tennis court just being completed at the residence. In the old days many ambassadorial residences came with such facilities, justified by their value in representation activities for top host country officials and third country diplomats. By 1980, however, it had been a long time since Congress had authorized a swimming pool or tennis court merely to enhance ambassadorial lifestyle. My predecessor in Ankara had managed to get approval based on the need for a secure recreation facility for a U.S. community laboring under a particularly severe terrorist situation. He had set an example by turning part of the residence garden into a playground for preschool children, giving the basement over to them for a nursery school,

putting up temporarily families whose own apartments lacked heat or water during the awful winters of 1978–79 and 1979–80, and generally opening the splendid house and grounds on the top of Çankaya Hill to the whole official family.

Having spent weeks discussing the matter of the pool and tennis court with her clients, the ELOC came back with a proposal that the pool be open to all members of the community all the time, except for one evening a week to be reserved for the private use of the residents of the house (us) and one to be set aside for official representation functions (by us or anyone else who wanted to sign up for such an event). In return, the community would form a swimming pool committee, which would charge a small annual membership fee to provide funds for cleaning, maintenance, and lifeguards. There was only one difference of opinion: half of the embassy families to which she had talked thought that the U.S. military (who had their own pool at the USAF station in Balgat) should be excluded for fear of overcrowding; the other half wanted our military associates and their dependents eligible also. I asked where the embassy people had gone swimming before we had a pool at the residence. The ELOC said that they had used the pool at Balgat. It seemed to me that provided an answer to our question, and I declared our uniformed colleagues in on the swimming pool if they wanted to be. The system worked, and the new “perq” was absorbed by a grateful official family without controversy.

The usual image of a diplomat is of a reserved, somewhat formal and private person. This is no longer appropriate for U.S. ambassadors. In many ways they must act as the mayor of a small city, and if they are to be successful, they must enjoy—or at least be able to tolerate—a variety of civic functions. In Ankara the graduation ceremony of the Department of Defense High School is held at the residence, and for a few days each spring the stately halls are filled with boisterous and fluttering seniors rehearsing for the great event to which their proud families flock. The school senior prom also takes place at the residence, and few high school proms at home provide memories of a more stately and glamorous setting.

The pace continues through the rest of the year. Easter sunrise services are held on the lawn at the top of the hill. Eagle scouts receive their sashes in the theater. Christmas carols echo through the reception rooms annually. Art shows and charity bazaars are planned there. Visiting relatives of staff families get a tour and a cup of tea, a small but satisfying return on their taxes. Touring Congress members are housed, hold their press conferences, and shake the hands of their resident constituents at the residence. In a foreign country the U.S. ambassador's home is—or should be—the home of every U.S. citizen.

There is another very important element of the official family at all U.S. government posts overseas: the citizens of the host nation (and occasionally those of third countries) who work for the U.S. government. With one- to four-year assignments being the usual practice for U.S. staff members, the host country nationals, the “locals” as they are often called, provide the principal element of continuity at most posts. In education and experience, they may compare favorably with their U.S. colleagues. When trustworthy and sympathetic, they add a knowledge and feel for the host country to embassy capabilities that is shared only by a few specially qualified American staff members.

As is true of foreign employees of embassies everywhere, “locals” at U.S. establishments overseas get relatively little in return. Their salary and retirement scales are substantially below those of the U.S. staff. They are the first to be subject to reductions in force (RIFs) when Congress or a new administration in Washington goes on an economy binge. They are cut off from the classified documents that are so essential to the work of most embassies. They are sometimes subject to suspicion and pressure from their own governments. Their status among their friends and neighbors rises and falls with prevalent attitudes toward the United States.

At the same time, the “locals” do not enjoy the immunity and tax-free privileges of their U.S. colleagues, and they are often excluded from or relegated to second place in embassy social activities. Their only “perk” is that after 15 years of service they have a chance of being judged to be “special and outstanding” by the incumbent ambassador; then they are eligible for a U.S. immigration visa. Having worked long and closely with at least a half-dozen different national staffs over many years in the foreign service, I have never understood how they could be as hard-working and devoted as they are.

The U.S. government has had a particularly memorable tradition of service by the national staff in Turkey. When I came to Istanbul as consul general in 1970, I found three employees dating back to Ottoman days. They had a combined total of about 150 years of service to the U.S. government. They had participated in all the great events of their time: evacuating the embassy (then in Constantinople/Istanbul) when the United States entered World War I; moving it to Ankara in the early days of Atatürk’s republic; scouring the back streets of Istanbul during World War II for information on German activities in the eastern Mediterranean; welcoming the sailors of the USS *Missouri* in its memorable visit to Istanbul in 1946; and providing advice and guidance to literally dozens of U.S. ambassadors and consuls general over the years.

As of this writing they are all gone. Betty Carp (daughter of an Austrian professor who became a Turkish citizen), Dominic Cariocopoulos (Istanbul-born, ethnic Greek, and Latin Christian), and Abdurrahman Şahinoğlu (Muslim Montenegrin Turk) represented in a unique way all of the wisdom and cosmopolitanism of their great city beside the Bosphorus. They helped carry Turkey through the transition from empire to republic and the United States from distant friend to close ally. They are commemorated by modest memorials in the old Villa Carpi (once embassy, now consulate general), next to the Pera Palas Hotel, in Tepebaşı in Istanbul. This is little recognition for all that they did, but one suspects that they would consider it enough.

When I arrived in Ankara as DCM in 1972, I found a remarkable parallel to the Istanbul triumvirate. Here at the top of the local staff were three aging “Young Turks” who in their very special ways represented Atatürk’s republic in which they had grown up.

Şeyhullah Turan, with his clipped moustache, graying hair, and tweed jackets, looked rather like an English country squire, but he was a true Asian Turk who was born in China and retraced his forefathers’ footsteps to the Anatolian homeland at the end of World War II. Şeyhullah Bey was chief political adviser to ten U.S. ambassadors in Ankara, and none of them could ever remember his making a wrong judgment—on when an election would be called, who would win it, or which cabinet member should be seen on which issue between Turkey and the United States.

Şeyhullah’s children were educated in U.S. universities and his wife, Sakine, a full-time professor in her own right, was more unstinting than most U.S. spouses in contributing unpaid love and labor to the embassy in Ankara. Alone of the oldtimers, Şeyhullah, when he finally retired in the 1970s, took a U.S. immigration visa and citizenship. Within a few years, the senior Turkish employee of the U.S. embassy in Ankara became the senior U.S. employee of the Turkish embassy in Washington. As with so many other “local” employees around the world, the governments Şeyhullah served have reason to be everlastingly grateful to him. He has passed away too—and he also, unaccountably, would undoubtedly consider the little plaque in the office where he worked sufficient reward for his labors.

For more than a quarter of a century, Alageyik Lostar Apaydin, daughter of a distinguished Turkish family, brought an unmatched grace and knowledge to the Ankara embassy. She knew instinctively which cabinet members should not be invited to the same dinner and which could be counted upon to accept and not come, and which would regretfully decline but then show up. She shepherded the wives of U.S. presidents, sec-

retaries of state, and members of Congress through the intricacies of formal social events and the complexities of the bazaar. A keen political analyst, by ten o'clock every morning, she knew what had been said in which morning newspaper and which party official had been unseated in caucus the night before. When, on an hour's notice, an extra lady who "spoke all known languages" was suddenly needed, Alageyik uncomplainingly left her lawyer husband and dinner at home to sparkle at the residence table. Characteristically, she neither emigrated nor departed but merely retired quietly a few years ago to her own long-neglected life in Ankara.

Nejat Ali Ongun, the last of the old Ankara triumvirate, works on in the chancery on Atatürk Bulvarı. Part scholar, part journalist, part politician, Ali Bey's knowledge of successive Turkish parliaments is greater than that of most of their members. An incurable skeptic and everlasting champion of the underdog, Ali could be counted upon in any discussion of politics to present a convincing case for the minority or the opposition, only to conclude, "Of course, they are going to lose!" Nothing in the press or on radio or television escaped Ali's notice. Many a cable or dispatch went to Washington over the name of a U.S. diplomat with information and judgments drawn from Ali's busy brain. Few Turkish employees of the embassy ever grappled with a personal or professional problem without seeking Ali's advice and perhaps suggesting that he might want "to let the ambassador or the DCM know about it."

Even more neglected than national staff members at the chancery—who at least have some status with the government for which they work—are the domestic employees of the official residence of the principal officers: the ambassador, the DCM, the consuls general, and the consul. However unappealing to U.S. democratic instincts "cookie pushing" may be, the need for official entertaining overseas has long been accepted by the United States and all other governments.

Originally, authorized household staff members were employed directly by the U.S. government, just as the chancery staff, and enjoyed the same protection and benefits. In the 1960s, in an effort to save money by Washington and in the face of a certain amount of complaining by new ambassadorial incumbents about inheriting idiosyncratic entrenched butlers, maids, and cooks, the system was changed to make all domestic staff individual employees of the particular principal officer whom they served. The officer was given at least partial compensation for their salaries through an official residence expense (ORE) account.

The result was to make it possible for all new U.S. incumbents to choose their own household servants but also to inflict great inequity on

hundreds of competent and devoted domestics around the world. There ceased to be any security in working for a U.S. employer. Retirement and other benefits went by the board, and standard pay scales gave way to varying views of rotating bosses as to what was proper in constantly changing economic situations. Personally wealthy political appointees sometimes subsidized salaries out of their own pockets in order to hold on to choice cooks and butlers or to win them away from diplomatic colleagues. This left their career successors and the privileged domestics out on a limb when a turnover occurred. In many places, if working in the chancery of a U.S. embassy gives the jobholders second-class citizenship, working on the domestic staff involves them in something akin to peonage.

As a general rule foreigners who work for the U.S. government abroad get less than they deserve—and U.S. officials are less concerned about this part of the official family than they should be. Edith and I make no claim to any special wisdom, skill, or humanity in this regard. However, after you have been around the foreign service for 30 years, you can hardly help being aware that the local staff in the mission has more than its share of problems. Both common sense and decency suggest that these deserve attention.

I managed to find a legitimate and more or less legal source of funds for hitherto unknown modest retirement gifts and ceremonies for long-term staff members. I took to mediating and occasionally arbitrating running disagreements in the chancery, for example the one between the bodyguards and the drivers who constantly fought over security versus convenience in their approach to their work. Edith devised for the household staff a standard pay scale linked to that of the chancery with provisions for time off and for regular monetary increments. We both tried to include more members of the national staff and their families in social events of the residence. For the first time in long memory, we managed just before we left in 1981 to get all of the embassy employees and their families, both U.S. and Turkish, together for a Fourth of July cookout on the lawn.

This in itself, incidentally, took a bit of doing. The usual question is “Who’s going to pay for it all?” U.S. government regulations on the use of representation funds quite properly forbid their expenditure for any function consisting entirely of U.S. government employees and their dependents. Thus, ambassadors or principal officers who want to get the staff and their families together to eat or drink, however useful this may be for morale and professional purposes, have to pay for the event themselves. When, as in Ankara, the total number involved is something around a thousand, the financial burden can seldom be lightly undertaken.

Already aware that July 1981 would provide our last opportunity—in Ankara at least—to preside over a celebration of the National Day, I decided to improvise a little. We had a stock of liquor left over from the 1980 diplomatic Fourth of July party. We had ordered a substantial additional supply, together with thousands of hot dogs and hundreds of pounds of beans, for the 1981 diplomatic celebration. We were getting ready to come home, and substantial amounts of our own food remained in the residence pantry. So a week beforehand I announced to an enthusiastic staff meeting that we would this year have two Fourth of July parties: one on the third for the entire staff and their families and one on the fourth for diplomats and officials. The problem of accounting for the parties would be left to the administrative section, with my own view being that it would be difficult to distinguish between the two parts of the celebration.

A few days later the administrators returned with two additional ideas, designed, as they put it, to keep me out of jail. The first was that the local employees association wanted to contribute a few hundred dollars from its meager treasury to the July 3 party so that it could act as a cohost. The second was to include in the invitation list for that party the Turkish National Police officers who guarded the residence and the chancery—who were undeniably “foreign government officials.”

Both parties were roaring successes, and even in a sometimes puritan conscience, I have no doubt that they served the interests of the United States well. I have no doubt either that matters of this kind, just as much as the delivering of demarches, the laying of wreaths, and the negotiating of treaties, are a legitimate and necessary part of ambassadorial work. To be effective an official family must have substance as well as form. And accurate, comprehensive, and somewhat complex accounts were submitted for the festivities marking the United States’ 205th birthday celebration in Ankara. If examiners are still going over them in some obscure cubicle in Washington, I wish them well with their endeavors.

Colleagues of the Corps

The world is full of associations of people with a common interest, stamp collectors, chiropractors, sky divers. None is more dedicated nor more exotic than the diplomatic corps that exists in each capital. This grouping is part medieval guild, part professional protective association, part trade union, and part gentlemen's club. Formal leadership of the corps is based not on popular election or demonstrated excellence but on seniority and sometimes on the nature of one's sovereign. The dean of the Diplomatic Corps in a given capital is usually the senior ambassador resident there, although in some Catholic countries the apostolic nuncio is automatically dean.

In most capitals there is also an acknowledged but unspoken informal hierarchy that distinguishes the ambassadors who count from those who do not. This ranking is based to some degree on the power of the country each represents but even more on individual qualifications, for example, professional experience and language skill. Above all, personal contact and influence with the host government is key in the diplomatic olympics. Everyone knows which ambassador can see the president or prime minister at will and which has to wait three weeks for an appointment.

Diplomatic corps do not regulate quality of product or margin of profit. Rather, they set seating arrangements at formal dinners and determine forms of dress and address. Global and timeless in outlook, they are very nineteenth century European in manners. They actually address each other as "*cher collègue*." They are meticulously protective of the rights and privileges of their members—who are fiercely competitive among themselves.

To U.S. political appointees, the world of the diplomatic corps is at first encounter a strange one. The manner of their entry into it is prescribed by custom. Whom they call upon and in what order is important. So is how long they stay and what they offer (coffee, tea, or liqueur with or without biscuits) on return calls. They have a whole new hierarchy of titles to learn—and certain subtleties among them. To some an ambassador's wife is Mrs. Smith; to others she is the "ambadress." The British call their ambassadors in commonwealth countries "High Commissioners." Sir Peter Jones's wife is Lady Jones, while Lord Lyndlorton's wife is Lady Isabel. Everyone is "Excellency"—in any one of several languages.

Often, the nonprofessionals' reaction is to throw up their hands, refuse to make any calls, and call everyone "Mr. Ambassador." They may justify this approach on the grounds that a U.S. ambassador's business is mainly with Washington and with the host country, that the rest of the fancy foreigners are merely frosting on the cake, and that everyone loves and respects simple American manners anyway. Alternatively, some neophyte political appointees find the *vie diplomatique* seductive and enthralling, reacting much as a beauty contest winner from Storm Lake, Iowa, might to a Hollywood Academy Awards dinner. The consumer products company president who at home has always delighted at presiding over the annual fashion show is likely to find sitting in a box at the opera with the French ambassador appealing. The university professor who loves to wear a gown and hood at convocations may find even more attractive the laying of a wreath at the national monument—in morning clothes and escorted by an honor guard.

Career diplomats, while subject to the same temptations, usually have the advantage of at least some familiarity with the mores of the diplomatic corps. As second secretaries, they exchanged information and gossip with their counterparts at other embassies, which may have included disrespectful stories about the antics of their respective ambassadors. As counselors or ministers they occasionally stood in for their absent ambassadors, perhaps negotiating an agreement with the host country foreign minister or attending a meeting of the corps to draft a protest to the same official over new parking regulations. Only as full-fledged ambassadors, however, do they undergo the complete round of presenting credentials, making calls and receiving return calls, marshaling in order of precedence to greet a head of state or to welcome a visiting dignitary, and sitting at an international conference table with peers, all of them representing their own country behind its name and flag.

Like most other customs established by long usage, the formalities of diplomacy have a purpose in utility. All countries and societies have their

own set of mores, and ignoring them does not promote trust, cooperation, or communication—all of which are essential to the effective conduct of foreign relations. Symbolism has meaning. For one ambassador to have five minutes with the president or prime minister at an official reception, while another gets only 20 seconds, reflects the relative influence of the two—and their countries. Those few minutes represent a chance to get business done: to pass a message, make a request, or get a commitment. They are useful also in enhancing effectiveness back home. (Few things raise ambassadorial prestige in the home office more than such cabled lines as “When the president and I were commemorating the new year today with a drink together, he promised me that . . .”)

Such a demonstration of influence is helpful in dealing with colleagues—who will have clearly observed the tête-à-tête and will want to know what went on. In turn they are likely to be prepared to offer what some other high official said to them at dinner at their house last week. This should not be ignored. In Turkey I was in an advantageous position as a U.S. diplomat, but in socialist Tanzania, the Swede, the Chinese, or the Cuban were likely to have better access than their U.S. counterpart. They also knew more about what was going on. Around the world the Finn is apt to know more about the Soviet Union, the Japanese about China, and the Egyptian about Libya. With Washington’s global interests, it is all useful grist for the U.S. mill.

As chargé d’affaires in Pakistan in 1969, I first fully entered the atmosphere of the diplomatic corps. As an old friend of the then president of Pakistan (from the days of our first assignment in 1951 when he was merely a brigadier general and I was an obscure vice-consul), I sometimes found myself next to him in intimate association at official receptions. It was not long before I found out that the resident ambassadors did not take kindly to such behavior by a mere chargé d’affaires. My standing in the corps was further undermined when, during a visit by President Nixon, I casually agreed to a proposal by Pakistani protocol not to include non-U.S. diplomats in the festivities.

By the time I reached Istanbul as consul general in 1970, I had learned that the feelings of my *cher collègues* had to be taken into account. Very conscious of its provenance in a former major capital, the Istanbul consular corps had its own round of champagne-drenched and flag-draped protocol on national days and other great occasions. By this time I had reformed my behavior sufficiently to merit an invitation from the British consul general to attend the dinner in honor of Queen Elizabeth II during her visit there. As far as I know I behaved respectfully. As DCM in Ankara from 1972 to 1974, I had a choice spectator’s seat for diplomatic play and an occasional

chance to enter the game as substitute for an absent ambassador. I also discovered that the rights of substitutes are limited. For example, in 1973, in the absence of the ambassador, I was summoned to Parliament to represent the United States at the swearing-in of the new president of Turkey. However, as a mere deputy chief of mission, I was not permitted to join the ambassadors of other countries in shaking hands with the new president afterward.

My debut as a proper "Excellency" in Tanzania in 1975 was in a relaxed atmosphere. The resident ambassadorial corps was small, perhaps 30 envoys. President Julius Nyerere was wont to receive them wearing a bush shirt, and he encouraged them to do the same. (Most of the Europeans could never quite bring themselves to conform.) The U.S. ambassador in Tanzania was not ex officio a major figure. In terms of social amenities, there was only one good restaurant, never mind ballet, opera, or nightclub, in Dar es Salaam. Indeed, almost my only experience with diplomatic protocol in Tanzania took place while on a hunting party in the bush. As I raised my rifle to aim at a cape buffalo, an ambassadorial colleague next to me waved it down. He pointed at another "Excellency" a few yards away who was getting ready to shoot. "Better wait," said my *cher collègue*, "he is senior to us."

Returning to Ankara as ambassador in 1980, I found the situation quite different from that in Tanzania. Manners were much more formal. I again found use for the set of tails and morning clothes (the infamous "striped pants") that I had first purchased while stationed there in 1972. The diplomatic corps was larger, with 60-odd resident ambassadors and another 30 or so accredited but not resident. The dean of the corps, the apostolic nuncio (who in Turkey held this position by virtue of seniority) was a close friend from my earlier days in Ankara. The U.S. ambassador in Turkey, by virtue of long and close alliance, large-scale security and economic assistance, the presence of numerous uniformed U.S. personnel, and a large embassy with three constituent posts, was a "big man" in the corps.

Speaking a passable primary school Turkish and having known from my previous incarnations most of the country's political and military leadership also enhanced my status. So did our embassy's ability to produce from its skilled staff an expert on almost everything Turkish. Another asset was our sophisticated communications capability, which friendly and allied nations liked to be able to draw on in an emergency. By now I had also learned the importance of taking the *cher collègues* seriously and was prepared to go to any reasonable length to keep them happy and cooperative.

Within our embassy differences of opinion as to just how I should approach the corps surfaced within days after I had presented my credentials. The mutual security section proposed that I complete my arrival calls on all Turkish officials before turning to the time-consuming business of having tea with my 60 *cher collègues*. Then, suggested the guardians of our key security relationship with Turkey, I should call first on the NATO ambassadors, regardless of precedence. After that I could do whatever I liked about the other excellencies.

The political section, on the other hand, presented an annotated copy of the official diplomatic list, recommending calls in strict order of precedence (for instance, according to the date of arrival of each envoy in Ankara). These, I was advised, should begin immediately. Already several of their colleagues in other embassies had reflected their ambassadors' displeasure that the new U.S. diplomat had not yet paid his respects to them. Unless I moved promptly, invaluable exchanges of information would be stifled.

Other sections of the mission also had their views. The consular chief begged, "Don't promise any of them special treatment on visas!" The economic counselor pleaded, "Ask them to send copies of their trade opportunity notices to us." The service attachés urged that I undertake to receive calls from their counterparts in other embassies because that would give them the right to call on other ambassadors—some of whom knew a lot about the military. The administrative counselor wanted to know if he could take the high cost of tea and cookies for return calls out of the residence representational account because his chancery operational account was already in the red.

We put aside for the moment the perplexing question of how to handle representatives of countries with which the United States had no or only limited relations, for example, Iraq, Libya, Afghanistan, and the Federated (Turkish) Republic of Cyprus. We also delayed a decision on whether I should call first on the Israeli chargé d'affaires who had the personal rank of ambassador or whether he should initially come to me. Finally agreement was reached that I would intermix calls on Turkish officials with those on fellow diplomats, that I would call first on the dean of the Diplomatic Corps and then do the NATO ambassadors, but move on quickly (four calls a day) to the others in order of precedence. Our hope was that no one would notice any slight irregularities of order. An imaginative junior officer helped further with the suggestion that the waters be muddied up by immediately calling all ambassadors known to be out of town to ask for an appointment to call—which of course could not be given until their return.

I proceeded accordingly and, as far as is known, left no diplomatic noses out of joint. At least, when I left, none of the *cher collègues* refused to contribute to my farewell gift, the usual method of expressing displeasure with a fellow envoy's manners or behavior. The way was now open for more routine contacts with the corps—and an interesting set of experiences they turned out to be. One of the first took place in church. The U.S. ambassador in Ankara, whatever his religion, is, with his British colleague, ex officio patron of St. Nicolas's chapel located on the grounds of the British embassy. Most of the U.S. Protestant congregation worships here. The right front pew is emblazoned with Her Majesty's coat of arms; the left with the Great Seal of the United States. Attendance is expected on certain occasions, one being the occasional visit by "John Gib," the bishop of Gibraltar and Fulham, who includes St. Nicolas in his broad diocese. Tradition also requires that the U.S. ambassador attend the British ambassador's dinner for the bishop on Friday and give the bishop lunch himself on Saturday, which the British ambassador, for some reason lost in antiquity, does not have to attend. Having carried out these duties, I took my place in the left front pew at St. Nicolas on Sunday morning for the bishop's annual appearance before his Ankara flock. Not being well acquainted with the Anglican service, I focused out of the corner of my eye on my also newly arrived British colleague, Peter Laurence, whom I could see across the aisle. I knelt, stood, and sat as he did.

The rhythm of John Gib's Mass, I soon discovered, was very like that of the Catholic one with which I was familiar. I thought I performed admirably, although on the basis of sounds—or sometimes the lack of them—from other parts of the church, I was not quite sure that I was in complete sync. On leaving I commented to a U.S. staff member and his family at the church door on the excellent service, that I suppose had been a bit special because of the bishop's visit. "It certainly was," he replied dourly. "I never saw anything like it at St. Nicolas before. You and that Ambassador Laurence jumping up and down all the time like Italians!" My U.S. colleague was, it appeared, very "low church." Indeed, so was the rest of St. Nicolas's congregation—except for "John Gib," Peter Laurence, and their U.S. colleague.

Most diplomatic give and take, of course, takes place at parties rather than at church. In the diplomatic world parties come in a remarkable variety of sizes and shapes. Consider national days, for example. Every country has one. That means that in Ankara, with its 60 resident ambassadors (plus a dozen or so lower-ranking representatives), there are some 75 national day celebrations each year. This makes for an average of about one and a

half a week. In Washington, London, Paris, and such major capitals, the number can be multiplied by two.

Most of these affairs are remarkably similar: they are large and crowded, liberal in food and drink, and last from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M. Many of them are held in the Buyuk Ankara Hotel. Often, the only way guests can recall what they are celebrating at a particular event is to look back at the reception line near the door to see which colleague is standing in it. Celebrations at the residences of the ambassadors have a bit more variety, dependent chiefly on the architecture and style of the house: Egyptian modern Islamic/Pharonic; British, French, Italian, and German eighteenth century continental; Russian 1920 fortress socialist; and our own 1950s utilitarian grandeur. A few economically and traditionally minded European ambassadors eschew the evening mob scene in favor of a stag *coup de champagne* at noon limited to officials and diplomats.

Whatever the style and venue of the national day celebration, attendance by all ambassadors of countries with which the party giver has relations is *de rigueur*. To fail to show up or to send a lower-ranking substitute is virtually a hostile act. Indeed, merely to be out of town at the time of the party is suspicious, and when leaving Ankara I used to make it a point to check the calendar and telephone the host of an upcoming national day to explain my absence and to seek the host's understanding for my sending a substitute. As Edith remarked early in our diplomatic careers, "I used to think parties were fun until I got into this business!" Never having had that impression myself, I suffered less than she did. Still the only two complaints (that I know of) ever lodged in Washington by foreign officials against my behavior as a representative of the United States centered on parties: one in 1969 by Brazil when I inadvertently missed its national day celebration in Islamabad and one in 1976 by Algeria for the same sin committed in Dar es Salaam.

National days being what they are, one might expect that a reasonable ambassador would welcome a good excuse, when one comes along, not to attend a given function. In October of 1980, I in Ankara and my colleagues around the world got such an excuse in a self-righteous circular cable from Washington instructing "all diplomatic posts" that in view of Soviet behavior in Afghanistan "only one counselor-level or below" U.S. official was to attend the November 6 celebration of the October Revolution at Soviet embassies. Subsequent cables reiterated that the United States was undertaking a vigorous effort in NATO to organize a virtual boycott of the Soviet national day.

While strongly hostile toward the Soviets for what they had done to the Afghanistan of which I had such warm memory, I found myself won-

dering whether this particular bit of social aggression, with its prep school flavor, was wise on our part. The Olympic boycott I had understood and successfully supported with the Turks. I was not so sure that simply being rude to Soviet diplomats in Turkey and in a hundred other places around the world was a good way to convey a message. Additionally, I suspected that, however much the Turks distrusted the Soviets, their strong sense of propriety would be offended by foreigners carrying their bilateral hostility onto Turkish soil.

Perversely, I sat down and wrote a cable to Washington reflecting these doubts. Perhaps we should show our displeasure, I suggested, by limiting our representation at national day functions in Moscow, Washington, and Kabul, but I did not see how my being rude to my Soviet colleague in Ankara was going to get the Russians out of Afghanistan any more than my being friendly to him was likely to bring Moscow to concessions on strategic arms limitations. He and I did, however, have a common interest in our respective behaviors in Turkey. He had not attacked the United States, and I had not hitherto been personally hostile toward him. My judgment was that I should attend the Soviet ambassador's national day celebration in Ankara—as he had attended ours the previous Fourth of July. I suggested that the State Department consider revising its worldwide cable to include consideration of this “third country” factor in determinations by individual U.S. embassies around the world.

While waiting for a reaction from Washington, I checked with several of my NATO colleagues. They had heard that the allies were agreeing on limited representation at festivities in Moscow but had had no instructions restricting their own behavior in Ankara. A probe with the Turkish Foreign Office on its intentions regarding the Soviet national day that year drew a somewhat puzzled response: “We’re sending the same few as always. Why do you ask?” Carefully checking our own embassy personnel, I found that only three invitations had been received: for me and for two of the counselors.

Our military attachés, usually invited, had not received cards that year, presumably because earlier in the year they had not invited the Soviet attachés to our Armed Services Day party. One of the attachés was quite disturbed. He had just heard about a new staff breast badge issued for use by colonels and higher ranks in the Soviet services. He had hoped at the party to be able to identify and describe it for the Defense Intelligence Agency in Washington.

When Washington's reply came, it ignored my call for a general review of the directive and the philosophy behind it. In two sentences I was

told that I had ambassadorial discretion on attendance in Ankara for myself and up to two counselors. The response was directed only to embassy Ankara with single information copies for our embassy in Moscow and our mission to NATO. As so often in the bureaucratic world, the terse and graceless words carried volumes between the lines. What a fight between “hardliner and softliner” bureaus within the State Department, and between the State Department and the White House must have gone on to produce that compromise. Classically it supported ambassadorial powers for the one who had called upon them but carefully avoided applying the principle to others—or even letting others know about the issue.

As could have been anticipated after all of this, the actual Soviet party was very much of an anticlimax. I thought I detected a flicker of interest in Ambassador Rodionov’s eye as I shook hands with him at the door. However it may have been occasioned by no more than my obviously nearsighted peering at his military attaché’s bemedaled chest in an unsuccessful effort to fulfill a mission for my own attaché. Inside, the NATO ambassadors clustered together, chatting somberly and reflecting a stern resolution not to enjoy ourselves. “Forty-five minutes?” proposed the Belgian. “Thirty. Enough for one vodka!” said the Norwegian. “Forty-five might be better. We shouldn’t rush out before the Dean does,” suggested Her Majesty’s representative. “Agreed” murmured the rest of us. One more diplomatic round in the cold war was over.

Another skirmish in another cold war unfolded shortly at another national day: October 29, Turkey’s Republic Day. At 11:00 A.M., the diplomatic corps in white tie and tails or uniform assembled at the Parliament Building to congratulate President Evren. As usual we lined up according to precedence: ambassadors in the order of their date of arrival, followed by chargés d’affaires in order of their arrival. Just as the fanfare sounded, an obviously furious member of the corps stepped from his place in the center of the line and stomped out past the entering president.

Always up to such occasions, none of the Turkish officials present batted an eye. The murmurings of the *cher collègues* died away quickly as handshakes began. However, the story behind the incident is worth recording in a discussion of the practice of diplomacy. Some months earlier, Libya reorganized its diplomatic missions around the world, converting embassies into “people’s bureaus” and ambassadors into (literally) “Chairmen of the People’s Committee of the People’s Bureaus.” Faced with the problem of how to fit a chairman into diplomatic protocol which concerned itself only with ambassadors, chargés d’affaires, ministers, counselors, and so on, the punctilious Turkish foreign ministry decreed that a chairman would rank as the most junior ambassador but ahead of the most senior chargé.

The most senior chargé (who had the personal rank of ambassador but was not accredited as such in Turkey) was the Israeli. On a previous occasion when the corps had mustered, an alert Turkish protocol officer had: (a) arranged for a right angle turn at the point in the line where ambassadors ended and chargés began; (b) provided a gap at the point of the angle; and (c) stationed himself in the gap, thus preventing contact, contamination, or incident. At best, the poor Israeli was between a rock and a hard place. The second most senior chargé, who stood at his left, was the chief of the Ankara office of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO).

On Republic Day, however, either because the Turks forgot or because they decided that there was no need to improvise on what was sound protocol, there was no angle, gap, or intermediary in the line. Hence, the outraged Libyan left, and the celebration of Turkey's national day began with a reminder of Arab-Israeli hostility. The Turkish chief of protocol was standing near the door as the ceremony ended. Knowing him to have a sense of humor, I undiplomatically whispered in his ear, "I suppose we'll all freeze to death this winter because of that." (Libya supplied much of Turkey's oil at the time.) I got a stony gaze in return, but my friend called me up a few days later to say that he hoped that I had not been offended at his coldness. He had been thinking over my remark and had concluded that it was really very funny. Even on the phone, however, his "ha ha" had a slightly hollow note.

The remainder of Republic Day passed swimmingly. After an hour at home, mostly spent standing up to avoid creasing tailcoats, the corps reported to the Hippodrome. It was seated next to the president and cabinet in the *Şeref Tribünü*, the "stand of honor," to review the annual military parade. Ankara was at its best on an autumn afternoon: clear and cool with a bright sun. The view was uninterrupted across the parade ground to the citadel, the walls of which neatly capped one of the three hills in the center of the city.

It was not hard to blink and envisage three thousand years of invaders and travelers looking up from the Anatolian plateau at the citadel and contemplating, from the very spot where we were sitting, their probable access to and reception in it. Clearly, despite the NATO flavor of the festivities, we were on the verge of Central Asia. Between the Hippodrome and the city, a straight line of tall poplar trees, green and yellow against the brown earth, ran along a watercourse. In years past I had looked on an almost identical view in Kabul.

When historical romanticism palled, it was pleasant to glance about the *Şeref Tribünü* itself. Next to me was British Ambassador Sir Peter Lau-

rence. His diplomatic uniform had a high velvet collar, his tricornered hat an ostrich plume, and passersby kept tripping over his sword. On my other side, Hugo Carsten of the Netherlands basked in the light of more gold on his uniform (inherited from his father) than anyone else. Other uniformed peacocks, looking straight out of the Congress of Vienna, included the Dane and the Soviet. The West German, Frenchman, Norwegian, and several others sported orders and decorations on their sable black and white. Only the Swiss, Canadian, and myself were unadorned crows—and even we had top hats and white gloves to flourish.

The Turks did their part too. Uniformed generals, some of them still wearing the shoulder patches of the U.S. units they had served with in Korea, were sprinkled throughout the stand. Tanks and planes roared by in the parade; parachutists dropped on a red carpet 20 yards in front of us; old-fashioned cavalry, including ceremonial horse-drawn artillery caissons, clopped-clopped by; bugles trumpeted and drums pounded. Savoring it all is still one of the most charming aspects of a diplomat's lot.

On the subject of savoring the good things of life, there is no doubt that diplomats eat well. (In 18 months in Turkey I went from 170 to 205 pounds.) Seldom, however, do they just eat; almost inevitably, there is some kind of political flavoring on the table. One of my first "outside" lunches in Ankara was at the monthly meeting of the ambassadors of the EC-9 (the nine members of the European Community). Hosted by the Italian ambassador, whose country held the presidency of the European Community in 1980, all my colleagues emphasized the purely social nature of the function and their delight at having the new U.S. ambassador as a guest just to get to know him. By the time coffee and cognac were served, it was quite clear that more professional matters were also included: how the EC and NATO coordinated their activities in Turkey; how much of the information and ideas drawn from the special U.S. relationship with Turkey I was expected to share; how excessive U.S. pressure on Iran and Afghanistan could cause problems for the European Community; and so forth.

One of our early dinners was the result of a prompt invitation and determined follow-up by the Chinese ambassador. Edith and I found ourselves *en famille* with the ambassador, his wife, two counselors, and two interpreters. Through a dozen exquisite courses (and even more rounds of rice liquor), we talked of interesting but innocuous things: the role of Confucianism in current Chinese society; the difference between what was acceptable for citizens but not acceptable for officials in China (for example, Confucianism and Christianity); and the conflicting demands of sports and studies in education systems.

Not a single political note appeared—until a few evenings later when I was chatting with a group of my *cher collègues* at a diplomatic cocktail party and discovered that somehow all of them knew that the new U.S. ambassador had promptly dined with the Chinese. To reinforce the point, my smiling host of the dozen courses appeared among us. He embraced me, apologized for the modest nature of his food, inquired about “dear Madam’s” health, and glanced over his shoulder to make sure that our Soviet colleague was observing it all. I could imagine some of our not overly busy associates preparing their telegrams home: “Further evidence of continuing U.S.-Chinese collaboration in the face of Soviet activity in Afghanistan was manifest last night in Ankara when . . .”

Interestingly, some ambassadors and officials who are quite formal and uncommunicative in their offices blossom in a social atmosphere, exchanging information and ideas with wit and skill. In my early career days I was inclined—as I suspect many people might be—to wonder if this phenomenon was not connected with liquor-loosened lips. Occasionally, I have found this to be the case, but in general I have concluded that the answer is not so simple. Even the least-skilled and -experienced of the professionals seldom allow themselves to come “under the influence”—though they are ready enough to encourage others to do so. It is simply that they have come to think of their work as being more properly done in glittering salons with the clink of glasses and strains of music in the background.

Who is to say that they are wrong? Most competitors prefer a familiar arena, and diplomats should be entitled to play on their own field as the New York Yankees are on theirs. In Ankara I found attendance at diplomatic parties a worthwhile spectator’s sport. For example, the United States and Turkey, with common membership in NATO and close bilateral relations, are relatively free and frank with each other in discussing most subjects. The same can be said of the United States and Greece. However, because of long-standing hostility and many quarrels between Ankara and Athens, each of these capitals tends to be less forthcoming with the United States about the other than it does on most subjects. The Greek-Turkish relationship obviously is a matter of interest to the United States, and I soon found that in Ankara one of the best barometers of the current state of the relationship was to be found in the diplomatic social scene.

In the summer of 1980, during and after Secretary of State Muskie’s visit to Ankara, we had concluded that the government of Prime Minister Demirel, despite its domestic deficiencies, was moving slowly but reasonably flexibly toward an accommodation with Athens on Greek reentry into NATO, on the Cyprus issue, the Aegean, and other bilateral problems. In

the first couple of months after the September 12, 1980, takeover, one of my pressing interests was in attempting to assess the likely attitude of the new regime toward Greece. Willing to talk freely on almost any other subject, I got relatively little about Greece out of the new rulers—who were undoubtedly in the process of reviewing this important aspect of their foreign policy.

Then, in early November a senior Turkish foreign ministry official remarked to me that he supposed he would see me again soon at the Greek ambassador's dinner. I knew nothing about this, but a few days later a dinner invitation from Ambassador Papoulias showed up on my desk. Out of nothing more than instinct, I told my secretary that I would telephone to accept myself rather than having her handle it with her counterpart in the Greek embassy. When I spoke to my colleague, he revealed that it had been suggested to him by the Turkish foreign minister that he might wish to host the first in the traditional series of ambassadorial protocol dinners in honor of a new foreign minister.

My suspicion that an answer to my question about Greek-Turkish relations was emerging was confirmed at the dinner. Host and guest of honor warmly toasted each other's country's honor and prosperity and promised to work for more of the same. All of the NATO ambassadors had been invited. My cable correctly predicting prompt Greek reentry into NATO and better weather ahead in Greek-Turkish relations was not, I am sure, the only one to go off to a capital the following morning. A few months later, the Greek national day party reflected a still rising barometer. *Tout Ankara* was there, exuding friendship and cordiality, and signalling (again accurately) an unusually successful meeting a few weeks later between the secretaries general of the Greek and Turkish foreign ministries.

However tired one might become of the virtually endless round of social events in diplomatic life, this at least can be said for it: there is considerable variety. We were reminded of this on two successive nights in March 1981 when we found ourselves dining out in very different ambiances. The first event was a gala black tie sit-down dinner for some three dozen people hosted by the Italian ambassador in his palatial residence, filled with treasures moved up from successive diplomatic installations in Istanbul that dated back to the Venetian embassy.

The table decorations were magnificent; the food and wine exquisite. When, before dinner, the sexes, in long dresses and dinner suits, came together there was much bowing and hand kissing; when they grouped separately, much gay chatter and solemn talk. After dinner we all sat down on chairs scattered about the ballroom to listen to selections from *Norma* of-

ferred by a group of Italian singers and musicians in Ankara for a performance of that work with the Turkish State Opera. The *cher collègues*, Turkish cabinet members, and their wives did a little business and exchanged a little gossip among themselves. Everyone was reminded that in the arts at least Italy is still a great power.

The next evening we went off to the modest apartment residence of the chairman of the People's Committee of the People's Bureau of the Arab Libyan People's Socialist Republic. The invitation had been offered orally by my Libyan colleague, who had spent several years at Michigan State University and liked nothing better than to relive with me Big Ten football games that he had seen. This topic of conversation was useful since the United States and Libya had little to talk about in the political field. The Libyan often spoke of his wife and children and their fondness for East Lansing, and we anticipated a relaxed *en famille* affair.

I was slightly taken aback when we arrived. Most of the other guests were already there. They were all Arabs, principally from radical Arab countries, and included the Ankara representative of the PLO. The women sat together on one side of the room. Several mildly sinister looking young men—who were not introduced—stood about in corners. The conversation going on was entirely in Arabic except for an occasional interjection in French by the Algerian ambassador. Inappropriate as the thought was for a guest in an Arab home, I began to wonder if I was somehow being booby-trapped.

As it turned out, there was no need for concern. Within a few minutes the guest of honor showed up: Turkish Defense Minister Halûk Bayülken. A professional diplomat who had formerly been foreign minister, Halûk Bey was as responsible and respectable a "great soul" as any party in Ankara could have. His wife, brilliant and charming, was a noted Atatürkist and advocate of women's rights. Protocol was ignored as we all sat down around a groaning Arab board to warm and lively conversation, which switched into English and Turkish. Mrs. Bayülken delivered a witty lecture upbraiding Arab men who claimed to be modern but accorded second-class citizen treatment to their women and Arab women who put up with it. The Arabs, both male and female, fought back. The Syrian, Algerian, and Jordanian ambassadors provoked uproarious laughter by telling the same joke, with appropriate variations, in Arabic, French, and English.

The PLO representative and I began by eyeing each other warily. We moved on to smiling politely. Toward the end I ventured a casual remark on the attractiveness of the Muslim prayer beads with which he had been toying all evening. I had served long enough in the East that I should have

known better, as, of course, he immediately presented the beads to me, explaining that they were from his home in Jerusalem. Would I please take them as a token of his hope that the two of us might one day sit together at each other's table? This was the only "political" word or act of the evening, and I think it was spontaneous. Like the Italians the night before, the Arabs were just being nice to their *cher collègues*. That is part of a diplomat's job too.

So is giving parties as well as going to them. A few months after we arrived in Ankara in 1980, I got a call from the Turkish chief of protocol. "The dinner you wish to give for the foreign minister?" he said, "His Excellency would be happy to accept for the twentieth of June."

"How nice," I said. "I'm delighted."

"Twenty-four would be a good number, mostly ambassadors," the chief added. "When you have your seating chart worked out, I'd appreciate a look at it. Black tie, of course?"

All of this was brand new to me, and to this day I am not sure whether the chief of protocol had me confused with some other ambassador who *had* asked to give a dinner for Foreign Minister Erkmén or whether he was gently helping me to do my job properly. At any rate, we organized the dinner, giving considerable thought to which eight or ten of our *cher collègues* we should invite.

Such invitations are valuable diplomatic currency. Often they provide for ambassadors of a smaller nation a rare chance for a tête-à-tête with high host government officials. They reinforce the envoys' status among their peers. They sometimes produce information useful to the ambassadors' country, and they always provide an occasion for a cable home: "The foreign minister confided to me last night at a dinner given by the U.S. ambassador that . . ." We settled for a guest list with a strong NATO flavor but including a couple of Asian excellencies—indicative, perhaps, of the United States' global interests. Judging from the warm notes and telephone calls and the flowers that showed up at our door the morning after the dinner, all of our guests got something out of it.

So did I. Several skilled and knowledgeable colleagues "owed me one." I had two telegrams of my own. The foreign minister had told me of his meeting a few days earlier with Iranian Foreign Minister Ghobzadeh and gave me his judgment of Teheran's intentions about our hostages. He had also apparently accepted my urging that he make every possible effort to reach agreement in an upcoming meeting with his Greek counterpart. Washington would be glad to hear about both subjects.

Most of all, the new ambassador got a chance to show off a little by offering a ten-sentence toast in Turkish, unusual in the Ankara Diplomatic

Corps where relatively few of the ambassadors spoke the national language. This had come about after a chance meeting the previous evening with Foreign Minister Erkmen at another party. Accustomed to French as a second language, Erkmen's English was not good, but with a twinkle in his eye he proposed: "Tomorrow night I toast in English if you do in Turkish." Rising to this challenge cost me two hours the next day with the embassy language instructors, but it was worth it. The foreign minister was pleased. (He carried his part off very well also.) The *cher collègues* were impressed—although one of them confided latter: "I wish you hadn't done that. Now he will expect all of us to try it."

Seldom is anything ever completed in diplomacy. The following year we went through the same process with another dinner in honor of another foreign minister, Ilter Türkmen, who had replaced Erkmen after the military intervention. This time I knew enough to take the initiative myself in proposing the dinner, and I paid off some debts to a similar set of *cher collègues* with invitations. We managed also to find a talented young U.S. airman at the Balgat USAF station to do a half hour of Gershwin after dinner and sent all the guests home happily at 11:30 to beat the midnight curfew imposed by the military—a curfew that was almost universally accepted as the best thing that had ever happened on the Ankara social scene.

I did the toast in Turkish again, more confidently this time, playing on a Turkish proverb that says, "Eat with a friend. Drink with him. But don't do business with him." Foreign Minister Türkmen, fluent in virtually all known languages, responded gracefully and wittily. Another colleague whispered: "You were good but I wish you hadn't done it. Now we'll all have to try to do it." Three years have passed since our dinner for the Türkmens; so I suppose that by now there have been more rounds of the same in the house on the top of Çankaya Hill.

A final social note illustrates just how complex protocol party giving can get. Turkish official precedence is quite different from that of the United States, military officers generally ranking higher than in the U.S. system. Thus when senior U.S. military officers visiting Turkey attend a party, the Turks are apt to seat them above U.S. civilians. This runs straight up against established U.S. protocol, which places all U.S. officials, except for the president and the secretary of state, below the U.S. ambassador in the country to which he is accredited. One of my predecessors in embassy Ankara had long ago negotiated a working arrangement with the Turks. If he came to a party, he had to be recognized as the senior U.S. representative present. However, he would be perfectly delighted if the Turks wanted to make a visiting U.S. officer the guest of honor and simply not invite him.

This arrangement took care of all problems for years—until November 1981 when General David Jones, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, visited Turkey. His normal host, General Kenen Evren, chief of the Turkish general staff, had become head of state some weeks earlier. As president, General Evren had withdrawn almost entirely from social life, and it was assumed that someone else would host General Jones. However, a few days before General Jones's arrival, an invitation from the president for lunch came to me. To further bedevil Turkish and U.S. protocol officers (who always hover on the edges of such events), word came that General Evren expected and would accept an invitation from me for the lunch I was giving on the second day for his old and good friend General Jones.

I quickly shushed the fluttering protocol officers. If the president of the republic wanted me for lunch, I would be happy to go and to sit wherever he wanted me to. If he wished to come to lunch with me, I would, of course, seat other guests any way he wanted. As it turned out, protocol is tortuous and demanding, but Turks are wise and thoughtful. When I got to the president's house, I found that the places had been laid so that he and I were cohosting General Jones, the guest of honor. As I was leaving, it was suggested to me with a twinkle that "We do it the same way tomorrow, eh?" We did. General Jones had a good lunch. All the niceties were observed, and the fortunate *cher collègues* present were able to begin their cables home with: "At a lunch today for General David Jones, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, given by the U.S. ambassador, and, significantly, cohosted by the president of Turkey, I learned that . . ."

The narrative above reads rather like a collection of Walter Winchell columns. Its purpose, however, is to convey the idea that diplomats party for a purpose and that their business is a very competitive one. It is also one in which personal relationships play a large role. Among the professionals, these relationships often have deep roots, dating back perhaps to 30 years ago when the current foreign minister of the host country and a particular ambassador accredited to it were third secretaries in their respective embassies in some faraway place. The same kind of intimate association often exists between members of the corps.

In the late 1950s and 1960s, while stationed in Washington on a variety of assignments connected with the Middle East, I got to know one of my counterparts at Whitehall in London. When I showed up in Pakistan in 1969 as chargé d'affaires, he was in Islamabad as high commissioner. So was the secretary general (later minister) of the Pakistan foreign ministry with whom we had become well acquainted a decade earlier when he was

DCM at the Pakistani embassy in Washington. When we arrived in Turkey in the early 1970s, the former DCM of the Turkish embassy in Washington was a deputy secretary general in the foreign ministry in Ankara.

The new British ambassador to Turkey in 1973 came from Tanzania. Regarded then as the very model of a modern high commissioner, his knowledge and patronage turned out to be invaluable when we went on to Dar es Salaam. In the midst of the Rhodesian problems, British Foreign Minister David Owen appeared for critical negotiations in Dar es Salaam, accompanied by an old South Asian friend, now permanent undersecretary of the British foreign ministry. When we returned to the embassy in Ankara in 1980, we found warmly waiting for us our Norwegian colleague and his wife with whom in Dar es Salaam we had gone through the harrowing experience of their son's accidental death.

National interests notwithstanding, relationships of this kind make for a special atmosphere of understanding and trust among the people concerned. They are assets for those who have them, and they are often all the deeper and lasting because of the hectic and artificial lifestyle of constant partying and constant traveling in which they are developed. The successful careers of many foreign ambassadors have rested heavily on these kinds of personal relationships built up over the years. Among U.S. officials, with an occasional exception, they are the property of the career diplomats and often give them a distinct edge over political appointees—whose equivalent business or political relationships in their hometowns are of limited use in foreign capitals.

Most countries set lofty standards for their representatives, and they benefit from doing so. Good diplomats serve national interests cheaply and effectively. Bad ones do a great deal of harm. The United States seems to have special problems finding good representatives and eschewing bad ones. In the first place there is no accepted standard of qualification—not even of the vague sort honored in the uniformed services, where a brigadier general is assumed, if somewhat archaically, to be capable of commanding a brigade, a major general a division, a lieutenant general a corps, and so on.

Additionally, there is no recognized system for selecting ambassadors. In contrast to the way that we pick our sports teams, we pay no attention to the special skills or capabilities of the officials our team is going to have to compete against. Often an appointment may be a matter of finding a job for the person rather than the person for the job. The White House may simply decide to staff certain embassies with its own people. Balancing ideology, campaign contributions, and domestic influence, it puts its

people in place—usually the place the political claimant prefers. The State Department, including its secretary, may have an opportunity for nothing more than a private post factum gasp of outrage.

For other embassies—the less pleasant and prestigious ones—the White House is often prepared to approve almost any career foreign service officer whose name appears at the top of the list that the State Department sends over. Normally the name is there at the top because of that officer's previous experience in language area and diplomatic skills. But occasionally it is there simply because its bearer has been particularly devoted and hard working and has only two years to go until retirement.

In recent years our ambassadors, whether career or political, have had less and less opportunity to become acquainted with the chief executive and his policies. John F. Kennedy was the last president to make a regular practice of discussing policy matters with his envoys as they went to and returned from their posts. Lyndon Johnson, keenly aware of the prestige an ambassador gained from any direct association with him, saw new appointees in batches to take quick tête-à-tête photographs for their embassy walls. This practice tapered off under Richard Nixon, and Presidents Ford and Carter had little regular contact with the country's representatives. President Reagan has taken to calling up his ambassadorial nominees personally to inform them of their appointments, but few have had substantive discussions with him.

Only two senators, Charles Mathias of Maryland and Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, have in recent years taken any consistent interest in the 50 to 100 names the White House sends to the Senate each year for ambassadorial appointments. The press and the public are even less interested. When there is an opening on the Supreme Court or for a key post in a domestic agency, the media give the matter plenty of play. Domestic officials can directly affect the lives of millions of citizens. On the other hand, it is usually assumed that foreign policy officials do good or harm only to foreigners, and very little attention is given to them. We do have ambassadors who rank high in the opinion of their peers. In the career ranks one has only to think of Arthur Hartman in Moscow, Arthur Hummel in Beijing, Samuel Lewis in Tel Aviv, Roy Atherton in Cairo, and Philip Habib at-large. Similarly, among political appointees there is no need to hark back to Franklin and Jefferson to find stellar diplomatic performances. The United States has benefited greatly from the activities of Averell Harriman in Moscow, David Bruce and Kingman Brewster in London, Chester Bowles, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Ellsworth Bunker in New Delhi, and Mike Mansfield in Tokyo. There is no denying, however, that our present

system also appoints bad ambassadors. Some fail to understand overall U.S. policy. Some are incapable of competing with foreign colleagues. Others have a penchant for alienating and wasting the talents of their embassy staff. A few manage all three.

It was obvious to me in Ankara, and even to a lesser extent in Dares Salaam, that U.S. ambassadors by virtue of the wealth and power of their country have something of an advantage over many of their colleagues. However, it is dangerous to rely on that advantage alone, and we must do something to improve the quality and selection of our ambassadors. Just what would be most effective is less easy to say. For one thing more citizens need to know a great deal more about what ambassadors do and what is required of them. This means more magazine articles, more university conferences, more news stories on both diplomatic successes and on failures, and more public discussion.

It means some improvement in the selection process itself. A radical change was suggested in 1982 by former career ambassador Malcolm Toon who proposed simply that top career foreign service officers resign in protest against the present system that favors incompetent political appointees. Another is a bill that Senator Mathias has repeatedly introduced requiring that 85 percent of U.S. ambassadorial appointees be made from among the career service. A third approach, talked about off and on for years, calls for the establishment of an advisory committee and qualifications to appraise ambassadorial nominations, much as a committee of the American Bar Association evaluates judicial ones.

There is a good deal to be said for the last approach, for it sidesteps the distinction between career and political appointees—which is *not* the vital question—and addresses the question of competence—which *is*. Of the various suggestions for organizing such a committee, the most promising at the moment appears to be for an American Academy of Diplomacy, a private nonprofit association comparable to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The academy would accept as a special charge an attempt to enhance the quality and effectiveness of U.S. representatives abroad. Working through a qualifications committee, it would evaluate nominees as highly qualified, qualified, or not qualified, in the manner of the American Bar Association. It might even delve into areas that are now totally ignored—for example, the nominees' record in inspiring and exploiting the talents of a diverse highly skilled staff of the kind they will find in their embassy and their skills and abilities compared to those of other ambassadors in the capital to which they are destined.

Whether or not such advice would be welcomed by presidents and secretaries of state, always subject to multiple pressures, is a moot point. One

former secretary with whom I discussed the matter stressed that a really smooth working and effective system can come only from within an administration and that the consequences of pushing the president—any president—into a corner are unpredictable and undesirable. Another former secretary pointed out that presidents usually have a pretty clear idea of what they want to do about ambassadors; it is the Senate that has never made its desire known. A resolution indicating its intentions on the way it plans to use its confirmation powers would be helpful.

In any event, the United States needs to do better in selecting ambassadors than it is now doing. I have developed considerable respect for most of my U.S. colleagues with whom or for whom I have worked over the years. However, if I were called upon to compile a list of “the ten best ambassadors I have known,” the U.S. representation on it would be smaller than most people interested in international affairs—including the *cher collègues*—would like to see.

Handling the Home Office

Under the concept of triage, military medicine divides casualties into three groups. First come the seriously wounded who can be saved by prompt and intensive treatment. Second are the less seriously injured who can be accorded lower priority and attention and still be saved. In third place are the hopeless cases who cannot be saved in any event.

In recent years the triage concept has been widely applied in other fields of endeavor. Certainly, there is a parallel for it in international relations. This narrative covered first what U.S. ambassadors and their embassies do with their host governments and gave examples of the satisfactions and successes that sometimes result. Next was a treatise on activities with colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps, including both the silly and the stimulating aspects. We come now to the last part of the diplomatic triage: dealing with Washington.

Judged solely from the language employed in this dealing, the advantage is all with the home office. The Department of State “instructs” and “directs” embassies. Ambassadors “report” and “recommend” to the department. That this arrangement coincides less than perfectly with both virtue and reality has already been suggested. The present chapter attempts to illustrate how Washington can be, and often is, handled by ambassadors, with the underlying suggestion that such handling, even if occasionally mildly disingenuous, works to the good of all concerned.

To put the matter in blunter terms: career ambassadors at least know more about higher authority in Washington than higher authority knows about embassies, and, if Washington sometimes “holds out” information from embassies, ambassadors may on occasion find it necessary to do the

same to Washington—with equally noble motives. I learned this lesson the hard way in Pakistan during my first stint in charge of a mission. President Nixon paid a state visit to President Yahya on August 1, 1969. I was in on all the scheduled discussions, but both the president and National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger had ad hoc tête-à-tête conversations with Yahya. As the Nixon party was about to depart, I asked Kissinger if anything of interest had transpired when I was not present. I was inquiring, I added, so as not to be caught off-base on anything President Yahya might bring up later.

Dr. Kissinger replied that he would look over his and the president's notes on the airplane. If he found anything that I needed to know, he would send back a telegram. If anything came up later that I did not know about, I was to let him know. There was no follow-up cable from Kissinger, but a few days later I was summoned to see President Yahya. He wanted me to convey an urgent message to Washington. Yahya had promised President Nixon that he would ask "the question" and have an answer within three days. But he had just discovered that his ambassador to China had fallen ill while in Shanghai. The Pakistani diplomat would not be back in Beijing for another day or two. Yahya was going to fulfill his promise to Nixon, but he wanted our president to know that it would take a week rather than the expected three days. To expedite matters Yahya was authorizing the Pakistani ambassador in Washington to report directly to the White House as soon as word came from their man in Beijing.

I nodded knowingly, undertook to convey the message immediately, and said I was sure President Nixon would understand. I then went back to the embassy to try to figure out what it was all about—and, even more perplexing, what to do about it. I decided to take Dr. Kissinger literally, and not without a pang of conscience, sent a single copy cable to him at the White House using an unusual communications procedure to bypass my own superiors in the State Department.

In the absence of a cable response, I assumed everything was alright. After two weeks I got a private, very strongly worded letter from Kissinger, calling down imprecations on my head for endangering national security, for exceeding my authority, and for involving myself in a matter that concerned only the president and himself. I was never to do such a thing in the future—insofar as I had a future. Subsequent events (first Kissinger's and then Nixon's trips to China) made obvious the nature of the mysterious question and answer on which the Pakistanis had been working. I never quite figured out what I had done wrong—save, perhaps, having been a bit too straightforward.

In 1975 the somewhat mysterious process by which the Department of State decides on career foreign service officers as candidates for ambas-

sadorial appointments settled on me for Tanzania. In this case the global outlook program (GLOP) had a lot to do with the choice. This approach to nominations grew out of the theory of Dr. Kissinger (who was now secretary of state) that most career officers were overly involved in particular parts of the world and hence lacked global outlook. Consequently, for a few years, no career officers could be assigned to a country in an area where they had spent most of their career. I had long been identified with the Bureau of Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs (NEA). Turkey, where I had spent 1970 to 1974, had recently been reorganized out of NEA into the Bureau of European Affairs (EUR); so I was excluded from both NEA and EUR for my next assignment. I did not speak Spanish; so the American Republics (ARA) were out also. That left Africa (AF) and Tanzania open.

All the papers were ready for the White House—except for a final signature by the secretary. In the hope of expediting the procedure, I undertook a prowl of the secretary's outer office, chatting with his assistants and trying to get a line on how deep my papers were buried in his in-box. One friendly aide told me not to worry, that the papers were on the secretary's desk at the moment, and that he usually went along with the recommendations that came to him for a place like Tanzania. "Unless," he remarked, "he has something against you. Does he?" I replied somewhat dubiously that I did not know. "Wait," said the helpful aide. "He's alone right now. I'll find out."

He disappeared for a minute and returned to report: "No, he says he doesn't have anything against you. He's signed off. We should get an okay from the White House in a couple of days." I breathed a sigh of relief, pleased that Dr. Kissinger did not hold a grudge, although I have never been sure that he may not simply have forgotten all about me and our exchange while I was in Islamabad. In any event, the White House and subsequently the Senate did approve and I was "glopped" to East Africa.

In dealing with Washington this time, I kept in mind such homely saws as: "The quickest distance between two points is not always a straight line," and "There is more than one way to skin a cat." The caution with which I approached the Tanzanian situation after arriving in Dar es Salaam was enhanced by something that had happened a short time before I got there. The chargé d'affaires, an eminently competent career foreign service officer, had received a cable from Washington instructing him in the precise words to use in telling the Tanzanian government in unusually strong and uncomplimentary terms what the United States thought of its persistent policy supporting independence for Puerto Rico.

The chargé had duly gone down to the foreign ministry and delivered the message orally to the secretary general. Impressed, but less than

pleased, that official responded that a matter of this importance should have the attention of the foreign minister and led the chargé in to see the minister. The minister echoed extreme concern and said that President Nyerere must know accurately what had been communicated. The chargé should put the message down in writing in a letter to him, and he would take it to the president that very evening.

Somewhat reluctantly, because no mention had been made in the cable of a written demarche, the chargé complied. He delivered the letter to the foreign minister about 10:00 P.M. and went home for a well-deserved rest. The next morning at the breakfast table he picked up the local newspaper to see a photocopy of his letter on the front page under the lead, "U.S. Threatens Tanzania." The story was accompanied by an editorial intimating what the U.S. giant could do with its pressure.

When, a few weeks after arrival, my first "Kissingergram" arrived from Washington, I gave more than usual thought to its content and delivery. On another issue of perennial disagreement between the third world and the United States, the message ran like this: "You will see the president, repeat the president not the foreign minister or any other official, before 10 A.M. tomorrow and you will say: . . ." The colon was followed by quotation marks beginning two pages of strong language, which included the admonition that certain Tanzanian actions would "constitute an unfriendly act" toward the United States. The cable ended with an additional injunction: "Should the president respond to your presentation, you will not react but report to the Department."

Use of the very strong diplomatic phrase, "an unfriendly act," bothered me particularly. In traditional diplomatic parlance it comes just before "an act of war," and I was sure that President Nyerere, widely read and skilled in the use of the language, would recognize and resent it. Blessed with the mystical powers of an anointed ambassador, I was freer than the chargé had been to go back to Washington and take exception to an approach that I was convinced would provoke a useless negative reaction. However, closer inspection of the incoming cable showed that the same message was being directed to a few other African heads of state considered particularly recalcitrant by Washington. A check of the date-time indicators on the cable suggested that the demarche had probably already been delivered in other capitals.

So I dutifully took myself off to the president. I began by asking him what his views were on the subject. He gave them to me, strongly opposed to ours but moderately and reasonably stated. I said that the United States looked at the matter somewhat differently and drew very selectively on the

Washington cable. One sequence, as I recall, went something like this: "I can understand, Mr. President, why you would feel that way, but from an American viewpoint, those views could be interpreted differently. They might even seem *unfriendly*. An act like that could be misunderstood. . . ."

Clearly no meeting of the minds took place, but, with the transposition of only a single indefinite article, I had fulfilled my instructions, and no disruption of relations had taken place. When I reported to Washington, I said simply that "In response to your telegram, I saw President Nyerere at 9 A.M. on matter discussed therein. . . ." There was no explosion from Washington either.

In the course of the meeting with President Nyerere, I had deliberately muddied the waters a bit by asking him about other subjects. One of them was the Rhodesian situation, which was beginning to climax with intensified black guerrilla warfare (supported by Tanzania) against the white rebel government of Ian Smith in Salisbury. Nyerere's remarks concerning Rhodesia on this and subsequent occasions led me to the belief that his views and those of the United States, despite our very different overall policies, were not so far apart as generally conceived. He also struck me as being much more flexible and positive on a Rhodesian solution than many in Washington believed.

We mulled this over back at the embassy and decided to try to use the outpourings of Nyerere's agile brain to catch the attention of another dynamic intellect in Washington. For a few months I saw Nyerere as often as I could to talk about Rhodesia. Others at the embassy took up the dialogue at lower levels and carefully monitored the local press and radio for any indication of a possibly positive approach on the Rhodesian solution. We poured all this back to Washington, largely without comment.

Whether because of our skill or by coincidence, the result was beyond our wildest hopes. "From the Secretary" cables began to come in, and a real dialogue on Rhodesia got under way with President Nyerere. In 1976 embassy Dar es Salaam played host to Secretary Kissinger three times, as efforts to hammer out a formula for Rhodesian independence began. Later, Kissinger was replaced as a frequent visitor by Andrew Young, Donald McHenry, and Cyrus Vance. Nyerere became the first African chief of state to be invited by President Carter for an official visit to the United States. Eventually after many U.S.-British-African discussions, an independent Zimbabwe emerged—without the massive bloodbath that had been expected. There was no sign that it ever occurred to higher authority in Washington that it had been to some extent "handled" by its little embassy in Dar es Salaam.

Since In Ankara dealing with Washington was less challenging than in Tanzania. The bilateral U.S.-Turkish tension surrounding the 1975-78 arms embargo was over by the time I arrived in 1980. Within the executive branch of the U.S. government, there were no major policy differences on Turkey. Readily available telephone service made it easier to smooth out quickly and informally any problems that cropped up between opposite numbers in the embassy and the agencies in Washington. Cyrus Vance's preference for asking, initially at least, what an embassy thought rather than instructing it in just what it was to do and how to do it made for a generally more cooperative atmosphere.

My own experience and knowledge of Turkey matched that of any of the area experts in the State Department and tended to discourage second-guessing in the home office. The fact that the president and the secretary of state had been personally involved in selecting me for Turkey worked to inhibit any other policymakers in Washington from being overly ready to dictate decisions or to assume arbitrary control of the Turkish portfolio. Still, several agencies other than the State Department had major interest in Turkey, and a good deal of time and effort had to go into dealing with them. There was, for instance, almost always some issue simmering with the Department of Defense. Most of these we tried to handle with honey, encouraging military officers from the home commands to visit and discuss problems with us in Ankara and sometimes suggesting that they themselves negotiate questions of special interest directly with the Turks.

Occasionally, it was necessary to use a little vinegar. As mentioned earlier, the Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement of March 29, 1980, was completed on schedule only because I informed Washington that I was going to sign it the next morning committing the United States to pay for the disputed lunches whether or not the Department of Defense agreed. Later in 1980, when the bona fides of our promised "best effort" and security assistance were suddenly threatened by the Pentagon's discovery and demand for immediate payment of outstanding Turkish debts of \$50 million, I found useful the ambassadorial right to give or withhold approval for new appointments of principal agency representatives in the embassy. Our military assistance chief had suddenly been promoted and transferred. A new major general was slated to replace him and had his bags packed for Ankara. I put approving his assignment on my priority list right below the Department of Defense finding a mutually agreeable solution to the \$50 million embroglio with the Turks and so informed the Pentagon. It all worked out.

The Department of Defense also understandably tends to feel that anything with a military aspect is its special prerogative. This is true enough at

home, but the situation gets a bit more complicated when the activity is carried onto foreign territory and affects foreign affairs. During the tense period that our hostages were held in Teheran, Defense Department “specialists” from Washington turned up in Turkey to attempt—without either the embassy’s or the government of Turkey’s knowledge—activities connected with the hostage problem. Their particular ideas made little sense, and the people trying to implement them had even less skill and experience. As wiser heads might have anticipated, almost immediately, they had to turn to our facilities for “communications support,” that is, the capacity to report back to their home office. Our “cease and desist” order was met with claims of “presidential interest”—which, of course, the White House repudiated upon our query. The would-be James Bonds were returned to Washington as quickly, if less mysteriously, as they had come.

A more real and serious problem existed with Congress. The embargo on U.S. arms for Turkey by both Houses in 1975 had been repealed in 1978—without achieving its purpose of forcing withdrawal of Turkish troops from Cyprus. However, many members of Congress were still concerned about what their Greek-American constituents, and indeed some of the Congress members themselves, believed was Turkish injustice on Cyprus. Other members of Congress with varying views on the merits of the Cyprus issue resented what they considered the executive’s original cavalier disregard of their concern over the violation of U.S. law involved in Turkish use of our weapons during the Cyprus operation. With repeal of the arms embargo, they all feared that the executive would sweep the Cyprus problem under the rug and conveniently forget about it.

As already mentioned, all of this had been brought home to me forcefully during predeparture sessions on Capitol Hill in late 1979 and early 1980. One effort to deal with congressional concern has also been mentioned in my proposal for the meeting in London of U.S. ambassadors from Athens, Ankara, and Nicosia. The State Department itself was, of course, not idle in trying to meet congressional concerns, including preparing every 60 days for the president’s signature a report on progress toward a Cyprus settlement. But diplomatic negotiations are a time-consuming process, and public reports over the president’s name must necessarily be cautious—so much so that in a regular sequence of 60 days they almost inevitably come to have an insipid saneness about them. Also, the State Department’s credibility—or at least its impact—on Capitol Hill has never been known for its hurricane force.

Embassy Ankara did a little letter writing of its own. A few embassy staff members who had ties with particular Congress members told them

about what we were trying to do in Ankara on the Cyprus problem. I picked out a couple of congressional friends on key committees and did the same, adding invitations (only one of which was accepted) to visit Turkey to see for themselves during the next recess—or, if they could not, then their staff members. When senior Turkish officials were visiting Washington, I made sure to try to schedule meetings for them on Capitol Hill. When I got back to Washington for consultation, I promptly headed over to the other end of town to bring interested legislators and their aides up to date on Cyprus.

As I had observed early in my foreign service career, our colleagues of the legislative branch often give greater credence to opinion and judgments fresh from the field than to the labored pronouncements they regularly receive from Foggy Bottom. The Senate in particular has a proprietary interest in ambassadors—which it confirms and therefore shares responsibility for. Measuring the results of this kind of activity is particularly difficult, but judging from the high levels of security assistance for Turkey authorized by Congress from 1980 to 1982 and its patience with the tangled Cyprus problem, this particular form of dealing with Washington is acceptable and effective.

A theme underlying much of what I have said in this book is that ambassadors “on their own turf,” that is, in the country to which they are accredited, are both formally and practically much more powerful figures than is often assumed. In busy Washington, with its established and endless round of interagency meetings, memos for the secretary, and recommendations to the president, ambassadorial status is sharply diminished. As most ambassadors who are home on consultation are acutely aware, it is a lot more difficult to see and to get a decision out of their own president or secretary of state than it is to do the same with the top officials in their host country.

Still, returning to Washington for consultation at least once a year is an essential part of handling the home office. Again there is a contradiction between the public image and the reality of “consultation.” In a seminar on diplomacy with graduate students in international affairs, I once asked, “What is the significance of ‘coming home for consultation’ in diplomatic usage?” The ready answer was “to express displeasure with the host country,” and a few current examples of U.S. ambassadors called home for consultation (one of them had been back for six months already) were cited. These are the cases that are publicized. Everyone can understand the parallel of a displeased guest walking out of a party. And, on occasion, this explanation is valid.

However, for 99 percent of the 200 or so ambassadorial consultations that go on in Washington every year, the motivation is quite different. A

few, it must be confessed, are inspired by a child's graduation, a wife's birthday, or a need for a personal medical checkup. A few more come from a genuine desire to get back to get a real feel for policy—just what the U.S. government has in mind on a complex issue. Some are aimed at provoking and participating in important decisions, for example, getting executive branch agreement on and support for a particular level of economic or security assistance for the country concerned. Most are devoted simply to housekeeping, a not unimportant element in the proper running of an embassy. These may include such questions as finding a timely and competent replacement for a departing DCM or secretary, pressing for an increase in representational funds to guard against the repetition of last year's \$5,000 out-of-pocket expenses, or blocking a proposal by the Foreign Buildings Office to tear down a perfectly usable old chancery building and replace it with an architecturally distinguished but unlivable new one.

However successful they may have been on consultation, when ambassadors get back to their post, the eternal problem of how best to handle the home office continues. One of the most difficult issues involves letters from the president of the United States to the chief of state or head of government of the host country. At one time these were often initiated, sometimes drafted, and almost always reviewed and revised by the embassy concerned. As the press of business, the number of people, and the concept of global responsibility have grown in Washington, however, presidential letters have become increasingly likely to show up in cable form unannounced and unvetted on an ambassadorial desk. Regardless of substance, they are almost always accompanied by instructions for urgent and immediate delivery. Even if sound in substance, they often are deficient in fact or style.

When orally delivering messages from their government, ambassadors can adjust and select language from their instructions to suit the subject, time, and personality of the recipient. When faced with a written presidential letter, usually cleared personally by one or more cabinet members and already consigned to the White House files for posterity, the envoy has to decide either to deliver the letter as written or to go back for authorization to change it and for a new copy of the "signed original," which is sent along later.

Under Lyndon Johnson, who took his correspondence very seriously, even the most modest proposal for revision was wont to draw down presidential wrath on the offender's head. Other presidents' reactions have varied according to personality and time. When I was DCM in Ankara in 1974 at the time of concurrent Cyprus and Watergate crises, we actually managed to stall on delivering a letter of dubious utility from President Nixon



until Washington rescinded the letter altogether. In Dar es Salaam I had twice gotten authorizations from President Ford for revisions in letters he had already signed to President Nyerere. The one letter from President Carter to General Evren that passed through my hands while I was ambassador in Ankara caused no pain—principally, I suspect, because it contained several phrases and ideas that I recognized as drawn from our own embassy cables. Still, dealing with any presidential letter is a task for which ambassadors earn their pay.

Another trick of the ambassadorial trade, which is important in handling Washington, as well as embassy staff, involves knowing just whom to take along to which meetings with the host government. Even when interpreters are not required, it is common practice for an ambassador to bring an officer of the embassy as a note taker. This enables the principal to listen and respond without the burden of trying to remember everything and provides a witness (who can usually be relied upon to be “friendly”) in the event doubt later arises about what was said. Presence at a high-level meeting is also a satisfying experience for the note taker and a useful part of the training of junior diplomats.

Yet a note-taking witness is not always an asset. If one principal in the conversation has one, the other feels compelled to have one also. The conversation tends to be more inhibited and cautious; the atmosphere, more formal and official. And, of course, each side is then on the record as far as their respective governments are concerned. Foreign ministers, when reporting to their president or prime minister, find it more difficult to give the presentation of an ambassador from a country that they like a better than even break.

Ambassadors, reporting home, are also inhibited by knowing that someone in their own embassy was actually there and will be checking over the accuracy of the report—and perhaps shading its thrust in informal conversations with peers in the Washington bureaucracy. Indeed, there was one story in the Ankara embassy of a long-gone ambassador’s memorable words on such an occasion. When he asked the young officer who had accompanied him to a meeting with the prime minister to check over a telegram he had prepared for Washington, the note taker pointed out: “But sir, the prime minister didn’t say that at all!”

Grumpily correcting his draft, the ambassador replied: “He would have if I hadn’t been fool enough to take you with me.”

My own experience on this matter suggests that in most cases envoys (and their governments and the press) are better off when a premium is put on honesty and accuracy. It is easy to precipitate and perpetuate misun-

derstanding. Doing things the easy way today can lead to loss of personal credibility and a policy blowup tomorrow. However, on occasion there is no substitute for the intimacy, freedom, and flexibility of strictly tête-à-tête discussions between representatives of governments, and once in a great while the best thing ambassadors can do for their government is to mislead it a little—provided it is in the right direction.

It is also wise for ambassadors to remember that, while they may have reasonably complete control of what their embassies say to Washington, they do not control what other embassies and officials tell their governments about what U.S. ambassadors told them. In one form or another, these secondhand accounts sometimes end up on Washington desks. When the contradiction between them and what U.S. ambassadors are reporting is sharp, the ambassadors may be called upon to explain themselves.

Another independent element in the equation is the host country's embassy in Washington. For bilateral relations to flow smoothly, it is essential that the U.S. embassy in country X and country X's embassy in Washington be reflecting roughly the same information. For U.S. ambassadors to be telling Washington that the government to which they are accredited feels one way while that government's representative in Washington is telling the secretary or an assistant secretary of state that its views are something else again makes for, at the very least, confusion.

Thus, in terms of impact on their own governments, it is important for ambassadorial opposite numbers in the two capitals to have some knowledge of and respect for each other. On occasion they may even find it useful to compare notes. This can best be done personally when one or the other of the ambassadors is in his own capital on consultation. But on many matters in Ankara we made it a practice either to ask the State Department to brief the Turkish embassy in Washington or to remind the Turkish foreign ministry that it would be helpful for their ambassador in Washington to know about something that had been discussed in Ankara. On rare occasions, as during the frantic scuffling to find oil for Turkey at the time of the Iran-Iraq war, there was even direct contact between the two embassies.

The handling process that goes on between an embassy and Washington is, of course, a two-way street. Honesty, accuracy, and mutual trust normally best serve both ends of that street, but it must be remembered that if an embassy can mislead or entrap Washington, Washington can and does do the same to embassies. Sometimes announcement of a key decision is delayed to hold off protest and counteraction by an outraged ambassador. Occasionally something is considered too secret or sensitive to pass on—and envoys in the field find themselves taken by surprise.

Perhaps the most pernicious Washington trick of all is to draw up an instruction for the embassy and then communicate it to other governments before the recipient embassy has had a chance to act or react. This may sometimes be useful in tying the hands of a recalcitrant ambassador. What is the good of an ambassador saying we must not do that to the Turkish or Tanzanian governments when the United Kingdom, Canada, West Germany, or France has already been told that it is our policy to do it? On the other hand, the result is sometimes simply to create an ambassadorial backfire. This can include cooperation by ambassadors of the other governments, who are as jealous of their ambassadorial prerogatives as their U.S. associate. In short, the *cher collègues* are capable, if the provocation is sufficient, of ganging together against their own foreign ministries.

Much of this chapter has been given to a discussion of "handling" Washington—as earlier ones have been devoted to "handling" host governments and colleagues. The process is important, and many of our envoys are unduly timid or unskilled in it. Yet all the cleverness in the world does not substitute for credibility. To be successful ambassadors must have credibility and, if they have to choose between having it with their host government or having it with their own, the latter is more important.

Not to be trusted completely by a host government is a fact of diplomats' professional life. Not to be trusted by their own is calamitous, not only to the envoys' personal effectiveness but often to relations between the countries concerned. Particularly skilled and popular ambassadors may, for example, obscure in their host country real differences with the United States, thus preserving for a time the atmosphere of good relations. This very atmosphere may contribute to a greater divergence of policy than would otherwise have taken place and, with an ambassador's departure, this difference suddenly becomes clear, with devastating import on long-term bilateral relations.

Credibility in Washington, then, is essential. Nevertheless, politics, even within parties, is the art of the partisan and, I suspect, diplomacy, even within the same foreign policy establishment, will remain the realm of an occasional piece of deviousness. A good deal of the maneuvering that goes on with embassies handling Washington and Washington handling embassies could be reduced by a clearer definition of which is responsible for which judgments and actions. All too often today a particular decision is the result less of measured consideration than the outcome of a race between ambassadors trying to act with their host governments and then reporting the *fait accompli* and Washington officials attempting to get out precise instructions as to what should be done before ambassadors act on

their own. As far as this commentator is concerned, the more decisions that are left to embassies, the better U.S. foreign policy interests are likely to be served.

12

Visitors

Many members of the foreign service of the United States have never issued a visa. Few, however, have not at one time or another been “escort” or “control” officer for a visiting VIP: Congress members, high executive official, or distinguished citizen. Regardless of who does the actual bag carrying and bazaar guiding, the formal host is the principal officer of the post. To that officer goes the praise for a smooth visit or the blame for a rocky one.

Edith and I faced the ultimate visitor test when I was chargé d'affaires in Pakistan in 1969. On August 1 President Nixon and his wife, with full entourage, spent an official 24 hours with President Yahya Khan. The incident that remains most vivid in my mind is one described in the memoranda (before they were torn up) as a “physical encounter” between me and an aggressive Secret Service agent. He insisted on accompanying President Nixon to what I had promised an insistent President Yahya would be a strictly tête-à-tête meeting. A Pakistani aide and I blocked the door. The agent had my arm twisted behind my back, but I was still holding out when I was rescued by Henry Kissinger—who confirmed my exclusion order and gently shut the door behind the two presidents.

Sadly, the incident was typical of such occasions. However, the principals usually manage to get some useful work done in the middle of the circus. This visit, for instance, saw the groundwork laid for U.S.-Chinese rapprochement. The rest of us also had some satisfaction. We got the 8 airplanes, 32 automobiles, and 300 members of the presidential train in and out successfully. At Washington's order the embassy staff and their families were up all night finding 500 old liquor bottles and boiling water with which to fill them in order to protect the stomachs of the visitors. The

water was distributed in the hotel with labels reading "THIS WATER PASSED BY RESPONSIBLE USG OFFICIALS AND THEIR FAMILIES."

The Pakistani chief of protocol, whom I came to know well during preparations for the visit, perfected a technique for handling obnoxious young members of the Nixon advance party. When they got too much in the way in the 110 degree heat, he gave them a rupee and told them to "go have one of your coca colas." As Air Force One lifted its wheels at the end of the visit, he comforted me with a classic South Asian metaphor: "We have 'killed our tiger' now," he said. "You and I never need fear anything again."

He was right. Shortly after we arrived in Istanbul in 1970, I found myself taking very calmly a cable announcing that a congressional delegation (CODEL) was going to descend upon us for three days to look into the narcotics question. There would be 8 representatives, 6 wives, and 12 staff aides. To expedite arrangements, the cable said, direct communication had been authorized between the CODEL and the consulate general, but the Department of State wanted us to understand just how sensitive the visit would be and how important it was that everything go smoothly.

We checked the names of the Congress members and their interests and found them impressive. Their purpose was clearly important, their intention to work hard, and their visit in fact turned out very well indeed. Almost simultaneously came another cable announcing another large CODEL—for the very same three days. The credentials were not so impressive this time. This CODEL's real business was in two nearby countries. It was stopping in glamorous Istanbul for rest and recreation (R and R). Its shopping and sightseeing requirements were suggested in arbitrary tones.

While discussing the new situation among ourselves, the consular officer noted that he hoped all our visitors would have their inoculation records in order. The morning newspapers had headlined the annual cholera epidemic in Istanbul. While relatively harmless as far as healthy, well-fed adults were concerned, other countries would inevitably refuse to admit travelers who had passed through Istanbul unless they had valid immunization records. Later in the meeting, the security officer remarked resignedly that he supposed he would have to ask the Turkish police for another bunch of security guards to protect the visitors against terrorism—which was also endemic that year in Istanbul.

My deputy, veteran of many a VIP visit, winked at me and I nodded back at him. When the meeting ended the two of us drafted cables to the

CODELS. We added two paragraphs on the one for the second group. The first highlighted the cholera epidemic, including quotes from the most sensational of the local newspapers. The second reviewed recent terrorist activities in Istanbul and detailed the laborious and restrictive security measures necessary to protect against them. The next day we had a response from the second CODEL. It was grateful for our proffered hospitality but had decided to take its "off-days" in the first country it was visiting and then go directly on to the next.

In Ankara as DCM from 1972 to 1974, I managed to stay relatively clear of handling visitors. The ambassador bore the formal and representational burden. The rest of the staff moved baggage and organized activities while I tried to carry out normal embassy business. Only once did we find ourselves in the middle of activities. On the "Night of the Long Knives" in Washington, when President Nixon fired Attorney General Elliot Richardson and other officials, we had two dozen Congress members and senators in Ankara for a NATO parliamentarians' meeting. The members of the House of Representatives delegation rushed home immediately to consider impeachment. The senators stayed to finish the parliamentarians' meeting on the assumption that it would be at least a week or two before they were called upon to play a role in the proceedings.

Escort and control arrangements were radically disrupted and, standing in for the ambassador, we found ourselves playing host one evening to Senator Mike Mansfield and his wife in the DCM's little house at the bottom of Çankaya Hill. Old acquaintances of Edith, who had grown up in Montana, the Mansfields were certainly easy to talk to. I was acutely aware, however, that sitting next to me on the sofa, quietly puffing his pipe, was the majority leader of the Senate, the second most powerful man in the United States. (We did not have a vice-president at the time, Spiro Agnew having recently given up that office.) Trained in diplomacy, I felt that I should find a way to exploit the moment, but, whatever the problems in Washington, I could think of nothing on U.S. policy toward Turkey on which we needed Mansfield's help at the moment. So he and I were drawn into Maureen's and Edith's conversation on the role of the one-room schoolhouse in Montana's early days.

Dar es Salaam had its VIP visitors too. But its remote location on the east coast of Africa and its exceedingly simple lifestyle ensured that the VIPs all had specific business or interests there—probably the single most important requirement for a successful VIP visit. The William Scrantons, the Charles Percys, and the Sergeant Shrivvers all passed through our house in Dar el Salaam. So did Jerry Brown, George McGovern, Don McHenry,

Steve Solarz, Cyrus Vance, David Owen, and his successor as British foreign minister, Peter Carrington. Andy Young practically had his own room.

With dozens of others, almost always decently spread over a period of time, these visitors brought a grace, charm, and sense of belonging to the wider world that was invaluable to the morale of our small embassy. In return they found ready access in communication, if not always agreement, with one of the world's most enlightening and entertaining leaders, President Julius Nyerere. Almost invariably, Nyerere's answer to my telephone calls announcing the advent of another VIP visitor was "Of course! Bring him over. I'd love to see him!"

Indeed reminiscing about Dar es Salaam, a note about Henry Kissinger is in order—especially since it demonstrates a bit of diplomatic trade craft that can be turned to many uses. A week before Secretary Kissinger's first visit in 1976, we received a cable from Washington announcing that the secretary was going to travel to several countries in Africa and giving precise details on what he was going to do: consult with the prime minister here; lunch with the president there; address a parliament somewhere else. The first country on his itinerary was Tanzania. Arrival was just a week away. Embassy staff should make necessary arrangements and report immediately.

I trotted off to see Nyerere, not at all sure that even the genial president would react well to being informed that he was giving lunch next Saturday to a hitherto uninvited U.S. secretary of state with a less than shining image in much of Africa. "Secretary Kissinger is becoming interested in Africa," I said. "I think he should see the continent himself. If he comes for a visit, I think it should include Tanzania, possibly as his first stop. I am preparing a recommendation about this for Washington, but I thought I better check with you first."

"Oh, do tell him to come," replied the president. "I've heard so much and read so much about Henry Kissinger! I really would like to see him!"

"How about next Saturday?" I asked, and the foundations for a successful visit were laid.

In Ankara, as was indicated earlier, our most distinguished visitor was Ed Muskie, who replaced Cy Vance as President Carter's secretary of state in the spring of 1980. Thus, between 1976 and 1980, we played host to all three incumbent secretaries of state. Apart from the considerable, if varied, charms of the visitors, this kind of thing is invaluable for an embassy. It boosts morale for the whole staff and brings it up to date on basic views and issues as seen in Washington. It gives access to the boss that is impossible

in busy Washington. It gives ambassadors a chance to settle long-pending matters within their own government and enhances their prestige with the host government. And, of course, when they return to Washington on consultation, it improves their chances of reciprocal access to the secretary.

Looking back on our 18 months in Ankara, the VIP visitor list appears reasonably representative of this part of conducting foreign relations. There were, for example, four major CODELs, in addition to a number of others that consisted only of congressional staff or confined their activities to Istanbul, Izmir, or Adana. The first to arrive, in April 1980, was Senate Foreign Relations Committee CODEL Biden-Baker: 4 senators, 5 wives (1 additional senator had to cancel at the last moment), and about 20 staff members and attendants, in a USAF plane.

As always, a few problems had to be straightened out. The schedule provided for a stay from Saturday evening to Tuesday morning. We had planned (and the CODEL had agreed to) a reception at the residence, to which more than 100 top Turkish officials were coming for Monday night. Right after it there was to be a press conference, the local media's only chance for a session with the visitors. Unknown to us, however, the CODEL had added an extra night to its schedule only because Turkish officials whom it had been in touch with separately had urged more time in Turkey. Finding that official meetings would in fact be finished by midday Monday, the CODEL now wanted to move on to the next stop that afternoon. Our invitations were out. The weekend made it impossible to withdraw them with even a minimum of grace. CODEL staff had already asked for meetings Monday evening and Tuesday morning in the next capital and was reluctant to change back to the original schedule. The CODEL leaders themselves, however, self-confident and decent men, versed in the undesirability of walking out on constituents and antagonizing the press, readily overruled their aides and settled on a late Monday night departure. Our reception was saved.

The CODEL turned out to be an asset in every way. It was the first major one to visit Turkey since the U.S.-Turkish relationship had begun to improve with the ending of the congressionally imposed embargo on U.S. arms supplies. The CODEL was received by the entire Turkish hierarchy: Prime Minister Demirel, opposition leader Ecevit, several cabinet members, General Evren and his deputy, and the four armed forces' commanders. The Turks had a chance to express their feelings about the embargo and its consequences. The senators were able to express their concerns over Turkey's insistence the previous year that Soviet agreement would be necessary before they would permit new U.S. airborne measures over Tur-

key designed to monitor the ill-fated SALT II agreement. Attitudes on what could and should be done through U.S. security assistance were clarified on all sides.

From the standpoint of an ambassador just taking up responsibility for presiding over a new, improved stage in Turkish-U.S. relations, nothing could have been more helpful in demonstrating the depth, breadth, and importance of that relationship. In policy terms, it was all pure gold. In terms of diplomatic trade craft, I discovered one fly in the ointment the morning after the CODEL left. As we had gone together on the whirlwind round of appointments with politicians and pashas, I had at odd moments dictated cables reporting the most important elements of our discussions. I handed rough copies of these to one of the embassy escort officers who was also doing some drafting himself.

I had told him to make sure that whoever was handling the task for the CODEL got a chance to look at these cables, either in Ankara before they left or by way of an information copy to the CODEL's next stop. This grew out of my strong feeling that whenever an embassy abroad talks to a foreign government about U.S. travelers or reports on U.S. citizens talking to a foreign government, the individuals concerned, whether Congress members on tour or "hippies" in trouble, should know what the U.S. government is saying to itself about them.

Sitting down at my desk Tuesday morning to read the stack of outgoing and incoming cables on all subjects that had piled up while I was preoccupied with the CODEL, I got a surprise when I read over the file copies of our outgoing cables on it. Most of them were as I remembered. Many of the words (my own) were familiar. But in a few instances the substance was different, and throughout the tone and style had changed. If those reading the cable were not in the State Department, they might never guess that there was a U.S. embassy in Turkey. Indeed, they would have to look carefully to discover that there were any Turkish officials either. They would have been in absolutely no doubt, however, that a group of particularly intelligent, imaginative, and eloquent U.S. elected officials had worked wonders for their country while passing through Ankara.

Calling the embassy staff member I had left in charge of reporting, I inquired what the hell had happened to our cables.

A little bit guiltily he replied: "You said I should show them to the CODEL. Their staff man insisted on a lot of revisions."

I could see that the staffer had, and I could even understand and sympathize with his motives. I had also to admit to myself that the relatively few places in which he had gone awry on fact or judgment could easily be

cleaned up in subsequent routine reporting. However, I thought my young colleague would benefit from a little "Dr. Kissinger treatment."

"Whose name is at the bottom of the cable?" I asked.

"Yours, Mr. Ambassador," the poor devil replied.

"Who do you work for?"

"You, Mr. Ambassador."

"On whose authority did the communications section accept these cables for transmission?"

"Mine, Mr. Ambassador."

Even ambassadors have a spark of decency and humanity, and the litany ended there, with my admitting that no great harm had been done and that it had been right both to let the CODEL aide know what we were saying and to give him a chance to say what he wanted to say. Technique, however, is important, I pointed out. No one outside the embassy has a clearance right over its cables. In cases like this, I suggested, if the critic's version was more accurate or perceptive than our own, the drafter should unashamedly steal it. If it was not, the drafter should hew to the embassy's version but offer a postscript beginning: "CODEL staffer X wishes to add that . . ." That little bit of trade craft may be helpful to the young diplomat someday when he is an ambassador himself.

Our next major congressional visit came in February 1981. CODEL Tower was very different from its bustling predecessor. Senator John Tower, Republican of Texas and new chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, arrived alone on a regular commercial flight. He had cabled a short statement of his interest in advance and left the agenda for his two-day visit entirely to the embassy. Having been told by the State Department that Edith and I were scheduled to leave on the second day of his Ankara stay for a Nile steamer trip to celebrate our thirtieth wedding anniversary, the senator had sent word that we must not change plans on his account.

We took him at his word, revising our arrangements only by delaying as late as possible our afternoon flight from Ankara to catch the evening plane from Istanbul to Cairo. Drawing on a lesson learned while I was DCM in Ankara in 1972–74, on the day of his arrival I met Tower at the airport. Bill Macomber, who was then ambassador, had served two times as assistant secretary of state for congressional relations and was a master of the art of "legislative liaison." He always made it a point to meet CODELs, no matter how obscure, personally. It was not so much a matter of "buttering up" legislators, Macomber used to explain, as just being courteous to them as they were invariably courteous to visitors on their own home ground on Capitol Hill.

Tower was the first U.S. congressman to visit Turkey since the military takeover. We went together on a round of visits to see President Evren, Prime Minister Uluşu, Foreign Minister Türkmen, Defense Minister Bayülken, and Deputy Chief of the Turkish General Staff Öztürün. Tower's grave and somewhat taciturn style of discussion with the Turkish leaders obviously pleased them. In fact it was rather more like their own than that of many U.S. officials—who feel compelled to sparkle. Tower asked the right questions and gave the right answers. He expressed understanding of the reasons for the military intervention and promised support for the present regime in its efforts to deal with the problems it faced. He was careful, however, to stress the importance the United States put on representative government and to avoid any possible encouragement for delay in a return to democracy. His performance at a detailed briefing by the country team was equally impressive.

Tower made clear at the beginning of the visit that he was in Turkey to talk to the embassy and to Turkish officials, not to make news. He would prefer not to meet with the press, not even with U.S. correspondents (rare for elected officials). His feelings were strengthened, I suspect, when he found that the front-page *Ankara Daily News* story on his arrival proclaimed him to be "America's ultra conservative."

Still, the senator agreed to our recommendation that he should go through with the press conference we had scheduled with USIS for the afternoon of the second day of his visit. "The Turkish journalists are all interested in you," we said. "If we cancel the press conference, they'll write stories anyway, and this way they can get it right." On our way to the airport for our trip to Egypt, Edith and I dropped the senator at USIS. The public affairs officer was to get him off later in the evening to Tel Aviv, his next stop.

The following morning in Cairo before heading up the Nile, I visited our embassy and read a copy of USIS Ankara's telegram reporting the press conference and coverage of it in the Turkish media. Tower had said to the press the same things he had said to Turkish officials. It all looked fine. An embassy colleague then handed me another press cable from Tel Aviv. "Maybe you'd like to read this one too," he said.

The first item carried the *Jerusalem Post* story that had greeted Senator Tower on his arrival in Israel. The lead was "Tower Approves Turkish Torture!" There had been an Israeli reporter at the Ankara press conference and, as a result of the Turkish reduction in relations with Israel mentioned earlier, Jerusalem was not feeling very friendly toward Ankara. I recalled our persuasive pressure on Senator Tower and wondered if he would be as courteous again.

We were not long back from our idyllic steamer trip up the Nile when CODEL Brooks arrived in Ankara. Representative Jack Brooks, also of Texas, was a feisty and colorful Democrat. Visiting less as a U.S. congressman than as president of the North Atlantic Assembly, the parliamentary wing of NATO, Brooks was accompanied by an aide and by the Belgian secretary general of the assembly. His principal purpose was to try to work out how Turkish membership and participation in the North Atlantic Assembly could be carried on during a period of nonelective government.

Neither of us was entirely sure just what role the U.S. ambassador in Ankara should properly play in such an endeavor, but we agreed that a round of talks with Turkish officials, rather like the one on which I had taken Senator Tower, would be useful. The Turks were already scarred by sharp European Community and Council of Europe criticism of the military regime, and Congressman Brooks had harder going than Senator Tower. He persevered, however, pointing out his own support in the U.S. Congress for security assistance to Turkey, while courteously and continuously stressing the need for decent treatment in Turkey of the dismissed politicians and to find some kind of temporary accommodation with European critics of Turkey in the North Atlantic Assembly.

Turkish official response was guarded, but there was an indication at the reception given for Brooks that his ideas were having an impact. For the first time since September 12, 1980, numerous former Turkish politicians and parliamentarians, including former acting president Çağlayangil, appeared at a social event and mingled harmoniously with the ruling pashas and facilitating U.S. officials.

Brooks also performed a very useful function for his own embassy. In the country team briefing we held for him, we bore down perhaps a little too strongly on what we considered fruitless and sometimes almost frivolous West European criticism of NATO-allied Turkey. This subject was on everyone's mind because the embassy had just had a couple of exchanges of telegrams with Secretary Alexander Haig on the question that evolved into a plan to try to move the Turks toward more rapid progress back to representative government while simultaneously trying to quiet European criticism. Brooks listened patiently for a while but finally blazed out that we should not forget that there were a couple of hundred million U.S. citizens who did not think much of military dictatorship either. So, he suggested, that we had better get cracking on both parts of our plan.

This kind of "straight from the horse's mouth" reminder of U.S. reality—and U.S. idealism—is from time to time absolutely vital to the mental health of posts abroad. Try as they may to the contrary, diplomatic establishments, and indeed all U.S. communities abroad, tend to become in-

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grown and self-centered. Almost any visitor fresh from home is less so, and elected officials are almost by their very nature not so. Time did not permit a formal communitywide exchange on either the Towers or the Brooks visit: However, whenever possible, I tried to offer visiting CODELs a deal: in return for our briefing on the host country, we would like a briefing from them on what was going on at home. In such cases the embassy is almost always the gainer.

The last CODEL to which we played host in Ankara was CODEL Leahy. It consisted of Senator Pat Leahy, Democrat of Vermont and member of the Select Committee on Intelligence, and two staff aides. As with other small groups, it was possible to offer them accommodations in the residence. This is always useful for ambassadors, if only for selfish and cynical reasons, because they will know better what the CODELs may be up to, and the CODELs get a better chance to be impressed with the ambassadors' skill and charm. Also, as with high executive officials, it means that these ambassadors are likely when back in Washington to have easier reciprocal access than might otherwise be the case.

With CODEL Leahy, however, indeed with most CODELs, there was no need to be selfish and cynical. The CODEL could have been taken as a model of its kind: a small group of decent, intelligent human beings, who had done their homework in Washington, coming to the field to look at important matters for which they had direct responsibility. In Senator Leahy's case, the objects of interest were the various U.S. intelligence installations in Turkey for which his committee appropriates large amounts of money. Consistently uninterested in personal publicity, he indicated a preference for no press conference. (Since the Tower visit, embassy Ankara made a practice of not scheduling these in advance.) Leahy even passed up my offer to invite the three resident U.S. correspondents over for a private breakfast at the residence.

Instead, the senator set aside a single hour for shopping for souvenir gifts for his family and Washington staff. (One of his aides managed to steal an extra half-hour's shopping for himself.) Leaving up to me whether or not he should see high Turkish officials, he readily agreed to a courtesy call on Prime Minister Uluşu. From my standpoint this was important because, after all, the installations he would be looking at, while operated by the U.S. government, were on Turkish soil. Also, the foreign minister and I had earlier agreed that greater exposure to foreign visitors by the informed and impressive but sometimes slightly withdrawn prime minister would be good for all concerned.

The 90-minute meeting with the prime minister went extremely well. Uluşu gave Leahy a thorough and perceptive summary of events leading up

to the military takeover. He laid out in greater detail than we had hitherto known the plans for a return to representative government. He spoke in moderate terms of Turkey's problem with the West European allies and expressed appreciation for Washington's patience on this subject. He described his own efforts as a member of the Islamic Summit Peace Commission to bring about an end to the Iran-Iraq war and outlined Turkey's Middle East policy with precision and clarity.

Leahy asked a few questions and commented on U.S. public opinion on some of these subjects, with a brief and graceful statement on the importance of democracy. The prime minister got an obviously very favorable impression of the courteous and well-informed senator. The senator got to know a member of a military junta who was clearly not an ogre. I got two telegrams that considerably advanced our knowledge of Turkish intentions about returning to representative government and of Turkish activities and attitudes in the Middle East.

The formalities over, I gave CODEL Leahy my own ideas about the virtues and deficiencies of U.S. intelligence installations in Turkey. The senator and his aides then closeted themselves with the various U.S. officials in Ankara concerned with the installations, pouring over reams of technical and budget material. They emerged for an overnight trip to a representative installation at Sinop. When they returned the next day, they obviously had an excellent grip on questions involving U.S. activities. Picking up their luggage at the residence en route to the airport, they displayed a rare sensitivity for other kinds of local conditions also. Neatly labeled envelopes with tips for the residence staff were left. Pouch and U.S. Military Post Office (APO) privileges, normally accorded CODELs, were waived. A few pieces of string to carry their modest souvenirs onto the airplane were the only logistic support requested. A borrowed book was even returned. All of embassy Ankara mentally awarded a gold medal for outstanding behavior above and beyond that normally expected of CODELs.

The executive branch of the government, always competitive with the legislative, does not, of course, leave the business of embassy visiting entirely to CODELs. Indeed, visits from executive officials vastly exceed in volume and in time those from legislators. From an embassy's standpoint, however, there is one great difference. With rare exceptions, such as visits by the president or secretary of state, the ambassador has a veto power over executive visits. Sometimes, as earlier indicated in this narrative, it is hard to make this stick on VIP visits, but the veto can—and must—be effectively used to impose some kind of rational parameters on the virtually ceaseless comings and goings of lower bureaucrats.

In Ankara from 1980 to 1981 we had no presidential visits. I have never been sure that "killing a tiger" the second time is any easier than the first, and we were quite content that our principal presidential association during our stay on Çankaya Hill came through being able to put guests in "the Eisenhower room" at the residence. This still contained the bed in which the late president had slept during a visit in the 1950s. We also had an inexhaustible—and not always repeatable—fund of stories inherited from staff and friends about Lyndon Johnson's visit in 1962, but at that time he had been only vice-president. The substantive events of Secretary of State Muskie's visit in the spring of 1981 have already been mentioned, and all that needs to be added is that the Muskies and their staff also left with the embassy's invisible gold medal for kindness and decency.

Perhaps because they are more frequent and controllable, executive VIP visits tend to be less exciting than legislative ones. A few examples, however, are necessary here to provide a flavor for the ambassador's role as "innkeeper."

In May 1980 the head of the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA), Peter Bensinger, and his wife arrived for a four-day stay. Bensinger's interests were important to all of us. A market had to be found for the product of the poppy straw process plan we had urged on the Turks several years earlier. While illicit leakage of Turkish-produced opium had ceased, a great deal of illegal narcotics was moving through Turkey from points further east. It was very much to our advantage to confirm and enhance DEA-TNP (Turkish National Police) cooperation. The visit was effective with Bensinger spending much of his time with ministry of the interior officials and visiting the straw process plant. In press and public statements, he skillfully made much of the fact that Turkey and the United States, once antagonists on narcotics questions, were now cooperating closely against "international criminals," some of whom happened to be citizens of Turkey and the United States.

As is so often the case, the "housekeeping" side of the visit was interesting in itself. On more than one occasion the DEA staff of the embassy displayed flexibility and imagination in tailoring their activities to political and social factors considered important by other sections of the embassy. Naturally, they wanted to impress their visiting boss, and we readily agreed to help by putting the Bensingers up at the residence, laying on a formal sit-down dinner with toasts, and so on. The guest VIPs (whom we had not previously known) turned out to be delightful people, and a good time was had by all.

Meanwhile, another bureaucratic minidrama was unfolding behind our own scenes. Just prior to the Bensingers' arrival, an urgent cable from

the State Department came in announcing in arbitrary tones that a representative of the department's International Narcotics Bureau would be arriving to participate in the Bensinger visit and to provide "political guidance" to Bensinger. The individual was favorably known to us, and we would normally have welcomed him, but we did not see why we ourselves could not provide any necessary "political guidance" and sent a return cable politely waving him off. In a rapid series of responses by cable and phone, we were told variously that the proposed visitor was in fact being sent to (a) "keep an eye on" Bensinger, (b) only to cement DEA-State Department relationships in the field, and (c) only for his own orientation on the narcotics situation in Turkey.

We responded that at least the last two purposes could best be served if he came a bit later when the embassy was free to concentrate on him rather than preoccupied with Bensinger. It was then revealed that the International Narcotics Bureau was almost out of travel funds and that a free ride to a nearby country had been arranged on a CODEL airplane. This was the only way that the trip could be made at all. To round it all up, the assistant secretary in charge of the International Narcotics Bureau telephoned and said simply what amounted to "Please, Mr. Ambassador, Sir!" I crumbled and said "Of course." Deciding to go all the way, we cleared surplus furniture out of the only spare guest room, where it had been deposited after the arrival of our household effects a few days earlier. As we finished, a final cable arrived, reporting that there were no air connections between Ankara and the city where the CODEL plane would be—so forget the whole thing.

Department of Defense VIPs were, of course, fairly frequent visitors to Turkey. Some of these visits were primarily ceremonial. For example, flag officers do a fair amount of attending each other's change-of-command ceremonies, and we had four U.S. officials in command positions in Turkey: at our two U.S. military units in Ankara, JUSMAT and TUSLOG, and two in Izmir, the deputy commanders of NATO land/southeast and NATO Sixth ATAF. Ambassadors not brought up on military traditions could perhaps be forgiven if they were less than enthusiastic about these pleasant but hardly essential occasions—which brought in numerous visitors and which the ambassadors were expected to attend.

Most of the military visitors, however, were useful as well as pleasant. The U.S. chief of naval operations, Admiral Heyward, appeared in June 1980 to sign an agreement for transfer of two surplus U.S. destroyers to the Turkish navy. We won the gratitude and devotion of our naval attaché by putting the admiral and his party up at the residence and bringing the entire top echelon of the Turkish navy to the house for a sit-down dinner

complete with finger bowls and toasts. The dinner gave us an opportunity to reestablish an old friendship begun in Istanbul years earlier with the Turkish navy commander and chief, Admiral Bülend Ulusu—who in less than six months would become prime minister of Turkey. (One of the charms of diplomatic life is that very little bread cast upon its waters ever simply sinks without a trace.)

Admiral William Crowe, commander in chief of NATO's southern sector headquartered in Naples, paid official visits to Turkey and Greece a couple of times a year. The Turks handled logistics for his visit. Although a U.S. officer, Bill, as a NATO commander, belonged as much to them and to my British, West German, Belgian, Italian, Dutch, etc. colleagues as to me. Still he was always ready to give us preference when we wanted him as a guest of honor for a social function to reinforce the U.S. and the NATO images in Ankara. He was also an invaluable adviser, sometimes to us and sometimes to the Turkish general staff, on a variety of training, deployment, and weapons questions. Finally, of course, he and his wife were magnificent hosts during our own already-mentioned glorious visit to Naples with British Ambassador and Lady Laurence.

General Charles Gabriel, then commander of USAFE in Ramstein, Germany, provides another example of the value of reciprocal official and personal courtesies. Holding authority over both TUSLOG, our own Air Force logistics group in Turkey, and the USAF combat aircraft deployed to the Incirlik air base, Gabriel's visit to Turkey provided an opportunity for instant decisions on complicated matters of military construction and deployment. For example, a final decision on the politically loaded question of whether Turkish or U.S. labor and material would be used for a new 300-unit housing program in Incirlik was reached one midnight over coffee in the upstairs sitting room of the residence after the Gabriels and the Spains had returned from separate parties.

General Gabriel's affair was one of the kind earlier mentioned from which I happily stayed away, so that his Turkish hosts would have no problem with their guest of honor. And, again, there is a personal footnote. While in Ramstein several months later on my way home after having relinquished ambassadorial glory in Turkey, I found myself in acute need of a new dental bridge. That the bridge was built and installed within 24 hours at the Air Force Dental Clinic was probably not unconnected with the fact that it was Charley Gabriel who telephoned to arrange my appointment.

Lt. General Gene Tighe, chief of the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), to whom Defense Attache Offices all over the world report, came to Ankara for a four-day visit in April 1981. To please our defense attaché

(and not unconscious of who owned what had come to be known as the "embassy airplane"), we invited General Tighe and his associates to stay with us. Once more the benefit was all ours. I learned privately that perhaps I had been a bit braver (and wiser) than I had originally thought in unilaterally kicking out the mysterious Defense Department people mentioned earlier who had shown up in Turkey with Iran on their mind. On a more substantive plane, General Tighe returned one evening from a briefing with the Turkish general staff carrying more detailed and valuable information on terrorist activities in Turkey and foreign involvement in them than our civilian agencies had been able to extract from the government of Turkey in months of effort.

In May 1981 we welcomed what was to be our final Department of Defense VIP visitor during our time in Ankara, the new assistant secretary of defense for international security affairs, Francis ("Bing") West. Among the other members of his party was Lt. General Ernest Graves, the head of the Department of Defense's Security Assistance Agency. I took the visitors on a round of calls: the minister of defense, the Turkish general staff, and the minister of foreign affairs. The Turks wanted to talk about their problems with security assistance in the past and what they needed for the future. West wanted to talk about the Soviet threat in Southwest Asia, and the new U.S. Rapid Deployment Force (RDF) and what Turkey might do to help us with these.

I had been continuously working for some months on a U.S.-Turkish dialogue on Southwest Asia and welcomed the 75-minute exchange on the subject that developed with the foreign minister. West handled himself well, emphasizing that we did not want to ask Turkey for anything that would embarrass it with its neighbors. Türkmen pointed out that even U.S. efforts to use present NATO facilities in Turkey for Southwest Asian activities could not be approved.

I suggested that perhaps we should be less concerned with facilities than with interest and asked if there was not at least some "overlap" of U.S. and Turkish interest in Southwest Asia. Turkey might not want us to use Incirlik to support an airlift to Israel in a war with Egypt. But, if Soviet troops were marching north through Syria, as they had marched south through Afghanistan, how would Turkey feel about Incirlik then? The foreign minister said that he thought I could easily guess at that and agreed that there was indeed some "overlap" in Turkish-U.S. interest. In the following three months or so, the last for which I had access to official Turkish and U.S. thinking on the subject, I was gratified to note that the catchword overlap figured prominently on both sides. (Diplomats are easily pleased, and I got

as much pleasure out of this bit of semantics as corporate CEOs [Chief Executive Officers] might out of a 10-point jump in their company's stock on the New York Exchange.)

Toward the end of the West visit, there was one other bit of satisfaction for the embassy. As with the Biden-Baker CODEL, I and an embassy officer did the cable drafting. One of the staffers with the West party also prepared cables on the same subjects for West—which he, of course, was perfectly free to send to his own Department of Defense. West told me that he killed the Defense Department draft and pointed out to his staff that the embassy's did the job very well. Indeed, after looking over his own peoples' long and turgid reporting effort, he urged them to emulate the embassy's style. Grinning, he added that his aides had accepted the criticism, but he thought that I should know about their comment: "But, sir, writing stuff like that is *all* those diplomat fellows do!"

The third category of visitors with which an embassy must be concerned are private U.S. citizens—who sometimes, of course, are public figures. Whether pharmacists, mayors, governors, doctors, lawyers, actors, philosophers, or tourists, they almost always need and deserve some help or notice from their representatives abroad. I have always believed that principal officers, whether consuls in a small post or ambassadors in a large one, should be ready to see and oblige such visitors to the extent that they can.

A few have ulterior motives. During an international psychiatrists' meeting in Istanbul in 1970, I was flattered that almost every U.S. attendee called on me and asked for my card with a personal message. Then I discovered that their lawyer had recommended this as documentation for an income tax exemption for the expenses of their trip to Istanbul. A few are kooks. The inventor of a perpetual motion machine came in to see me, also in Istanbul, giving the U.S. government the first crack at his creation—which he had brought to demonstrate in the city beside the Bosphorus because of its favorable geophysical location. Most visitors, however, are decent friendly people with many of whom we have stayed in touch over the years.

Reminders of these encounters still abound among our memorabilia. Tom Bradley's ashtray, given in Dar es Salaam, adorns my desk. Melvin Belli's comments on the character of criminal lawyers lies somewhere in my files. The cedar chest that enclosed the gift of cigars from a Tampa manufacturer who "just wanted to see what a diplomat looked like" contains our reserve supply of pens and pencils. Two of the most touching tokens left the house with our grown-up children. One is a copy of Helen Hayes's *Gift of*

Joy autographed to daughter Sikandra "as lovely as her name" and given to a then stagestruck 17-year-old who shared a table with the queen of the U.S. theater at a dinner in our house in Istanbul in 1970. The other is George McGovern's *An American Journey*, inscribed in Dar es Salaam to a young son who had rung doorbells in his boarding school town during McGovern's presidential campaign, "For Steve, who shared this journey in 1972." I am not sure how durable most of our family mementos are, but these two books, I suspect, have a prized life expectancy of another half century or so.

On a less sentimental note, mention must be made of two private U.S. group visits to Ankara in 1980 and 1981. They demonstrate that people-to-people, as well as government-to-government, relations are important in international affairs today. The first in June 1980 consisted of about a dozen members of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), most of them surprisingly young and vigorous, on a NATO-sponsored tour. The second, in June 1981, was a group from Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS).

USIS had committed itself to providing "facilitative assistance" to both. Although both insisted that they would not burden our facilities, we all knew that they would. However good such visitors' intentions may be on the matter of self-sufficiency, in Ankara at least there is just no substitute for their embassy in arranging appointments, organizing transport and accommodation, and giving receptions. Well aware of this and with other official VIPs in town at the same time on both occasions, my initial reaction was less than enthusiastic.

There were minor contretemps. The CFR people kept the other guests waiting for an hour at the lunch in their honor at the residence because they had to check out of their hotel before 1:00 to avoid another day's charge. The CSIS people, mostly professors and properly given to independent ideas, were very much a part of the Washington in which they lived. They tended to talk as if they were the U.S. government and sometimes left Turkish officials confused as to what Washington did stand for these days.

However, there was no doubt that the net result of these visits was a gain for the United States. The Turks were impressed with and slightly envious of the obviously well-informed, spontaneous, and dynamic "private sector" in international affairs in the United States. The CFR visitors took home a firsthand impression of some pretty competent Turkish politicians after long sessions with both Prime Minister Demirel and opposition leader Ecevit. I was able to confirm a number of points of interest to the embassy in listening to the give and take.

A year later the CSIS group was likewise an asset in helping us assess the attitudes and intentions of the military regime. One of the ruling pashas who attended our reception was taken with the group and responded to their wide-ranging questions rather more freely and frankly than he was wont to do with diplomats in the privacy of his office. The reception due to end at 8:00 P.M. was still going on at 10:00 P.M., and even a miserly ambassador had to concede that the cost of the extra liquor was more than offset by the benefit to U.S.-Turkish relations.

In any description of visitors, one subgroup of U.S. citizens that exists in almost all countries and is quite different from its compatriots merits mention. These are U.S. citizens who live in the host country, not because they work there as do our officials, business people, and teachers, but because they have established homes there. In certain areas of the world, these residents can be something of a nuisance to an embassy because they are numerous and because they tend to become involved with various local special interests. In Turkey, however, these residents were a pure delight. There were only a half dozen or so, among them former U.S. Ambassador George C. McGhee and his wife Cecelia. They had a home in Alanya. Former *Washington Post* managing editor Al Friendly and his wife, Jean, spent several months a year in their house in Side. Jim and Felix Ware retired from a long career in the corporate world to head the International Executive Service Corps (IESC) in Turkey, a private volunteer technical assistance group. They then retired again to live in Izmir while he completed work on a long-delayed Ph.D. degree.

The McGhees, Friendlys, Wares, and a few others reversed the usual role of visitors. *They* played host to embassy officials and their families and, by virtue of their long association with Turkey, *they* provided knowledge and insight. They were generous to local education, charities, and archeological efforts. They were loved and respected by Turks from all walks of life who were proud of their decisions to settle in Turkey. They were totally self-sufficient and undemanding. They did far more for our two governments than was ever done for them, and a long succession of U.S. ambassadors to Turkey has had reason to be grateful for their presence.

To close the visitors' circle, there is one other set of visitors from which diplomats abroad derive a particular joy. These are old friends from other countries who show up at one's post in one guise or another. If for no other reason than to illustrate the pleasures of the profession, two of these who came through Ankara in our 1980-81 heyday need to be mentioned. One was a charming English banker, a member of the House of Lords, who

used to come to Dar es Salaam a few times a year while we were there to check financial activities in East Africa. Never pressed for time, Peter Carrington could be counted upon for witty conversation, perceptive ideas, and an excellent taste in food and wine. When he appeared in Ankara in 1980, he was foreign minister of the United Kingdom and present in our house on Çankaya Hill for the annual NATO working dinner on Berlin hosted by Secretary of State Muskie. After an hour's dull conversation on central Europe, Carrington signaled me out of the dining room with him. He picked up a whiskey and settled down on a sofa in the corner and said "Now, old friend, let's talk about something interesting. What do you think about the way Rhodesia is turning out?" Among my *cher collègues*, my diplomatic stock soared.

The other delight from earlier incarnations came during a January 1981 state visit to Turkey by Pakistani President Zia-ul-Haq. Standing with Zia in the official reception line were Information and Tourism Minister Shahid Hamid, his wife, Tahira, and Foreign Minister Agha Shahi. Our association with the Hamids dated to the early 1950s when Shahid was a major general in the Royal Pakistani Army with the impressive title of master general of the ordnance. At that time an obscure young U.S. traveler interested in the northwest frontier but lacking hotel reservations had been taken into their home in the Rawalpindi cantonment. Our friendship with Agha Shahi went back almost as far—to when he was DCM in the Pakistani embassy in Washington in the mid-1950s.

Unfortunately, the foreign minister had to stay with his president to conduct business after the official socializing was over. However, the information minister declared a holiday for himself and came back to our house for a night of reminiscing with a few other friends who dated back to the days of the raj in India. We started by exchanging memories of a very young Pakistan. Then Shahid and the British-born wife of the Swedish ambassador went on to compare hilarious notes on the days in Allahabad when she was an "Indian army brat," Shahid, a subaltern of cavalry, and Jawaharlal Nehru, activist head of the local Congress Party. Visits such as those of Peter Carrington and the Shahid Hamids may have little political significance, but they provide "nights to remember," which are among the sweetest fruits of a diplomat's life.

What is there to say in general, then, about U.S. visitors as part of a United States' ambassador's life? Certainly, that they require time and trouble. They can be difficult to get along with and can do their country and their hosts both good and evil. But U.S. diplomats abroad need visitors as much as the visitors need the diplomats—who are also capable of doing

both good and evil. The visitors also represent the United States, and, as the examples given above indicate, from my experience they are very much an asset. It is worthwhile to treat them well and worthwhile to devote a certain amount of time toward handling them—before, as well as after, their activities.

Indeed, the “before” can be even more important than the “after,” since it is only then that the possibility of selectivity is present. Here too one learns with experience. The crude devices involving security and inoculations in Istanbul in 1970, which I mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, had by the time I was in Dar es Salaam a half-dozen years later given way to a more sophisticated approach. This was developed with the help of President Nyerere’s urbane *chef de cabinet*. Every U.S. official wanted to see Nyerere, and the president’s aide and I both knew that the embassy almost had to ask for a meeting on request. The presidential aide suggested that it would be helpful to him if I would use the three different styles of note when asking for a meeting with the president. “A” would mean “Please do! It is important for the United States or for Tanzania or for both.” “B” conveyed the idea “It would be nice if you could, but I am not asking you to miss important business.” “C”, regardless of language, . . . well “C” was for the other kind of visitors.

The system worked very well. Even disappointed visitors went away with a carbon copy of a request from the U.S. ambassador to State House that the visitor be granted an audience with the president. Sometimes they also had a copy of the State House response extolling the visitor’s importance and virtues but deeply regretting the president’s urgent unavailability at the necessary time.

The End of the Affair

Of the many people in the world interested in what happens on a U.S. presidential election day, none have greater reason than U.S. ambassadors—and would-be ambassadors. All incumbent ambassadors, whether career or political, submit their resignations to the newly elected (or reelected) president. The would-be ambassadors either abandon hope—if their party lost—or begin calling attention to themselves and acquiring new luggage—if their party won.

The political incumbents, regardless of the caliber of their performances, can count on their resignations being accepted. No more than one or two ever survive a change in administration. The career incumbents embark on a period of nervous waiting while the new administration works out its decisions. If they wish, they may indicate in their resignations a desire to continue to serve where they are, to switch to another embassy, or to return to the State Department in Washington. The caliber of their previous performance *may* have some effect on their future. However, this is not usually determinative. Seldom does the new administration have anything strongly for or against them in its mind. The vital question is if it feels strongly for a political claimant to the incumbent's job.

At this stage about the only way career diplomats can cast any odds on their future is to look at the past history of the particular post in which they are serving to see what the proportion has been between foreign service officers and political appointees. In Turkey, since World War II, it was seven career and three political ambassadors. From the self-centered standpoint from which incumbents look at these things, the odds in Ankara were somewhat enhanced by three other factors in the aftermath of Ronald

Reagan's defeat of Jimmy Carter in November 1980. First, I had been in Ankara less than a year and a three- or four-year assignment is considered "normal." Second, Ankara was a relatively unpleasant (acute smog) and dangerous (terrorist activity) place. Third, Turkish-U.S. relations were in a sensitive but promising stage, in which there would be an advantage in having someone on the spot who was familiar with the issues, the local leadership, and the language. All other things being equal, these elements might tip the balance favorably.

Indeed, the first indication of the new administration's intentions was in that direction. A foreign service officer stationed in Western Europe telephoned a couple of days after the January 1981 inauguration. He reported a conversation he had had the night before with a visitor, a high-ranking U.S. military officer now retired and our mutual acquaintance. "X didn't ask me to pass this on to you," said my colleague, "but I suspect the reason he told me about it was so that I would. He said that just before he left Washington he was talking with the new secretary of state who told him that all ambassadors in EUR [Bureau of European Affairs] were going to be changed except—Todman in Spain and Spain in Turkey." My obliging friend added, "There is nothing official about this, of course, but I thought you might like to know it."

He was right. I called Edith, left the chancery for a rare lunch at home, and we talked about replenishing the wine cellar rather than getting the suitcases out of the storeroom. Continuing a life-as-usual routine, I shortly thereafter gave the principal address for "Black History Week," a significant annual event among the U.S. military community. Given the title "Role Models for Blacks," I spoke of the only two black public leaders I really knew: Andrew Young and Julius Nyerere, both of whom I had worked with closely when I was in Tanzania.

I subsequently sent a copy of the talk to an English friend who was also familiar with those men. In response I got a note saying thanks and expressing wonder at my rashness in praising that particular pair "in view of recent political events in your country." My reaction was to chuckle—as I had often in the past—about how little most English people really understood about the U.S. political process.

A month or so later another communication arrived—one over which I had less reason to be amused. Carolyn Smith, my faithful and devoted secretary in both Dar es Salaam and Ankara, appeared suddenly, handed over a sealed brown envelope (the usual sign of a special "Eyes Only" cable), gulped "I'm so sorry . . ." and fled.

The subject of the cable was "Rotation of Ambassadors." It informed me that rotation of several ambassadors was in train or contemplated and

that Ankara had been chosen for change. My successor had already been selected. His administrative processing was underway. A request for *agreement* from the government of Turkey would be arriving shortly. Any views I might have on what I would like to do next should be transmitted to the State Department.

The name of the successor was not mentioned, but it took only one personal telephone call to Washington to get it and the discouraging report that "heavy politics" was involved. The decision might as well be accepted as final, I was informed. So I responded to the original cable by saying I had spent a long time in the foreign service working up to be an ambassador, I liked the job, and, if I could not continue to have it in Ankara, I would like to go somewhere else for which my skills and previous experience qualified me.

In response I was asked if I would be interested in going to Nigeria, South Africa, or Pakistan. Having consulted with Edith, I responded that either Pakistan or South Africa would be fine because of previous experience in South Asia and southern Africa. As to Nigeria, I would rather pass. This was based in part on the fact that the distinguished career officer who was in Lagos had been there an even shorter time than I had been in Ankara, and I saw no point in contributing to what was evidently going to be a singularly disruptive "rotation" process.

As winter turned into spring and summer, nothing decisive came from Washington. I heard through private sources that several senators, disturbed by the costly inefficiency of the "rotation" program of the new administration and its devastating impact on the career service, raised questions concerning my own and some other displacements with the White House—but to no avail. South Africa went to another political appointee. Pakistan and Nigeria were given to career assistant secretaries in the State Department who were forced out of their jobs there in favor of political appointees.

In July I received a formal response to my resignation in the form of a letter from the new president. He thanked me for "the purpose and determination" with which I had carried out my responsibilities in Ankara, said that I could look back with "pride and satisfaction" on my service to our country, and extended his "best wishes" for the days ahead. One did not have to be a particularly perceptive diplomat to interpret language like that, and in fact I came home to a "foreign affairs fellowship," which is State Department jargon for a sabbatical year. As a high official put it, "Go write a book. Or, if you don't want to write one, read a couple."

The full story behind the change was, as usual, impossible to reconstruct, but I came to a tentative conclusion that the principal reason for it

was that my successor had cashed in some formidable political chips to get what he wanted. In typical State Department style, even my trip home went less than smoothly. In the first weeks after the decision for a change had been made, I was urged to take my time, to stay on through the summer. The new incumbent did not expect to be ready until after Labor Day. As we reached June and July, the tone changed: it would be appreciated if I would clean up and depart as soon as possible. I set a date early in August, in part calculated to enable Edith to be home in time to see a dying brother. Then Washington discovered that I would have been in Turkey 18 months on August 21. My being out of the United States for a full 18 months would have great bookkeeping advantages, I was informed. I must not reenter before August 21.

Because of her brother's health, we decided that Edith had to stick to the original departure date—and the Department of State had a footnote on that too. As a dependent, she could leave early, but I was reminded that unless she traveled with me she would have to fly economy class. The privilege of flying first class to and from their posts the first and last times is limited only to ambassadors and *accompanying* dependents. If Edith went alone, she had to go in the back of the airplane. And so it was.

A departing U.S. ambassador's problems are not only with Washington. It is hard to imagine the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, or the *Chicago Tribune* displaying keen and constant interest in the fate of a foreign ambassador in Washington. However, in many countries, Turkey among them, what happens to a U.S. ambassador at the time of a new administration is considered an important indicator of Washington's intentions toward the host country. Consequently, the ambassador's ups and downs are news. Handling such a situation is particularly difficult when rumors are flying but no official announcement has yet been made.

Literally one week after I received the "rotation" cable, one of the editors of *Milliyet*, Turkey's leading newspaper, called to ask if I was leaving. One of its people, the editor explained, had picked up a "tip" to this effect in the United States. In the usual diplomatic way, I said that I really could not say anything about something like that. The traditionally very responsible *Milliyet* indicated that in the absence of confirmation it was not going to print. Two days later, *Hürriyet*, one of its rivals, did, including a nicely worded description from an unspecified U.S. source that the present "first term" ambassador to Ankara was being replaced by a "respectable and experienced" professor.

On a fascinatingly parallel time scale, one week after I had told Washington that I would be interested in going to Pakistan or South Africa,

my Pakistani colleague in Ankara appeared on an unexpected "routine" call to discuss U.S.-Pakistani relations at length and to indicate how nice it would be to have me back in Islamabad.

When this press and diplomatic knowledge surfaced, we were still weeks away from any official communication on the subject between the governments of the United States and Turkey. Indeed, the Turkish foreign minister in returning from a visit to Washington in late April told me that he had been given no inkling of an impending change. The moral is that, for all the advances in communication and statecraft, you just cannot beat the "bush telegraph" even in the most sophisticated professions.

Quite apart from when the official word of their departure comes out, "lame-duck" ambassadors usually suffer from the same disability as "lame-duck" presidents or Congressmembers, that is, the lack of a satisfactory answer to the question of why they should be taken seriously any longer. In policy areas there is a real strain. A lot of things I had started, for example, the FY 1983 Security Assistance Program, I clearly was not going to be able to finish. Many decisions for the future were better put off because their consequences would concern not me but my successor. Since I have always believed that one of an ambassador's most important jobs is to make decisions, I found this necessary disassociation from much that was going on around me particularly frustrating.

Still, the Turks, the *cher collègues*, and my own embassy staff were exceptionally kind, and there were many satisfying and stimulating experiences in the last months. The "farewell" formalities with the rest of the diplomatic corps were particularly warm and pleasant. A scant year and a half earlier, I had been the "new boy" in the corps, paying my respects to numerous and protocol-conscious "upper classmen." Now old friends, who had been through a reign of terrorism and a military coup together, and who knew each other's idiosyncrasies, were saying "Goodbye."

On the evening of the Fourth of July, after our own round of national day celebrations was over, our neighbor, the Canadian ambassador, and long-time friends, the Norwegian ambassador and his wife, hosted an eating, drinking, dancing, and swimming festival to say goodbye to us at the Canadians' pool. It was gay and informal, and, as the elegantly engraved bilingual invitation said, "*Cravate interdite*." The foreign minister and a number of Turkish officials came, and all the cares of the day were cast aside.

They were, that is, until late in the evening when word was brought to me at the party of the defection of the Soviet ballerina in Istanbul and our plan for her prompt departure from Turkey. The diplomatic niceties with

which this problem was handled have already been described, but the fillip this event added to our goodbye party merits brief mention here.

Having been informed that Washington had authorized issuance of a visa and proposed plans for departure the next morning, I told this to the foreign minister who I was sitting next to. Our intense conversation and the calling up of aides (two of his and two of mine) caught the attention of the wife of one of my *cher collègues* who was also sitting at the table. As a good diplomatic spouse should, she obviously tuned in to be able to tell her husband later what was going on between the foreign minister and the U.S. ambassador.

As the discussion grew more heated, the Turkish and U.S. officials moved off to a corner in the garden—trailed by the wife, one or two other colleagues, and eventually by our anxious host who not unreasonably wondered why a quiet, casual late night conversation had suddenly become, as one of them later described it, “vigorous and violent.” The foreign minister’s position, that the ballerina’s departure should be delayed and handled in a “normal” way, won the day, of course, and our curious friends were able to read all about the matter under discussion in the newspapers the next morning. Some of them probably read a salutary moral into it: U.S. officials did not always get their way in Turkey.

During the remainder of July, I made my farewell calls on Turkish officialdom, much the same as I had made arrival visits 18 months earlier. Always aware of the proprieties, the Turks were careful to say the right things about future Turkish-U.S. relations, while at the same time managing to make it clear that they regretted and did not understand my departure. (I did exactly the same.) Almost all career government servants themselves, the Turkish leadership obviously disapproved the way the United States treated its career officers. However, as top officials in their government, they were certainly not going to get involved in the matter.

My farewell call on President Evren in a way reflected my whole experience in Turkey. The first 20 minutes were warm, personal, and philosophical. We talked about the differences between the United States’ and Turkey’s places in the world and about the elements that we had in common. Coincidentally, a letter to the president had arrived that morning from Secretary of State Haig, and I took the opportunity of the call to present it. The letter noted continuing U.S. support for the military regime’s efforts but also pointed to rising European criticism of measures taken against the former politicians. It went on to suggest that some amelioration of these measures might be in order. For the next 10 minutes the temperature in the room dropped noticeably as President Evren commented on the

Europeans' comments. He quickly recovered his grandfatherly good humor, however, and said that he would in due course reply directly to his "old friend," General Haig. The last 10 minutes were warm again, and my principal departure formality ended on a note of high cordiality.

Our final social event, on the last day of July, was a buffet dinner for some 50 Turkish officials and *cher collègues* given as a personal gesture by one of the pashas who, in order to avoid the commitment to other ambassadors always inherent in precedent, went to the trouble of deleting his titles from the invitations and asking us to suggest a "private" guest list. Again we had a poignant reminder of the satisfactions of the life we were leaving. The night was star filled and the air at the pasha's house on Çankaya Hill was breezy and cool after a very hot day. A minor climax came when one of the *cher collègues* from a small and distant country caught me privately to say "Thanks! If it wasn't for your going, I'd never have made it to this house, no matter how long I stayed in Ankara." I told him that it was nothing but that he should remember that he "owed one" to the U.S. embassy.

As any diplomat who has ever left a post can testify, the final days are inevitably the most hectic. The social schedule increases. I do not think we ate a single meal other than breakfast at home during the last six weeks. At the same time, the household effects must be packed and room found for the continually increasing number of farewell gifts. The *cher collègues* presented the traditional inscribed silver bowl. Turkish cabinet ministers sent medals and medallions of their departments. President Evren sent his picture. The various units of the embassy offered their tokens of remembrance: a lovely ceramic bowl, a battered and beautiful copper pitcher, a silver picture frame, and an inscribed copper tray that was a technicolor miracle of technology. Almost every day required purchase of an additional footlocker.

In the middle of it all, our four children arrived from their own exotic addresses for a final brief family holiday in the Turkey in which they had earlier done much of their growing up. Patrick came from Chicago, accompanied by friends from Canada, New York, and Washington. Sikandra timed completion of her Peace Corps service in Fiji so as to arrive in Turkey for the family reunion. Steve and Bill arrived (separately, of course) from Boston.

We all piled into our personal Dodge Omni and a borrowed van and headed for Bodrum, the delightful little port on Turkey's southwest coast, which provides yachts for charter at a price still fairly affordable for idyllic cruising along a coast unchanged at least since the days of the Romans. We boarded the *Gonul II*, presided over by Ali Kaptan and cook Faik Bey.

Having laid in mountains of ice, beer, bread, cheese, and olives, we cast off for Knidos. We made it there by nightfall, almost entirely under sail.

At the extreme western tip of Asia Minor, Knidos is the site of the Knidian Aphrodite by Praxiteles, perhaps the most famous sculpture of the classic world but known to us today only through textual encomiums on its beauty. Aphrodite herself may have disappeared into the dust of the ages, but her spirit is still very much present in and around the narrow harbor that once opened into the sea on both sides of the peninsula. The round altar on which her famed statue stood is still there, covered with tattered canvas left over from the last active year of the now-suspended dig conducted by Iris Love of Long Island University. Beyond the classic city is a huge, entirely untouched Byzantine necropolis, testifying to the fact that as late as the sixth and seventh centuries A.D., Knidos was a populous and prosperous place.

What little life remains today has its own charm. As we sat on the boat at twilight over our drinks, a boy appeared on one side of the harbor, sat down on a wall, and began playing a flute. As the notes bounced back and forth over the narrow steep-sided stretch of water, they clearly had greater emotional impact on the visitors than they did on the flock of sheep that munched among the broken marble. The romantic mood was dampened a bit when we noted Ali Kaptan dispatching the faithful Faik in the dinghy with a few coins for the shepherd musician. "Ah," we thought, "the *Gonul II* does put on a good show for its clients." Inquiry, however, disclosed that the coins were sent to persuade the boy "to go away and stop bothering the tourists" rather than to reward him for a prearranged performance.

We awoke the next morning in a dense fog bank that lay over the water to a height of perhaps 50 feet. We could hear life going by on the shore a dozen yards on either side of us. Faik, who had swum ashore, reported that visibility was fine on the land, but the sea, both inside and outside the harbor, was thickly and totally covered. So until the middle of the afternoon, we played cards, napped, and, clutching ropes from the rail of the boat, swam within a few feet of its sides.

At exactly three o'clock, the fog lifted. It was totally gone within a few minutes. We put to sea for the short run up the coast to Datça, another important port of classic times and now the site of a small Turkish beach resort. Hacı Nuri, our serious and devoted driver from Ankara, was supposed to meet us there with food supplies for the next stage of the voyage. We would, of course, be several hours late for the rendezvous, and I had visions of much confusion at Datça as Hacı Nuri and the Turkish police began to fear a terrorist kidnapping of the U.S. ambassador and his family. (Neither Nuri nor the police had been very happy at my insistence at sailing off without bodyguards.)

I had on the boat a short-range radio transmitter designed to make possible conversation with Hacı Nuri in the car as we leapfrogged along the coast, but Ali Kaptan assured me that it would not work until we were practically at Datça because of the massive mountains on the curving coast. He had been proven right earlier when I had repeatedly and unsuccessfully tried the radio during our fogbound morning. Nevertheless as we got a mile or two out to sea, I decided to try again. Almost immediately I picked up Nuri's worried voice calling "*Gonul II! Gonul II!* Come in! Come in!" I did so and assured him that all was well, just in time to prevent what would have been an embarrassingly unnecessary search effort.

Pleased with the success of the communications effort, I found when we got to Datça that it was not accidental. Hacı Nuri too had been told of the problem of the intervening mountains; so he had simply taken the radio out of the car, rented a boat, went far enough out to sea to get a clean line at Knidos, stopped there, and began calling for *Gonul II* to "come in." Complimented on his ingenuity, the doughty veteran of the Turkish Brigade in Korea responded that his feat had not been unusual. "We did that kind of thing in the war all the time."

Another of Nuri's talents, which I am sure he also practiced all the time on the Korean peninsula, was for instantly acquiring all kinds of useful local friends. When we pulled into Datça, we were greeted by a party including the local public prosecutor and the owner of the local hotel. The latter was a graduate of the University of Ankara who had given up life in the capital as "too hectic" and resettled in Datça "for the good of my soul." The public prosecutor, who also praised Datça as an ideal place "for the soul," was heading in the other direction. He had, he sadly reported, just been transferred to Ankara. The public prosecutor's office in Datça was being abolished because there had been only one felony in the entire district in the past three years.

These new friends had laid out a program for the visitors, and we immediately transferred to a smaller boat to prowl the extensive but "undug" ruins adjacent to Datça, which, for lack of any scholarly knowledge, are described (albeit only obscurely and in one guidebook) as "possibly the pre-Hellenistic and early Hellenistic Knidos." Back at Datça the spiritual refugee hotel keeper supplied a magnificent dinner for the whole party, refusing to provide a bill because we were all friends. By this time the rest of the party was so surfeited and exhausted that it retreated to sleep on the boat. My son Patrick and I, however, felt compelled to attempt reciprocal friendship by offering *raki* for all at the waterfront bar. In the gray dawn it was only through the efforts of the indefatigable Hacı Nuri, who had sat

through the night over several glasses of Coca Cola, that we managed to get back to *Gonul II*, having fallen into the water on the way only once.

The next night found us, miraculously without hangovers, at an unknown and unnamed (even on the nautical charts) island, locally referred to as *Bozukkale* (Broken Castle). It was covered with unknown, unnamed, and untouched ruins—which to our untutored eyes seemed vaguely Byzantine and vaguely monastic. Here in the fading light a sponge fishing boat, manned by a quartet of bronzed Apollos who would not be believed in Hollywood, turned up to sell us for a very modest price a half-dozen freshly caught (and very smelly) sponges. One of these has only recently mellowed to the point where it is allowed into our Washington bathroom. For a less modest price, these modern argonauts also let us have a half-dozen lobsters to cook on the boat for that evening's meal. As an appreciative Spain child pointed out, "Lobster every other night isn't bad—even for a vacation!"

The next day *Gonul II* went farther east along the coast to Dalyan and Kaunos, the latter reputed in classical times to be the unhealthiest city in the world. It was easy to see why. The approach ran for three or four miles through a marsh that had once been a bay. Beds of reeds hosted hordes of insects. The sun beaming down on the stagnant water created a dense murky atmosphere in sharp contrast with the sparkling ambience of the rest of the coast. Yet the Roman theater at Kaunos, much of which is still there, seated some twenty thousand people, about a thousand times the present population.

The next few days we spent nosing around the huge Fethiye Bay, testing our diving ability at three local sites. One, the location a few years earlier of recovery of a bronze age shipwreck, had nothing left for the underwater sightseer. Two other submerged sites, locally called *Monastir* and *Hamam* (monastery and bath), were aptly named insofar as what could be seen of their architecture was concerned, but nothing more on them could be discovered, either from the locals or from our library and guidebook.

Tying up at Fethiye itself, the ancient Telmessus, for our last night on *Gonul II*, we set off to see the Lician tombs for which the town is noted. These date from the fourth century B.C. and are cut into a cliff face at the edge of Fethiye. One of them still carries the name of its original occupant, Amyntas. The immense size of the tombs is enhanced by highly stylized false doors, facades, and pillars cut into the rock face for purposes unknown and as part of the style barely comprehensible today. Perhaps as part of that style, shadows hung everywhere in and around the tombs, despite the late afternoon sun, which was full upon them. For all their relatively recent (for this part of the world) date, the tombs at Fethiye stand clearly be-

fore and beyond the sparkling clarity of the Greco-Roman Mediterranean world with which we today so proudly associate our own beginnings.

From Fethiye the *Gonul II* turned back westward, sailing several miles offshore (but, in the Mediterranean tradition, never out of sight of land). By the time we were close to Marmaris, where we intended to stay the night, much of the party was seasick, and that stable solid world beyond the one of wood and canvas that we inhabited began to have obvious attractions. These were projected in full force when we tied up at the Marti Motel near Marmaris. Owned by Halit Narin, an Istanbul industrialist who was a close friend, we had stayed at the Marti before; but without reservations in the height of the season, we assumed that we would sleep on board while enjoying a quick meal and saying “hello” at the hotel.

Turkish friendship required otherwise. The Marti was full and overbooked, but space was found for as many of us as wanted to sleep ashore. Edith and I discovered only later that the spacious room in the family wing that was “available” for us was so only because our hosts had instantly and inconspicuously moved their two daughters out of it. Neither the “hello” nor the meal was quick. After a three-hour feast we turned to the motel’s disco. By the time it closed down at 3:00 A.M., there was not a trace of seasickness left.

Being back on land also meant being back in business, I discovered. Upon leaving the *Gonul II*, I headed straight for the motel’s sauna—to find myself steaming on a bench next to former Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel who was vacationing at the Marti. The conversation that began in the sauna continued over drinks, dinner, disco, and breakfast the following morning. We covered (from the point of view of Turkey’s displaced politicians) almost everything that had gone on since the military intervention. Although I did not altogether realize it at the time, it also reflected much that was to happen later as Demirel undertook a political tug-of-war with the military leadership.

We still had 36 hours of charter time left on the *Gonul II* and used it up by dispatching two of Patrick’s friends who “wanted to see a Greek island” to Rhodes in solitary splendor. The rest of us reclaimed our vehicles and drove to what had long been the favorite Spain family’s spot in Turkey, Aphrodisias.

We had first come to know the city of Aphrodite, an hour’s drive off the main road between Denizili and Aydin, when we had lived in Turkey in the early 1970s. The director and presiding genius of the *National Geographic*/New York University-sponsored dig is Kenan Erim, who spends his winters living in Princeton and teaching in New York and his summers

re-creating the past of Aphrodisias. This city in the first century A.D. was rather like Florence during the Renaissance: a place devoted primarily, if not exclusively, to the production of fine art for imperial patrons. Its quarries and its master carvers served Augustus, Tiberias, Claudius, and the whole Julio-Claudian family. While other cities had athletic games, Aphrodisias had annual sculpture contests. Hit hard by earthquakes and receding imperial authority in the sixth and seventh centuries, its great works in stone tumbled down but were preserved exceptionally well by the earth of the centuries and the absence of subsequent population and building. These sculptures are emerging today at Kenan Bey's hands as vibrant and recognizable as their live counterparts in the BBC's popular "I, Claudius."

On this visit we had time only to "ooh and ah" over the new finds, but over the years we have opened and closed seasons with Kenan Bey and intruded on him in the middle of many of them. We have shared the meat of the lamb sacrificed by the devoutly Muslim workers to begin each season. We have watched as Kenan and his crew of villagers pulled from the earth instantly recognizable statues of Claudius conquering Britain and Nero conquering Armenia. The bare-breasted allegorical female figures representing the conquered countries are also equally recognizable: the one by the shield and spear that appears with Britannia on the back of the half crown piece; the other by her mop cap.

Indeed, if there was a single most memorable hour of all our time in Turkey, it was one at Aphrodisias on a summer night in the Odeon, the "little" theater and assembly place in the heart of the ruins that still remains remarkably intact. Kenan put a simple stereo set and a couple of tapes of chamber music on the platform at the front of the Odeon. The rest of us, sitting where the Roman gentry had sat 1,800 years earlier, listened under the light of a full moon and looked across the broken porticoes of the Odeon to the poplar- and cypress-covered hills. Humanity, nature, and art must have communed in classical days too, and one had a feeling that the gods, old and new, were close by. (The stone benches are covered with later-cut crosses and Christian names.)

Our family vacation ended the next morning. Edith and the young people, guided and protected by Hacı Nuri, went on in the van to Izmir and Istanbul—from which our visitors were to depart. I took the little Dodge Omni and spent a lovely seven hours driving back to Ankara alone, stopping to have lunch at one village, to acquire a small carpet in another, and to examine any ruin that happened to catch my eye. Relieved of armored car, bodyguards, guns, and celebrity status for the first time in a year and a half, I savored those hours all the more because there would be so few of them left.

In Ankara I turned to finishing up the formalities of departure. Some of the official ones were mentioned earlier in this chapter, but I still had two semiofficial final tasks. These, by the very fact that they were expected and accepted by all, demonstrated that even in the first year of military rule there was still a good deal of freedom in Turkey.

Bülent Ecevit and Süleyman Demirel were out of office and their party leadership positions abolished, but it was still assumed that arriving and departing ambassadors and other dignitaries would call on them—just as when they had been prime minister and leader of the opposition. Ecevit was living quietly in his modest apartment in Orhan Sitesi, a suburb near the Middle East Technical University. It was arranged for Edith and me to have tea there with the former leader of the Republican People's Party and his wife. Bülent Bey did not look well. He was pale and his left eye was swollen. He confessed to constant bouts with his ulcer during the past winter and eagerly grasped at my suggestion that he try drinking a quart of cabbage juice a day—a remedy prescribed by a Virginia country doctor who had taken care of my duodenal ulcer 25 years earlier.

We reminisced about our experiences seven years earlier when Ecevit had been prime minister during the July 1974 Cyprus operation and Bill Macomber and I had seen him daily for a couple of weeks. He recalled the evening I left Ankara and how he had left his office to come out to the car (where I was waiting for Macomber) to say *au revoir*. I pointed out that it had indeed been *au revoir* then. But I was not so sure that that was the appropriate phrase this time. Where would we meet again, I wondered, in Turkey or in the United States?

With a wry grin, Ecevit responded that for some time at least it would have to be in Turkey. He was not allowed to leave the country. Recalling that he had just been denied permission to attend social democrat conferences abroad, I said that I had supposed the ban applied only when he left Turkey to consort with bad companions. "Yes, yes," he replied, "Willy Brandt, Helmut Schmidt, Indira Gandhi, a real bad lot!" Continuing the facetious exchange, I said that I did not suppose there was anyone but social democrats he would be willing to undertake foreign travel to see. Interestingly, Bülent Bey promptly replied "Only Henry Kissinger." Ecevit had been in Kissinger's seminar at Harvard years earlier and had been thrown into close contact with him in 1974 and 1975 over the Cyprus problem. We exchanged Kissinger stories, and I concluded that if Bülent Bey is not Henry's only admirer, he must surely be one of his very few social democrat ones.

Except for Ecevit's remark about not being able to go abroad, he offered no criticism of the military regime. He had nothing but good to say

about the relationship between Turkey and the United States, pointing with pride to the fact that most of the U.S.-Turkish Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement had been negotiated under his administration. He added that since he had not been there to sign it with me, he would give me one of the few things he had left over from the days when he was prime minister. He handed over a meerschaum pipe in a leather case, a standing presentation item by high Turkish officials. I thanked him and, politics apart, when I smoke it, I think kindly of a kindly man.

Of all my official and semiofficial tasks to be done in Turkey, there now remained only two: farewell calls on Demirel and on the dean of the Diplomatic Corps, Monsignor Salvatore Asta. Both were spending the summer in Istanbul—as proper Turks do or would like to do—and I packed up the last of the lares and penates in the house at the top of Çankaya Hill in Ankara and scheduled a road trip to Istanbul for my final three days. There was a last hour of coffee, juice, and rolls at the residence with some 20 of the oldest and most faithful from the chancery and with the household staff. With last-minute odds and ends piled in the car, Hacı Nuri and I started westward down off the Anatolian Plateau.

The first two hours I spent flat, dozing on the back seat, a posture I had often assumed before, while Nuri at the wheel ate up the kilometers. We stopped for lunch at Inegöl for its famed kebab. Reaching Bursa, we checked into the Çelik Palas, site of so many fond family memories. During an hour's stroll in the covered bazaar, I completed a list of last-minute necessities left by Edith, who had already departed for the United States. I came across the list recently, and its contents are worth noting for what they tell of Bursa and how little tastes have changed since the days of the caravans: eight small glass "evil-eye" charms, a short, light gold chain, three flasks of lavender water, a pair of Bursa hamam towels, and a quartet of Bursa scrub towels.

We went on from Bursa to Yalova the next morning to say goodbye to Reşit Baykal, old-time security chief in the embassy, who had kept a fatherly eye on the activities of our children when we first served in Ankara. Reşit Bey, now retired to the pleasures of the *plaj* (beach) on the Marmara shore, pointed out that ferry schedules were not to be trusted in August; so we changed our plan of taking the Yalova-Kartal ferry across the mouth of the Gulf of İzmit. Instead we drove around the Gulf through İzmit (once called Nicomedia and a place of some note in its day) with a brief stop near Gebze for me to see the new park around Hannibal's Grave. Precisely on time we arrived at Bostancı just south of Istanbul where Naci Kaptan and the *Hiawatha* awaited. Nuri drove on to Istanbul with the car and the bag-

gage, and precisely 45 minutes later I arrived in style at the ferryboat landing on Buyuk Ada, one of the Princes' Islands.

These islands, five of them, off the mouth of the Bosphorus, have always had an exotic flavor. Blinded Byzantine princes and excess Byzantine princesses used to be deposited there. Hordes of classic Hellenistic coins had been dug from their soil. The patriarch of Constantinople's summer home is there. So is the warm weather establishment of the papal nuncio in Ankara, Monsignor Salvatore Asta. On my final meeting with a *cher collègue* in Turkey, I found Salvatore, his sister, and his niece (the last with a Ph.D. in English philology), waiting for me at the landing. We walked five minutes to the Vatican villa. There we joined Monsignor Bata, French-speaking Chaldean archbishop of Beirut, born some 70 years ago in Mardin in Turkey, and an unexpected visitor to his friend, Monsignor Asta. The pasta was made by Salvatore himself and was a classic example of high Vatican art. (So was the Trifle Bombé at the end of the meal.) All of the real work, including the washing-up, was done by the two faithful housekeeping nuns who had followed His Grace from Ankara—where he also sets an excellent table.

In the ancient garden, before and after lunch, and in the venerable dining room during it, the conversation was as exotic as the food. After a few preliminary sorties, in which Monsignor Bata let me know that he did not care much for U.S. policy toward Palestine, we settled down to more lasting subjects. Negotiations had been going on for some time between the Vatican and the government of Turkey about the title to St. Peter's Church in Antakya (ancient Antioch). Monsignor Asta gave a capsule history of them. This establishment, it appears, was indeed founded by St. Peter personally. The Latin church's claim to it, however, dated from much later—the time of the Crusades. The Turkish government's claim was even more recent. The government of Turkey has been prepared to be generous and flexible on the number of occasions on which Mass may be said in the church. However, it insists on considering and authorizing each one. The Vatican objective is to be able to say Mass at the venerable shrine anytime—or at least regularly. The negotiations on this matter, which entered their present active stage in 1971 or 1972, continue. There is hope that the next papal visit to Turkey will see their completion. Meanwhile, Monsignor Asta continues with his preparatory work.

The conversation next turned to Merymana, the site near Ephesus believed by many to be the Virgin Mary's final home. The Western world became aware of the site only in the past hundred years or so as the result of a nineteenth century German mystic's pronouncements. However, there has

been a much older Islamic tradition in the neighborhood of the place that this was Bibi Meryam's house after the Apostle John took her with him to Ephesus. An authenticating note has been added in recent years by an archeological investigation that apparently confirms that there was at the site in the first century a simple house occupied by a solitary aging woman. (The archeologist's path to such a judgment is no less arcane than the German mystic's.)

The two monsignors and I had all visited this site. Monsignor Asta and I agreed that the place had a "holy feeling" and accepted the possibility that it was indeed Mary's house. Monsignor Bata, pointing out that the Chaldeans were an old, sophisticated people even in the first century, pronounced Meryemana "a German romantic fraud." The aunt and niece, who had also made the pilgrimage, refrained from expressing any views. They were no doubt overcome by hearing the opinions of two prelates and one ambassador on the subject.

Leaving Buyuk Ada late in the afternoon, I continued my sentimental journey on the *Hiawatha* to Bebek from whence I drove the short distance to camp that night (and the next one) with Dan Newberry, Istanbul's consul general, and his wife in their house in Ortakoy under the Bosphorus bridge. The next morning I slept until 10:30 and then boarded the *Hiawatha* to go back to Buyuk Ada for lunch at the posh Anadolu Kulubu with Demirel. Süleyman Bey was surrounded by former cabinet ministers and their wives, all looking happy and prosperous. The food at the Anadolu Kulubu was excellent. The conversation was a mite less exotic than it had been the previous day. In fact, as benefited the occasion, centering around a "lame-duck" ambassador and a very "lame-duck" prime minister, it was mostly social.

However, I played the loyal and devoted servant of the taxpayers to the end and did some political probing. Demirel admitted that there had been worse dictators in the world than the present Turkish crop. He conceded that no one had been hanged and that he did not think our luncheon table was bugged. I suggested that the regime had at least a few years before it was discredited among the democracies abroad even if it did not change current practices. Süleyman Bey countered with the judgment that it had only six months among the Turkish people at home. Demirel was also prepared to agree that new political leaders might emerge in a new political system. However, he did not think that anyone who was connected with the present regime, with the exception of General Evren himself, would have a political future in Turkey. Suntanned, relatively slim, glowing with health, and full of confidence, Demirel contrasted sharply with the ailing Ecevit I had seen in Ankara earlier.

The Anadolu Kulubu is the kind of a place that one wants to leave in style, and I did so on the *Hiawatha's* 50 feet of gleaming brass and mahogany. The next morning after a quiet, pleasant night at the Newberry's, we boarded the *Hiawatha* again. Istanbul never looked more beautiful as we passed the Golden Horn, Topkapi, Aya Sofya, and Sultan Ahmet. The last of the classic sites before passing beyond the walls was the ruined facade of the house beyond the Hippodrome where Justinian kept Theodora before her elevation to empress.

Nuri met us at the Çinar Hotel with flags flying on the car—which he had brought specially from Ankara. Yesilkoy Airport was typically anticlimactic: a few minutes sitting in the VIP room and onto the bus for the departing aircraft. However, I soon realized that I had boarded the wrong bus for the wrong airplane. I returned, with the farewell embraces and kisses already taken care of, and sat around for another half hour before the flight actually got underway.

As we reached 32,000 feet heading westward over the Sea of Marmara, I realized that at just about that moment I was inspiring my last telegram from Turkey. In diplomacy great attention is given to who is "in charge" at any given time. I had seen Dan Newberry heading for the waiting room to use the phone there as our airplane taxied down the runway. He was preparing to call the embassy in Ankara to report "wheels up." Within minutes a final telegram containing the name Spain would go out from the embassy in Ankara. Despatched by chargé d'affaires Dick Boehm (my successor was not to arrive for another week or so), it would read in conventional form: "Ambassador Spain departed post at 1740, August 16th. I have assumed charge. Boehm."

It was all over.

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About the Author

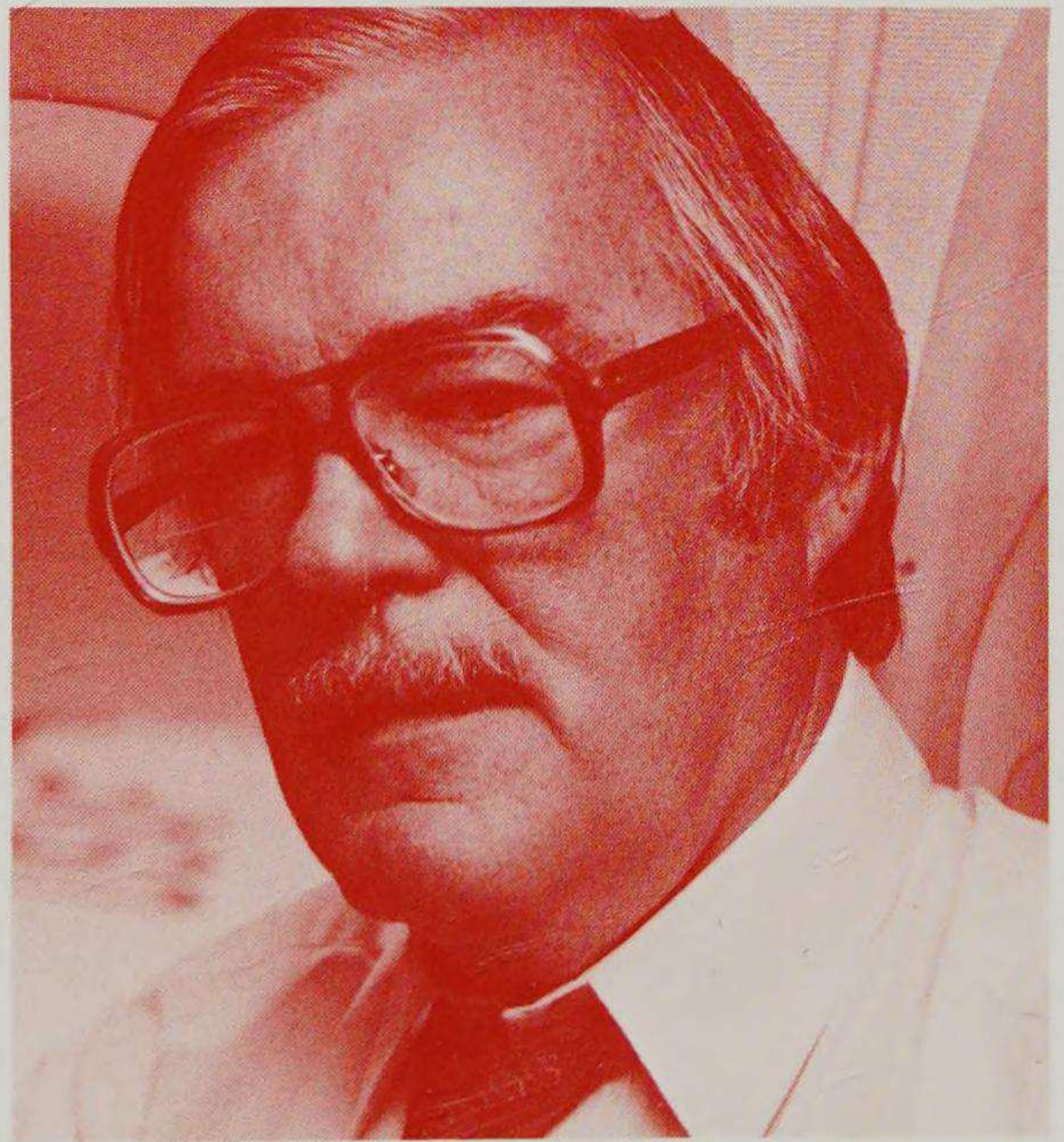
James W. Spain is a career diplomat. He joined the Foreign Service of the United States in 1951, serving his first assignment as a vice consul in Karachi, Pakistan. More recently he has been ambassador to Turkey (1980-81) and to Tanzania (1975-79). He was also deputy chief of mission in Ankara (1972-74), consul general in Istanbul (1970-72), and chargé d'affaires in Islamabad (1969). During 1982-84, he has been a foreign affairs fellow at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and The Rand Corporation in Washington, D.C.

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James W. Spain is a Career Minister in the Foreign Service of the United States and a Foreign Affairs Fellow at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and The Rand Corporation.

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